

THE
GALLERY
OF
CONTEMPORARY ART

AN ILLUSTRATED REVIEW

OF THE RECENT ART PRODUCTIONS OF ALL NATIONS

BY
ARMAND SILVESTRE
AND OTHER WRITERS

EDITED BY
J. EUGENE REED, A. M.

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A COMBAT OF COCKS.

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING IN THE MUSEUM OF THE LUXEMBOURG.

JEAN-LOUIS GÉRÔME, *Pinx.*

GOUPIL & Co., *Gravure.*



COCK-FIGHTING is a very ancient sport, and is supposed to have originated among the Greeks. It is not only represented in vase-paintings and engraved gems, but is expressly mentioned in written records. We are told, for example, that Themistocles, after his victory over the Persians, founded an annual entertainment of cock-fights, which served greatly to popularize the pastime. The breeding of cocks, consequently, became a matter of considerable importance, the cities of Rhodes, Chalkis and Media rivalling each other in the size and strength of the fowls that they bred. In order to increase their rage the cocks were fed with garlic previous to the fight. In the formal matches, sharp metal spurs were attached to their legs; and very large sums were staked on the issue by the owners and spectators.

This diversion furnished the subject of Gérôme's first picture. He was then a young man, lately from the studio of Delaroche, and the picture was exhibited at the Salon of 1847. Before the evening of the first day, we are told, the artist's reputation was established. His work was honored with a medal of the third class, and was purchased by the government.

Morally, the scene presented is far from attractive; but it is a very truthful representation, not only in respect to the deeply studied expressions of the human actors and the action of the fighting cocks, but also in its suggestion of the close relation that often subsists between luxurious indolence and cruelty. This young couple, who might be supposed to lead an idyllic life, devoted to the sweet amenities of love and beauty and innocent recreation, find, perhaps, their keenest delight in contests of cocks or of gladiators, in which the extreme suffering or death of one or both of the combatants is the inevitable result. This passion for blood is the dark side of those ancient civilizations that are so much and so justly admired for their perfection in all the fine and elegant arts.

M. Gérôme is a commanding figure in contemporary art. Besides the third medal awarded to the present picture, he has received two second class medals, and a special Medal of Honor. He is Commander in the Legion of Honor, and since 1863 has been a Professor in the Paris School of the Fine Arts.

THE GALLERY OF CONTEMPORARY ART.

PUBLISHERS' PREFACE.

AS the title of our work indicates, it will be devoted to the description and illustration of the current Art of the present time.

As the Exhibition of 1876 influenced and marked "a new departure" in Industrial Art for America, so we may date a New Era in Painting from the Universal Exhibition of Paris in 1878.

The great *Exposition Universale* of 1878 contained the most brilliant collection of works of Art that had ever been assembled. There, side by side, in honorable rivalry, appeared the productions of the leading painters and sculptors of every living school. Such an opportunity for comparison and study was as decided in interest as it was replete with instructive value.

In that world-arena, of course, the great masters of the various schools were duly distinguished, and the Jury, composed of eminent artists representing thirteen different nationalities, stamped with honors and rewards the successful competitors.

But the world moves. New men are rising to distinction. Progress is the law of every vital force, of personalities, of institutions, and of arts, and we now aim to record and illustrate THE MASTERS AND MASTERPIECES OF ART OF THE PRESENT TIME, influenced in perfection, largely, by the grand lessons of the Exhibitions referred to.

The period of which our work treats is therefore chiefly of the present decade, and, as no publication heretofore, has professed to furnish the public with such an illustrated review, we may claim, at least, the quality of novelty.

The scope of selection is universal. The Salons of Paris, the Exhibitions of London, Munich, Florence, Rome, St. Petersburg, Berlin, Brussels, Vienna, New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and other American cities, will all contribute their quotas of notable paintings to take their places in The Gallery of Contemporary Art.

We hope and trust that the patronage of our enterprise will be as extensive as its scope.

GEBBIE & CO.

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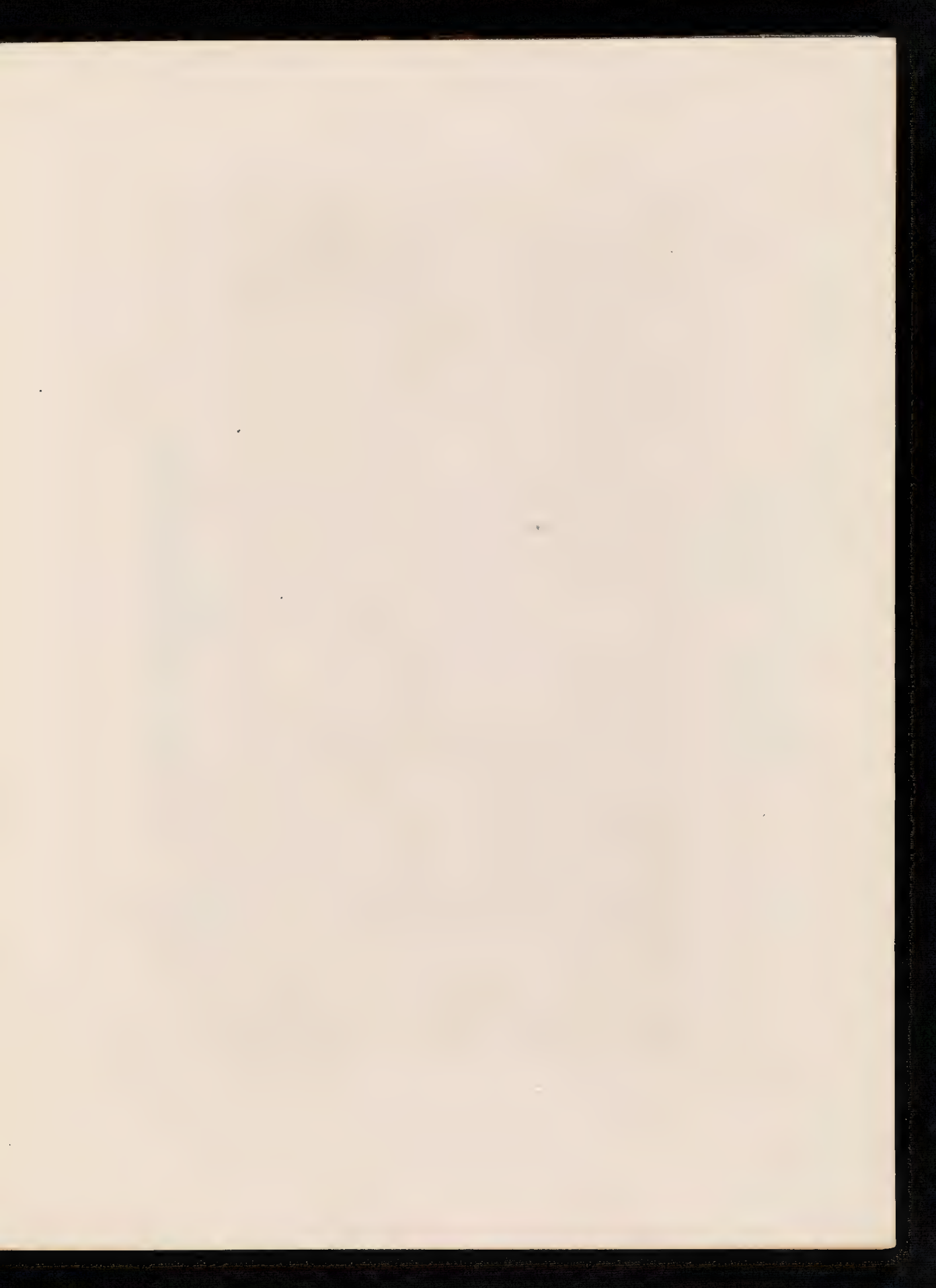
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THE DANCER



THE BAYADERE.

PIERRE-AUGUSTE COT, *Pinx.*

GOUPIL & Co., *Gravure.*

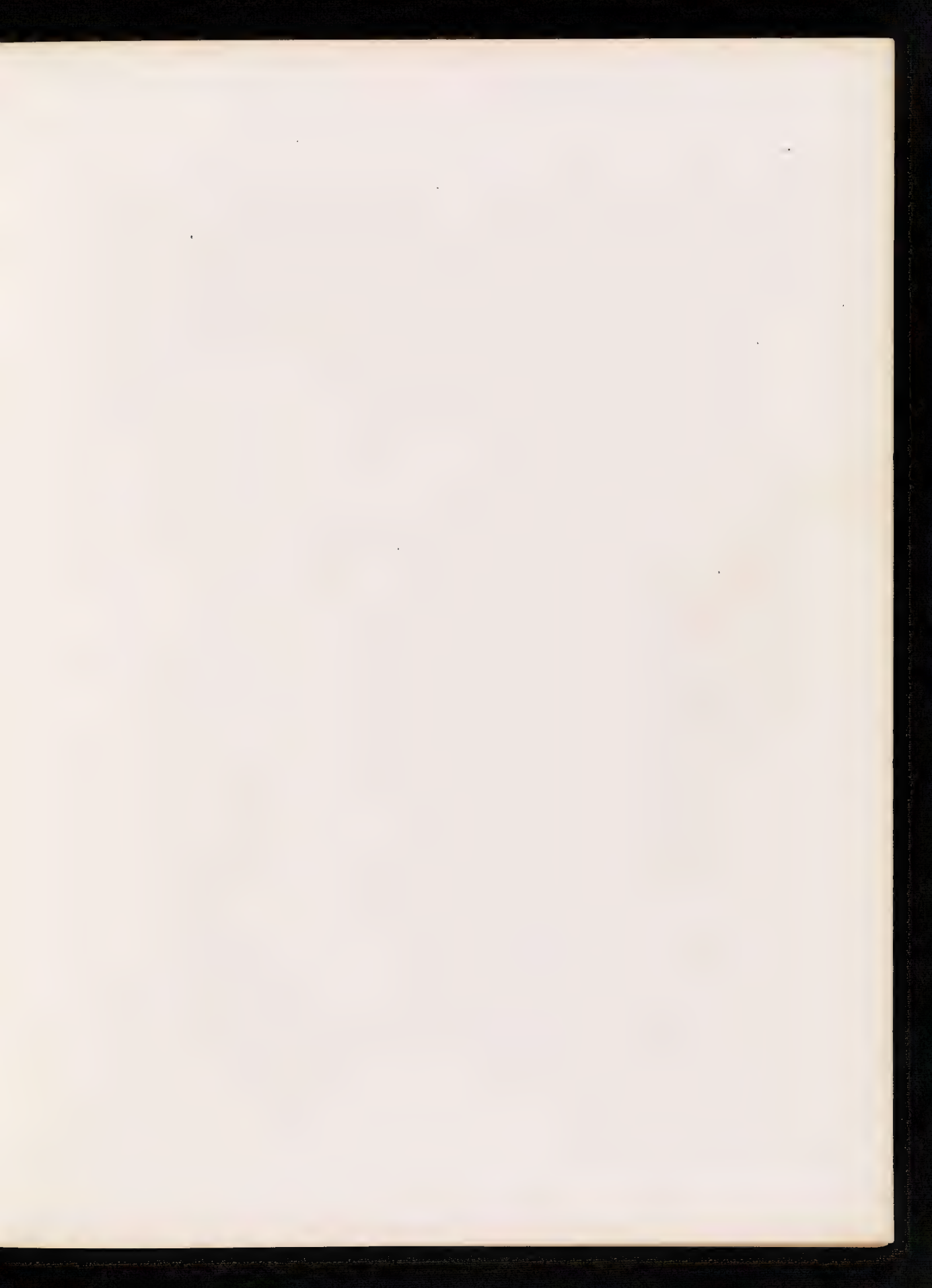


Every country and every age dancing has been practised; but its true home is the dreamy and voluptuous East, where, however, the powerful and wealthy rarely engage personally in the exercise, but prefer the indolent pleasure of witnessing the graceful evolutions as performed by lithe, beautiful girls. No oriental palace lacks its dancing girls which, in India, are named Bayaderes. Houris,—dancing nymphs,—are one of the attractions of the Mohammedan's sensuous Paradise.

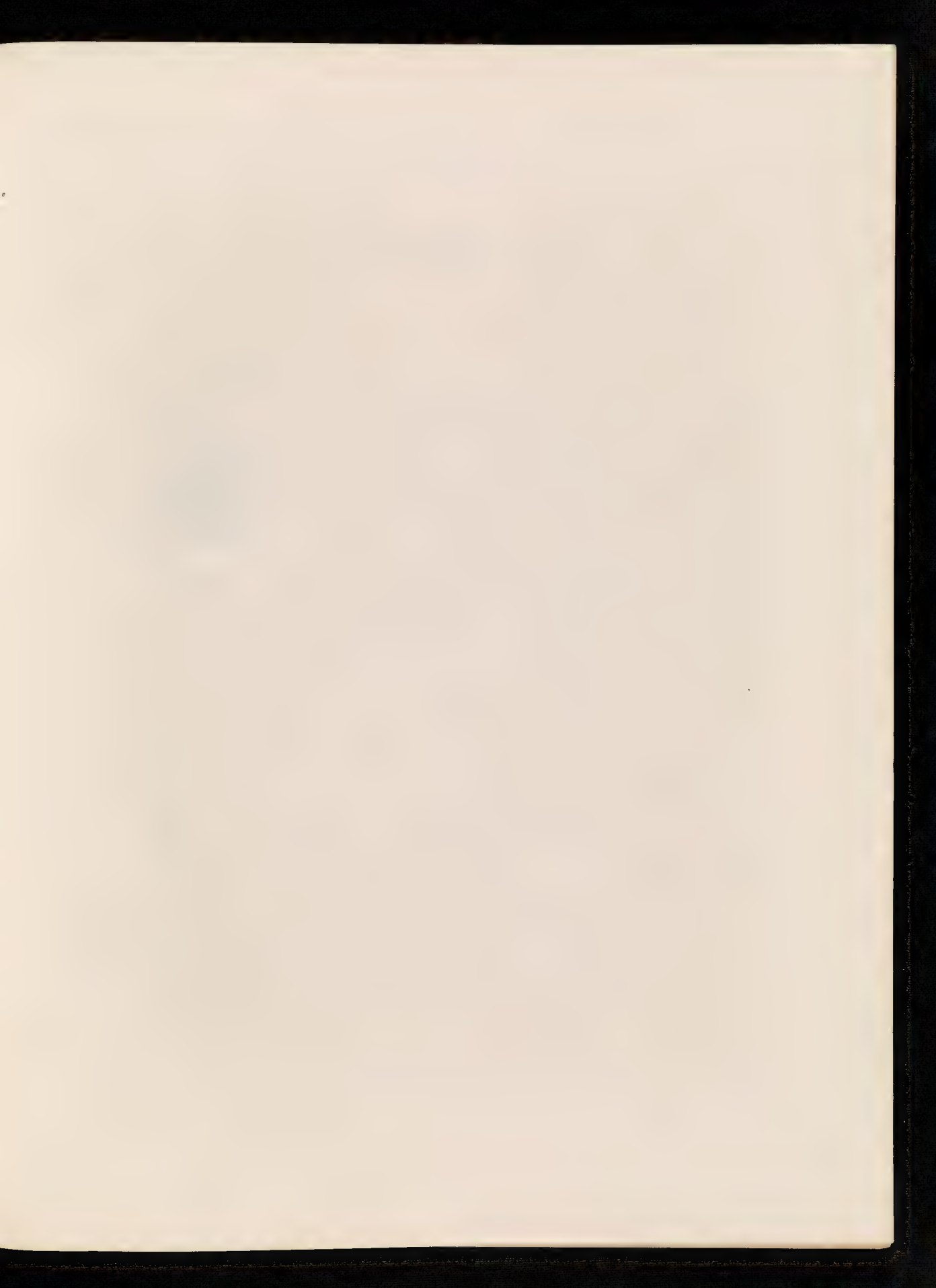
Dancing has not inaptly been called "the poetry of motion." It has a flowing measure and a rhythm that is strongly suggestive of poetry, while its purpose to put in play every graceful movement of which the human form is capable, constitutes another point of resemblance to the ornate diction of "melodious numbers." *Apropos* of this poetic simile, is a good story told of those intellectual lights, Ralph Waldo Emerson and Margaret Fuller. They were witnessing, it is said, the famous *danseuse*, Fanny Elsler. After a period of rapt silence, Margaret whispered to her friend, "This is *poetry*;" to which Emerson rejoined, "It is *religion*."

In the Bayadere of our picture, we can readily fancy the Salome, who so captivated King Herod by her surpassing grace of motion, as to evoke the rash and fatal promise which issued in the murder of John the Baptist.

M. Cot was born at Bédarieux, France, in 1837, and studied under MM. Cogniet, Cabanel, and Bouguereau. He received a medal in 1870, a medal of the second class in 1872, and a medal of the second class at the Universal Exposition of 1878. In 1874 he was made Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.



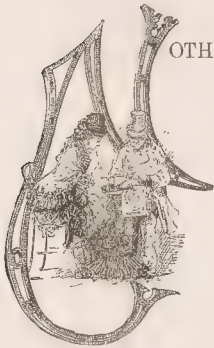




THE FIRST TOOTH.

EMILE PINCHART, *Pinx.*

GOUPIL & Co., *Gravure.*



OTHERS and fathers to the front! This is not a picture for the cynical bachelor who can't, for his life, understand why people make so much fuss over babies—who thinks they all look alike anyhow, and who votes them, at the best, a necessary evil. Such an one may pass on, and make room for those who acknowledge the empire of infancy. For truly infants are kings. Their domain may be small, but their power is arbitrary and despotic, and is rarely disputed. There may be attempts at resistance—as when the long-suffering parent hesitates to leave a warm bed in the small hours of night, to pace the floor in scanty raiment with the young tyrant in his arms; but usually the rebellious parent surrenders at discretion, and soon learns to submit patiently to any imposition or outrage which the infant despot may choose to inflict. And the remarkable thing about it all is, that the little autocrat doesn't in the least alienate the affections of his subjects by his outrageous behaviour. In the very act of receiving their most obsequious attentions he will not hesitate to pull their hair, or slap their faces, or tweak their noses, or poke his fingers in their eyes, while the victims—so perfect is their subjugation—seem rather to be complimented by these peculiar attentions, and to thank him for his pains. After this it is easy to believe that everything that concerns the young autocrat is of the first importance. And so it is. His toilets are the chief events of the day. Every word he utters, no matter how irrelevant, is as rapturously applauded as if it equalled the finest passage in Shakspeare. And when we come to that awfully interesting period when the young Augustus begins to cut his teeth, and the first little ivory actually comes into view, language fails to express the admiring thrills that agitate the whole kingdom. This event becomes an occasion of frequent receptions and audiences, more or less formal and extended. That exhibited in our picture is a very private one, restricted to the two chief functionaries of his court, the high dignity of whose position may be thought to be somewhat depreciated by the fact that of all his subjects they are the worst victims of his reckless tyranny. And yet, to look at them as they bend with smiling, complacent faces over their puny oppressor, we might well judge that they were reconciled to their bondage, and even proud of it. Ah! this is an old, old story—one of those “touches of nature that make the whole world kin.”

M. Pinchart is a pupil of Gérôme, and this picture is one of his happiest efforts







YOU ARE JEALOUS.

ANTON HEINRICH DIEFFENBACH, *Pinx.*

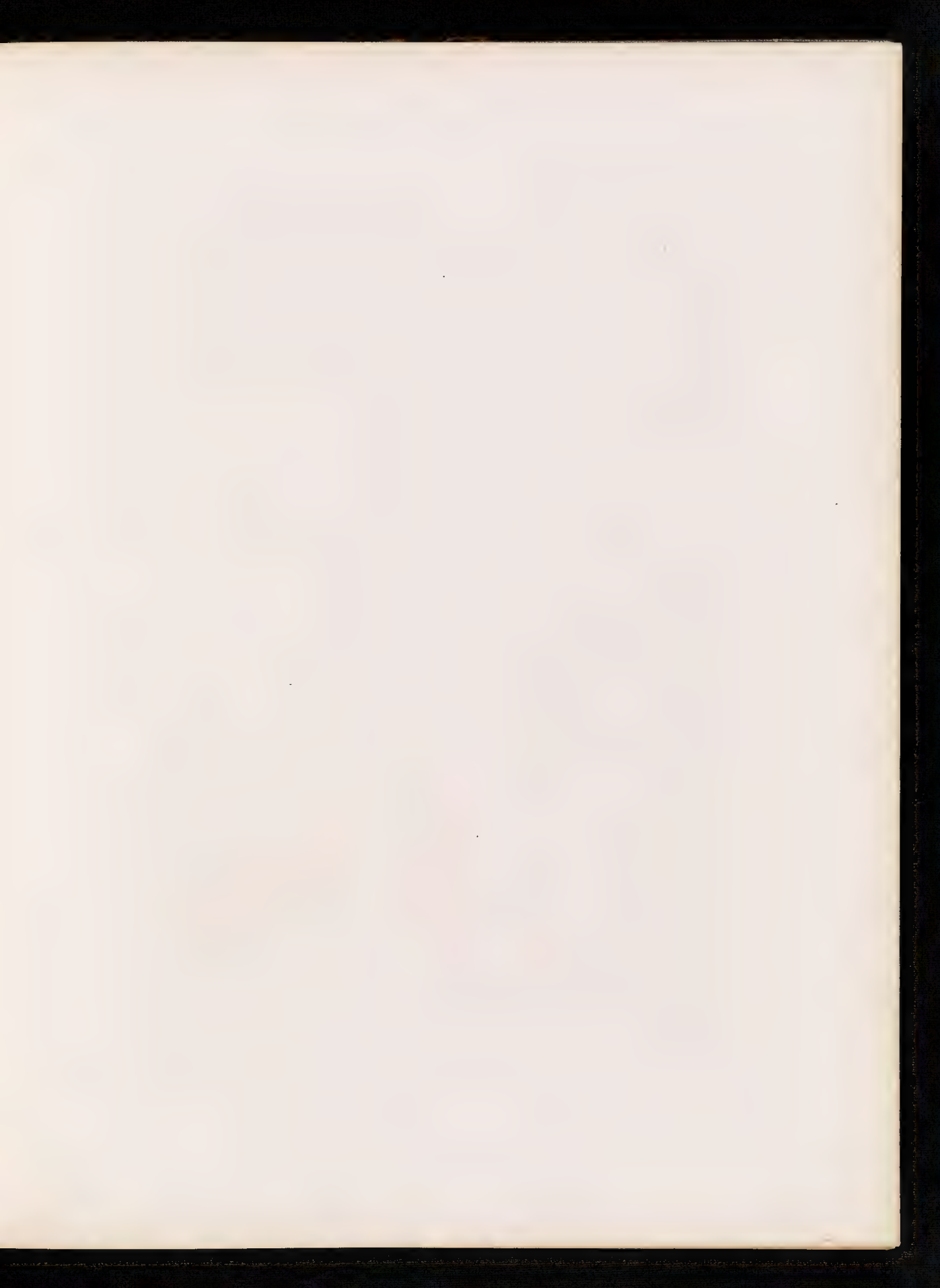
GOUPIL & Co., *Gravure.*



IF all dumb creatures the dog is the most jealous ; and this is nothing to his disparagement, but quite the contrary ; for he is the most jealous simply because he is the most affectionate and most constant of animals. While cats not seldom evince a strong affection for their owners, they are as a rule so much absorbed with their own comfort, that so long as that is secured they are not fastidious as to the hand that ministers it, nor are they apt to be tormented by attentions lavished on companion pets in their presence. Take, for instance, this fine Angora purring so happily on the lap of his young mistress ; think you, if he were comfortably ensconced on the table or on a rug upon the floor, he would be a prey to the "green monster" simply because his rival, Gip, was being carressed ? Not a bit of it. The cat loves, it is true, but not with the passion of the dog. A dog has more sentiment in five minutes than the average cat has in a year.

Just at present Gip is a sad dog. He is evidently doing his best to apply the Stoic philosophy, but it won't work. His effort to keep a stiff upper lip is a patent failure, for he is decidedly down in the mouth ;—he is in fact almost ready to burst into tears. Poor Gip ! Be of good heart : this trouble of yours will soon be over. Your little mistress will presently reward the trial of your affection with some special endearments that shall efface all memory of pain with an ecstasy of joy.

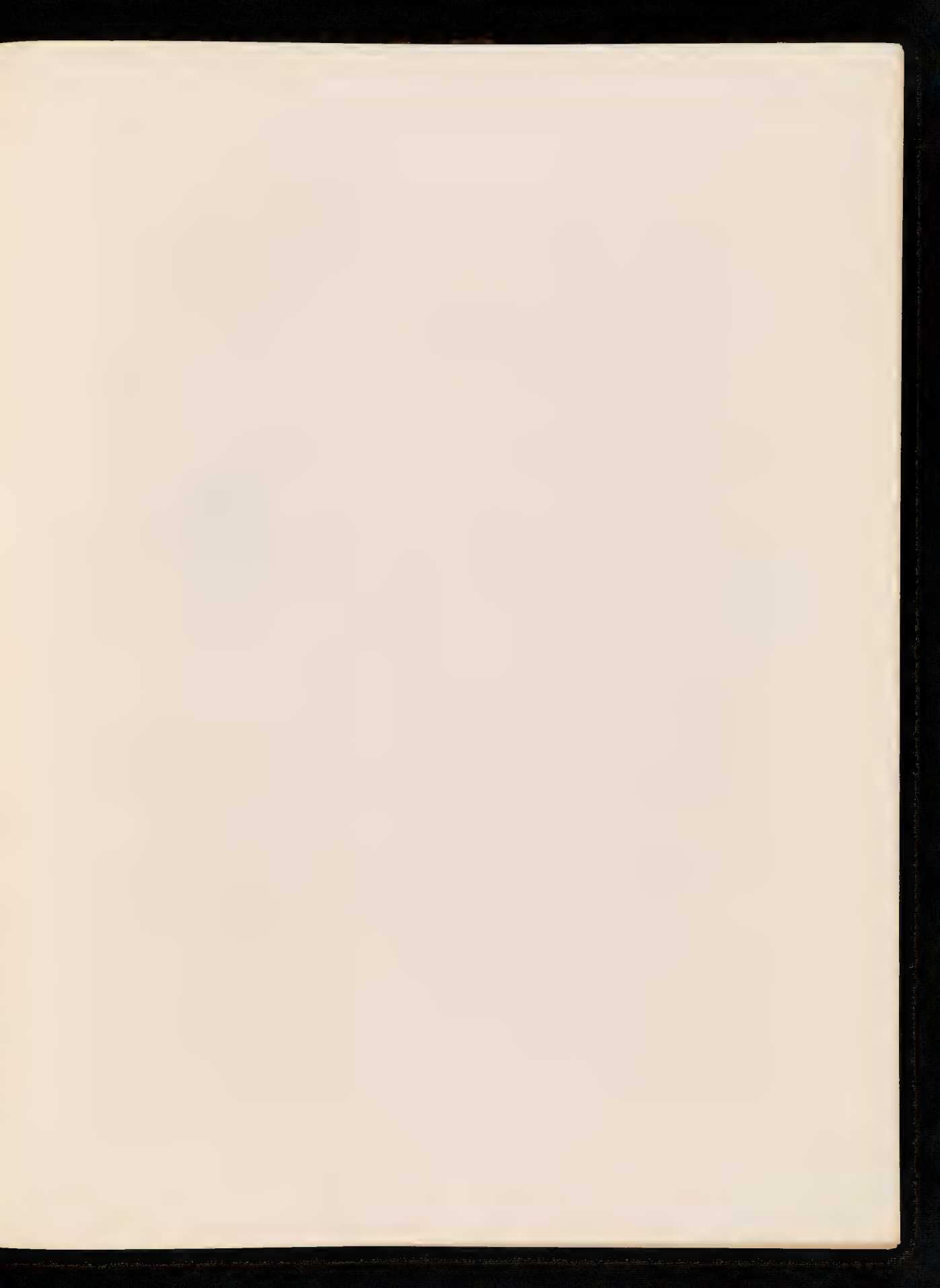
Anton Heinrich Dieffenbach was born at Wiesbaden in 1831. He studied sculpture under Pradier at Paris, and afterwards studied painting at Berlin, under R. Jordan. He spent much time in Paris and Switzerland before settling at Berlin. Unlike the pleasing work before us, most of this artist's subjects have been drawn from peasant life.





THE BATTLE OF LEBRON





THE WATCHERS.

EUGÈNE MÉDARD, *Peintre.*

GOUPIL & Co., *Gravure.*



THE artist here presents an incident in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870: A detail of soldiers sent to watch some movement of the enemy. Their position is critical. The discovery of their presence might not only defeat their purpose, but expose them to death or capture. Yet it is needful that they should know what is passing on the other side of the wall, which alone separates them from the foe. One of the men has undertaken to make the necessary observation—no enviable office, as he is liable to be rewarded for his trouble by a bullet through the head. He means, nevertheless, to take a careful and deliberate survey. The faces of his comrades, as they await his report, are remarkably expressive. They are intensely sober; conscious of danger, yet resolute. The scene is vivid with the truest realism. These soldiers are not posed models, they are the veritable men; and their expressions were not composed for them, but are the very ones they unconsciously assumed on the occasion. The wall is a genuine piece of masonry, just as the skeleton trees are real, as we see them in faithful perspective through the cool early morning mist.

How fairly M. Médard has earned a place among the foremost military painters of the day, this picture attests. He was a pupil of MM. Cornu, Cogniet, and Gérôme. In 1879 his *Retreat* secured for him a medal of the third class. It was purchased by the state, as was also his *General Lecourbe, defender of Belfort*, 1815. *The Watchers* was exhibited in 1875.





THE LITTLE GIRL AND THE BOY





A FRIEND IN NEED.

R. BEYSCHLAG, *Pinx.*

GOUPIL & Co., *Gravure.*



THE happy days of childhood have their tribulations, as this picture forcibly suggests. Our young hero, but a few minutes ago, was probably careering round in the very exultancy of boyish pride and valor. Tears! they are for girls. Let the gentle, timid sister do the crying;—not any tears for a brave man like me. Such was his feeling, no less real because unconscious. But the little fellow has come to grief. As we look at him we think of Mark Antony's speech over the fallen Cæsar: "See what a rent the envious Casca made." Whether this gaping mutilation of the small clothes came from climbing a tree, or scaling a fence, or sliding down a cellar-door; or whether the juvenile wearer was terribly scared, as well as damaged in apparel, by a pursuing dog, we know not; but we know that life has lost its charm for him, and that a mournful change has come o'er the spirit of his dream. Our young friend looks like a boy who is rather vain of his good appearance; in which case it is very humbling to think of the figure he must cut in his present plight. With what derisive epithets the boys would assail him if they should see him with so much white drapery exposed on this particular part of his person: there is madness in the thought.

Ah! very differently now, he regards the gentle sister who cheers him with comforting words while she also deftly repairs his damaged garment. And this suggests the sweet, wholesome lessons that come to boisterous boyhood, which is so apt to mistake noise and rudeness for manliness: When they fall into the many troubles, little or great, which are sure to overtake them, their best helper, the truest inspirer of their courage and fortitude, is the gentle mother, or the gentle sister; and thus a boy who has in him the stuff out of which true manhood is made, learns to revere gentleness and to recognize its high value as one of the great forces of life.

The artist has treated this simple incident in child-life with delightful *naïveté*, in a picture whose charms of color and chiaroscuro are likewise worthy of remark.

THE GALLERY OF CONTEMPORARY ART.



VIEW OF THE PALACE OF THE LUXEMBOURG.

THE MUSEUM OF LUXEMBOURG.

THE Museum of the Luxembourg sustains a well-defined relation to that of the Louvre, of which it has been aptly called the *salle d'attente*—the ante-chamber or waiting-room. While the Louvre is designed to illustrate the progress of art from the earliest ages down to the present time, the Luxembourg is devoted to the representation of *living* artists of the French school. Thus the two great collections complement each other in the realization of an intelligent and comprehensive plan. But this leading idea of the Luxembourg was only reached after the Museum had passed through a series of experiments marked by alternations of interest and neglect, of hope and disappointment.

The Palace of the Luxembourg was built for Marie de Medicis, by the architect Jacques Desbrosses, who began the work in 1615. On its completion, about five years later, a number of distinguished artists were employed to decorate the interior. Among these were Duchesne, Jean Mosner, Quentin Varin, and Philippe de Champaigne. Poussin, then in his youth, also executed some works

on ceilings and wainscots. But the greatest artistic glory of the Palace was a series of twenty-four large canvases by Rubens, illustrating the birth, education, marriage, and reign of Marie de Medicis.

The Palace derives its name from the Duke de Piney-Luxembourg, who built a mansion on its site in the sixteenth century. Notwithstanding the vicissitudes and strangely varied uses of the Palace, this name has clung to it throughout its entire history. During the Revolution the Luxembourg was a prison, from whose walls Danton, Camille Desmoulins, and many others, went forth to execution. Subsequently it became the Palace of the Directory; then the Palace of the Consulate; and still later, the Palace of the Senate Conservator. Under Louis XVIII. it was devoted to the uses of the Chamber of Peers; and at this epoch also it was the place of Marshal Ney's imprisonment, and its garden was the scene of his death.

In the art history of France, the Luxembourg holds a peculiarly interesting place, from the fact that in its galleries the first public exhibition of paintings was opened. This was in 1750, at which time Louis XV. authorized the transfer from Versailles of a number of the most precious works in the Royal Cabinet, which were thrown open twice a week to the inspection of the people; the celebrated canvases of Rubens being also exhibited at the same time. This exhibition continued until about 1780, when the Palace became the property and residence of the Count of Provence, and the King's pictures went back to Versailles. But the exhibition was none the less the starting point from which the great national gallery traces its rise.

In 1801, on the demand of the Senate, Chaptal, Minister of the Interior, instituted formal measures for the creation of the Museum of the Luxembourg, and in January 1802, J. Naigeon was appointed Conservator of the same, and set to work energetically to form a collection. At the head of the list were the Rubens canvases; then came five pictures by Philippe de Champaigne. At Versailles Naigeon found Le Sueur's pictures of the Life of St. Bruno; and in the Cloister of the Chartreux he found the "Plan of the Chartreuse," and the "Dedication of the Church," also by Le Sueur. From Versailles he further secured a series of views of the Ports of France, by Joseph Vernet and Hue. Such was the body of the collection, which the industrious conservator supplemented by choice examples of the great masters gathered from various sources.

In 1815 France was obliged by the allies to surrender many of the masterpieces of art which her victorious armies had brought from the conquered nations; and to fill up the voids thus created in the Gallery of the Louvre, the chief treasures in the Luxembourg were taken, including the pictures by Rubens and Le Sueur. That was a dark day for the Museum of the Luxembourg; and yet this apparent disaster became the occasion of its successful establishment. A report of the Director of the Museum, dated January 17, 1850, says: "In 1818, a royal ordinance appropriated these divers collections (the Rubenses and the Le Sueurs) to the domain of the Crown. . . . But in exchange, the King, Louis XVIII., wishing to replace as far as possible in the Palace of the Chamber of Peers, a Museum which contributed to its importance and enlivened the quarter of the Luxembourg, ordained the formation in the same place of a Museum for the works of living artists." Thus the true sphere of this Museum was found. From this hour its permanence was assured and its true greatness began. The Luxembourg could never hope to rival the Museum of the Louvre in the same field; but it could fulfil a destiny of its own scarcely less important to the country, viz., provide a full and brilliant representation of the ripest and rarest products of the living school of France, for general emulation, instruction and delight.

"The Luxembourg has always been, since its new destination, a Museum of passage." It is the receptacle of the works annually purchased by the government on account of their distinguished merit; and no higher compliment can be paid a living artist than the honor of a representation in the Luxembourg. But this Museum sustains a close relation to the great historical Gallery of the Louvre, as its feeder. Luxembourg pictures and statues of whom the artists have been dead a prescribed number of years, are eligible for transfer to the Louvre; and thus a succession of French masterpieces constantly moves, like a stately panorama, through the Luxembourg, to meet the new and supreme honor of a place in the Louvre.

Originally it was required that ten years should elapse after the death of an artist before his works could be admitted to the Louvre; but the prescribed period of delay has latterly been abridged in many cases, though not without earnest protest on the part of some who fear that the high standard set up in the Louvre may be lowered unless ample time be allowed for ripened judgments on the works admitted. In a memorial on this subject, addressed to a former Conservator of the Luxembourg, the case is thus stated:

"Ten years constitute a short space for the ripening of the judgment of posterity; and to lower the exalted standard of the Louvre by the admission of mediocre works, is neither expedient nor patriotic. The Luxembourg is the waiting room of the Louvre; hence the great and impassioned desire which artists have to see their works admitted into the latter gallery; hence also the efforts, not less impassioned and impatient, of the families and friends of the deceased artist, to carry his works beyond the barrier which separates them from supreme consecration,—I had almost said, from apotheosis. Between the profoundly respectable and touching illusion of the children of the artist and of the pupils whose lives are governed by his principles, and the judgment of impartial equity, which shapes itself so slowly in the public taste, it was needful to fix a term. The tradition, in my opinion, was little in error: ten years scarcely suffice to disengage the true value of a painter from the ephemeral admiration of his time or from the seduction of his qualities and the bias of personal feelings." Yet this rule, having been once relaxed, is not likely to be again enforced.

While the collections of the Luxembourg are devoted to the illustration of living *French* art, a few works by artists of other nationalities have, "as by chance," been admitted. It has hence been suggested that a suitable apartment be expressly devoted to the reception of the contemporary works of other schools. As far back as 1863, a Conservator of the Museum thus addressed the Superintendent of the Fine Arts: "France has always been hospitable and generous to foreign artists. Her former Royal Academy of Painting and Sculpture admitted to its membership, and by consequence, to its expositions, the most illustrious of them. It is thus that the Louvre and Versailles possess certain works of Lundberg, Panini, Roslin, Sergell, and of many others. For fifty years our expositions have not ceased to be universal, in the sense that all works there presented, signed with a name of good repute, whether English, Belgian, German, Italian, or Spanish, have been welcomed and studied with favour. Yourself, Monsieur the Superintendent, have not closed any of the Salons opened under your direction, without purchasing the most meritorious of the foreign works, which have been distributed from here among the best provincial Museums. But the Louvre, after the death of these artists, ran the risk of not having, on its part, any examples of their talent; and you have justly thought that a chamber in the Luxembourg would enable you to hold in reserve the most precious works of the foreign artists which appeared in our exhibitions, whose place was marked in advance in the grand history of art that the Louvre shows, and ought eternally to show, to Europe. So that while the

Louvre would present the series of the former schools of all countries, the Luxembourg would offer to the curious some happy types of the various living schools of those same nations. France, moreover, so liberal a dispenser of her instructions, and whose great artists have spread their influence so far beyond our frontiers, owes this reciprocity to neighbors who guard with courtesy in their public galleries, among their national treasures, the works of our most excellent painters. Already a small number of foreign works are found mingled with the French pictures in the Luxembourg; and whenever the number shall be sufficiently increased to form a respectable group, you have decided that a special room shall be assigned to them, near those of our compatriots—a just distinction for the foreigners—a precious study for us." Subsequent Conservators and Superintendents have adopted these sentiments, and a purpose so well favored and so commendable, will, no doubt, be carried into effect as soon as practicable. It will add new interest to a Museum the most complete and brilliant of its class.



FOUNTAIN DE MEDICIS, IN THE GARDEN OF THE LUXEMBOURG.

DESIGNED BY JACQUES DESBROSSES.



WAITING. (Salon of 1874.)

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY ALBERT ANKER.

HISTORY OF THE SALON.

WE cannot more appropriately introduce our notices of French artists and their works, than by a glance at the origin and growth of the SALON, that famous institution in which nearly all these painters made their *début* and have won their honors. As so commonly happens in matters of importance, the beginning of the Salon was small: no one could have predicted from it, the greatness and influence unto which it was destined to attain. The Salon has indeed reached its present state through a gradual process of development, involving numerous experiments and not a few mistakes and failures.

To find the germ of the Salon we must go back to the time of Louis XIV. At the instance of his minister, Colbert, the Royal Academy of Painting and Sculpture decided, on Dec. 24, 1663, to celebrate every year the anniversary of its foundation by a public exhibition in which all the members should be required to participate. But nothing appears to have been done for several years towards the realization of this design; for the first exhibition did not occur till April 9th, 1667; and in the meantime Colbert directed that the exhibition should be *biennial*, in order to give the members of the Academy time to produce new works from one exhibition to another.

Such was the Salon in embryo. We have no particulars concerning the number or the character of the works displayed on this occasion;—the former was certainly small and the latter was probably moderate; but the development of the idea was such that a century later Diderot wrote:

"Forever blessed be the memory of him who, in establishing this public exposition of pictures,

excited emulation among the artists; prepared for every class of society, but above all, for men of taste, a useful opportunity, and a delightful recreation; arrested the decadence of painting among us; and rendered the nation more intelligent and critical in its appreciation of the fine arts! Wherefore did the ancients boast such great painters and sculptors? It was because talent was stimulated by rewards and honours, and because the people, accustomed to observe nature and to compare therewith the produc-

tions of the arts, were qualified to understand and criticize such works."

The exhibitions were held every other year until 1683, when a long interruption ensued, caused by frequent removals of the Academy, the insufficiency of its resources, and the want of a suitable place in which to exhibit. The first catalogue was printed in 1673. The eighth exhibition was opened August 20, 1699 in the grand Gallery of the Louvre, and the two succeeding exhibitions were held in the same place.

During the reign of Louis XV. twenty-five exhibitions occurred, from 1725 to 1773. They were held in the grand *Salon Carré* of the Louvre, whence the name "SALON." From 1731 to 1751 there was a Salon every year, except 1744 and 1749. From 1751 to 1795 the Salons were again biennial. In 1777 the commission charged with the examination of works presented, were enjoined to be careful that no works calculated to offend decency were admitted. The artists named as most likely to offend in this direction were those of the school of Boucher.

On referring to the records of the thirteen Salons held from 1737 to 1791 inclusive, we find that the smallest number of exhibitors in any year was forty-eight (in 1748), and that the largest number was eighty-nine (in 1787). The number of works exhibited fluctuated between the extremes of one hundred and forty-eight and five hundred and thirty-six. The paucity of exhibitors is explained by the fact that the Academicians, professors, and others affiliated with the Royal Academy were alone privileged to exhibit. This baneful restriction was swept away by the Revo-



FLORENTINE SINGER, XVTH CENTURY. (Salon of 1865.)

FROM THE STATUE BY PAUL DUBOIS, IN THE MUSEUM OF THE LUXEMBOURG.

lution, under which the doors of the Salon were opened wide. The painter David was one of the first to move for the destruction of the privilege in question. As a member of the Convention he supported, in 1792, a petition of "free artists" demanding the suppression of the Academy.

In 1791 the Committee of Examination which had been instituted in 1746 was modified in a liberal manner. To the officers of the Academy, who, till then, had the privilege of constituting this Committee, were added an equal number of Academicians drawn by lot—six officers and six Academicians.



COVETOUSNESS. (Salon of 1873.)
FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY EUGÈNE LOUIS LAMBERT.

In 1785 an important innovation was made in the arrangement of the Salon, viz., in the middle of the period of the exhibition *the pictures were rearranged* so as to bring into a better position those that were previously not well displayed. This usage has ever since been maintained. After having been held yearly under the first Republic, the Salon was again made biennial under the Empire. The number of exhibitors and of works now increased from year to year. Beginning in 1801 with two hundred and sixty-eight exhibitors and four hundred and eighty-five works, there were in 1814 five hundred and seven exhibitors and one thousand three hundred and fifty-nine works. The latter exhibition was opened after the return of the Bourbons, who required that artists who had painted battles of the Empire should paint the white cockade on the hats of the soldiers in place of the tricolor. As no artist was willing to submit to this ridiculous anachronism, battle-pieces were conspicuous by their absence that year.

In every year of Louis Philippe's reign except 1832, an exhibition was held, and the Salon of 1831 surpassed all its predecessors in magnitude, the exhibitors numbering one thousand one hundred and eighty, and the works three thousand two hundred and eleven. But shortly afterwards the numbers began to dwindle, and the success of the Salon was seriously prejudiced by the conservatism and partiality of the

Academic jury, which gave rise to many protests and to heated discussions. In order to understand this trouble and the regulations applied by way of remedy, it will be well to take a connected view of the rules under which the various Salons have been held. We have already seen that the rule which admitted only members of the Academy as exhibitors was swept away by the Revolution. The works of all French artists were admitted to the Salon of 1791 by virtue of a decree of the National Assembly, which committed to the Directory of the Department of Paris the control of the exhibition, its chief function being to see that the pictures submitted were not politically or morally offensive.

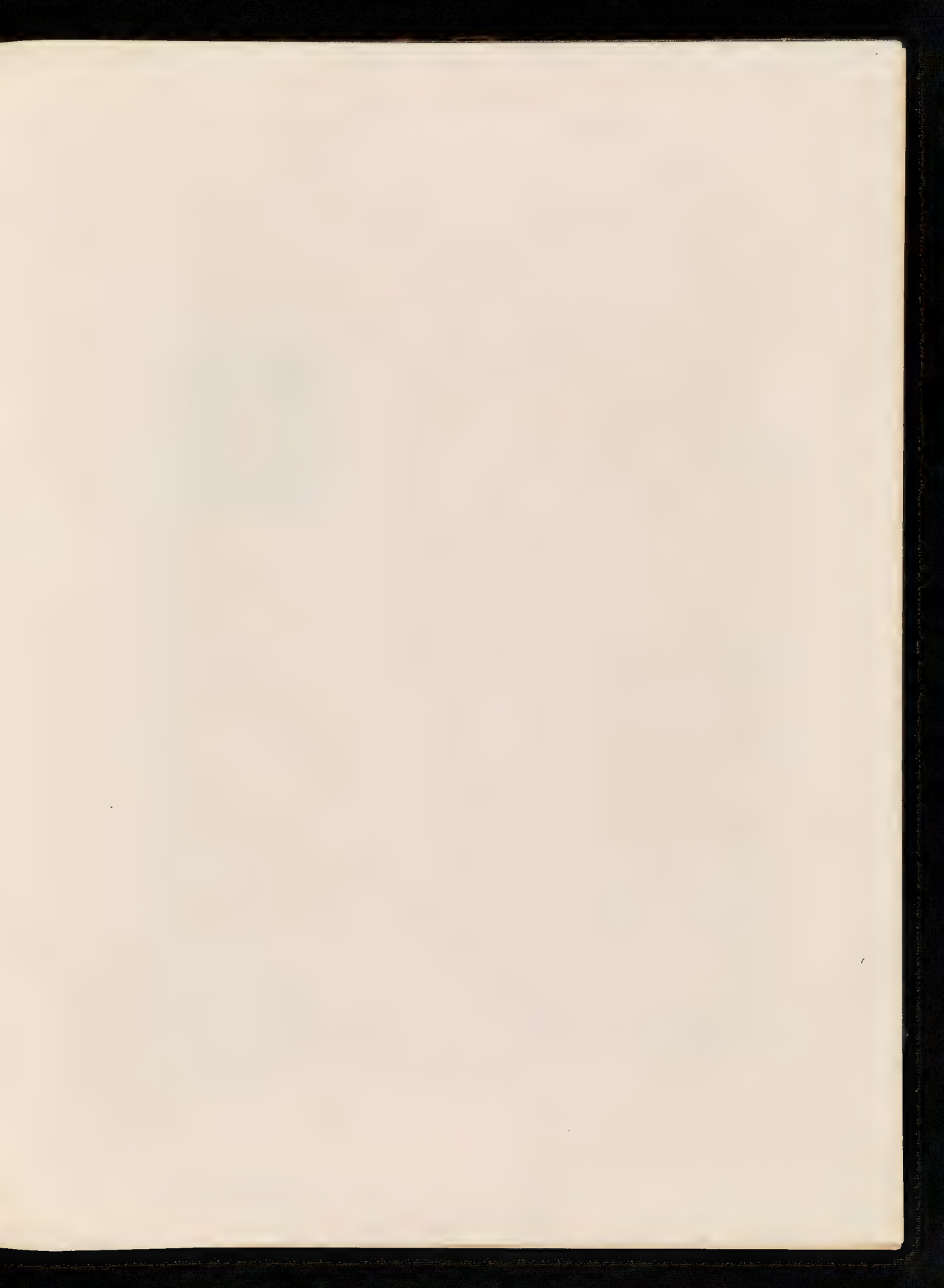


YOUNG FAUN CAUSING TWO COCKS TO FIGHT. (Salon of 1876.)

FROM THE SCULPTURE BY CHARLES LÉNOIR.

In July 1793, the Convention, having suppressed all the Academies, established the "Commune Generale des Arts," which David almost immediately had transformed into a Jury of the Arts, charged with judging the competitions in painting, sculpture and architecture opened by the State. This jury was named November 15th of the same year, and was composed of sixty members, among whom were artists,





I WAS THERE.

FLORENT WILLEMS, *Pinx.*

GOUPIL & Co., *Gravure.*



OUR life is two-fold: We live in the Present and in the Past. The friendships, the joys, the sorrows, the adventures, the achievements of former years—how large a share of our thoughts and feelings these engross! When we have said a word, or performed an act, that is not the last of it. Its consequences abide, and its memory endures, and in solitary hours we find ourselves constantly recurring, with satisfaction or with regret, to the scenes of other days. With what pleasure the successful merchant recounts the sagacious ventures which bore him on to fortune; or the statesman the steps by which he mounted to fame and influence. Above all, how fondly the hero of some decisive battle, dilates on the stratagems, the deeds of valour, the "hair breadth 'scapes," and the glorious victory that marked and crowned the day. And in after years when the engagement is named in his presence, or when he sees it pictured in some work of art, what a volume of pride and dignity he compresses into the simple utterance, "I was there." And then follows the story if you betray a becoming interest. Sometimes, alas! these worthy heroes are a trifle tiresome, especially when the tale is more than twice-told. Not every soldier is as successful as Othello, either in his adventures or his narration of them; nor is he often favored with so good a listener as Desdemona, who so fervently wished that "heaven had made her such a man."

Our present hero, we are sure, will have an attentive hearer. He hasn't yet begun his story. Thought is busy. How vividly every incident of the scene of the painting which rivets his gaze, returns to him, and as in fancy he re-acts his part in it his blood kindles, and his eyes flash with the old fire. Give him an easy chair, and compose yourself to listen, and you will have a good story.

In his perfect historic knowledge of the period in which his scenes are laid, Willems suggests a comparison with Meissonier. Dress, architecture, furniture, and characteristics of race, are all perfectly harmonized, and the technical skill displayed in the rendition of textures, and the fine feeling for color and light, added to historic accuracy, give a special charm to the pictures of this artist. A still higher element of value, however, is the subtle truth of expression displayed in his characters, of which the picture before us is a good example. There is as much expression in the back of this man's head as is usually found in a face. The whole figure of the man is, in fact, a triumph of appropriate expression, and the lady is a fine reflex of the motive.

Born in Liège, Belgium, in 1823, Willems first studied his art at Malines, and afterwards in Paris where, since 1839, he has resided. He has been the recipient of numerous medals, including two of the first class, with a *rappel* of the same, and is Officer of the Legion of Honor, and member of the Order of Leopold.



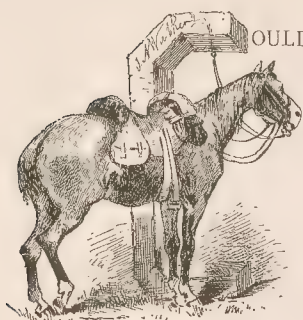




THE CONSCRIPT.

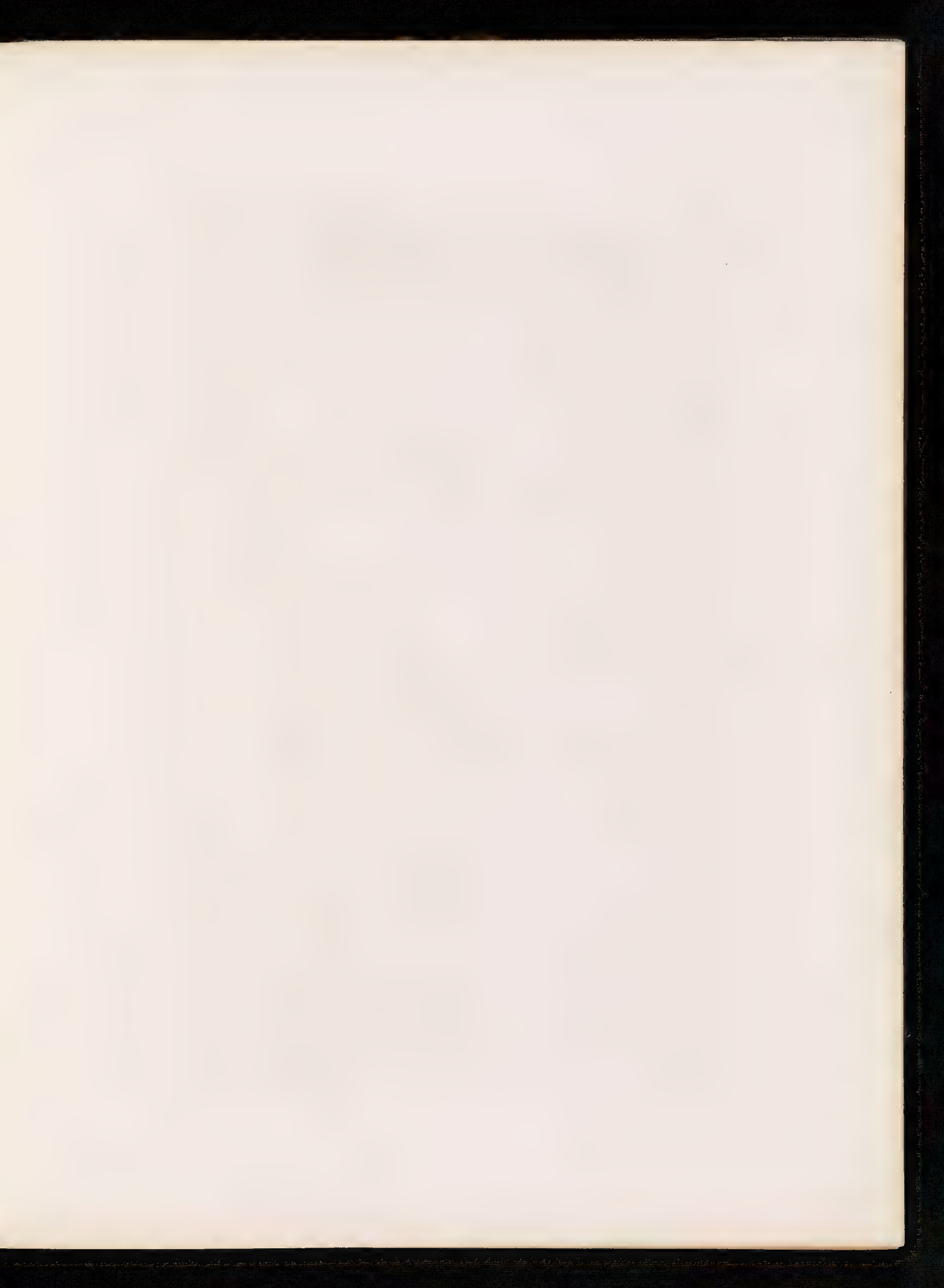
LÉON PERRAULT, *Pinx.*

GOUPIL & Co., *Gravure.*

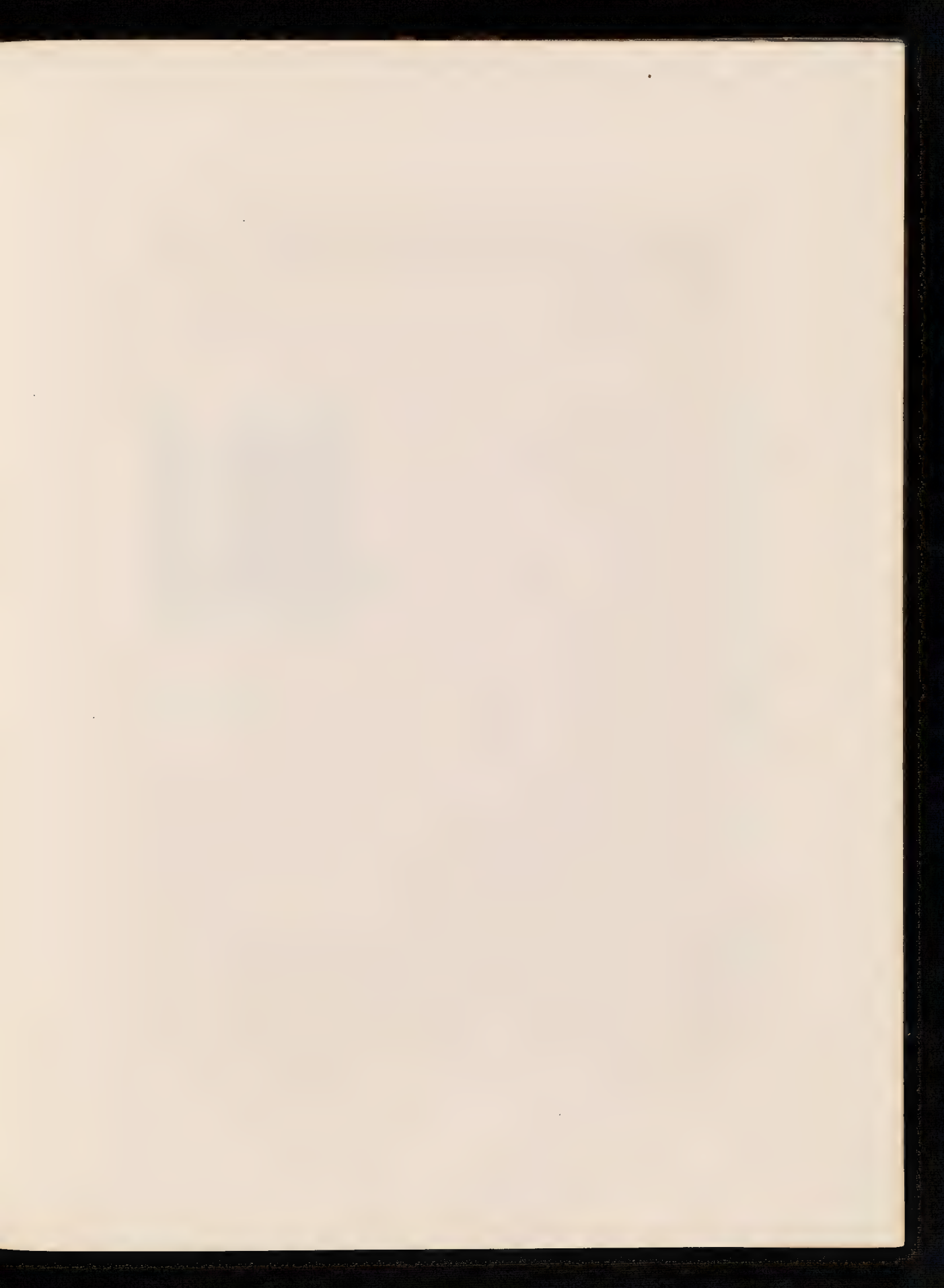


COULD the desolating effects of war be more touchingly suggested than in the simple incident of this picture? We hear much of the glory of war; and we catch glimpses of it in the flashing bayonets, the streaming banners, and the martial music of an armed host as it advances to battle, or celebrates the conqueror's triumph. There is also something strangely stirring to the pulse in the picture of contending armies, where, on smoky plains, swept by rattling musketry and belching cannon, battalions meet in deadly shock, and squadrons rush madly to the banquet of death. But the pageant is soon over; and the fierce excitement of battle, which incites to deeds of death-daring valor, soon subsides. Then come the horrors of the ensanguined field, where the awful silence which succeeds the din of shot and shell, is broken only by the groans of mangled and dying men. But even this tells but half the story. The other half is vividly suggested by M. Perrault's picture. Here lies the soldier with a bullet in his brain. He had a wife, and she is now a widow; he had a child, which is now an orphan. The wife by this terrible shock is deprived of her dependence, and the child of its protector. This is how war affects homes. It affects industry by smiting the artisan, while at the same time it fills the land with widows and orphans. The dead soldier of our picture was not one who "sought the bubble reputation in the cannon's mouth." He was mobilized and sent without choice to fight his country's battles. His wife has found him lying alone in his snowy shroud, his white face upturned to the stormy sky, where the carrion birds are hovering for their prey. And now the family are together once more. What a meeting! Language can add nothing to the mute eloquence of the widow's hopeless grief, and the pathos of the calm, sweet face of the innocent babe.

M. Perrault was born in Poitiers, France, in 1832, and studied under Picot. His subjects have been drawn from religion, history, and allegory, and he has also exhibited some portraits. He received a medal in 1864, and a medal of the second class in 1876.







SIGNING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

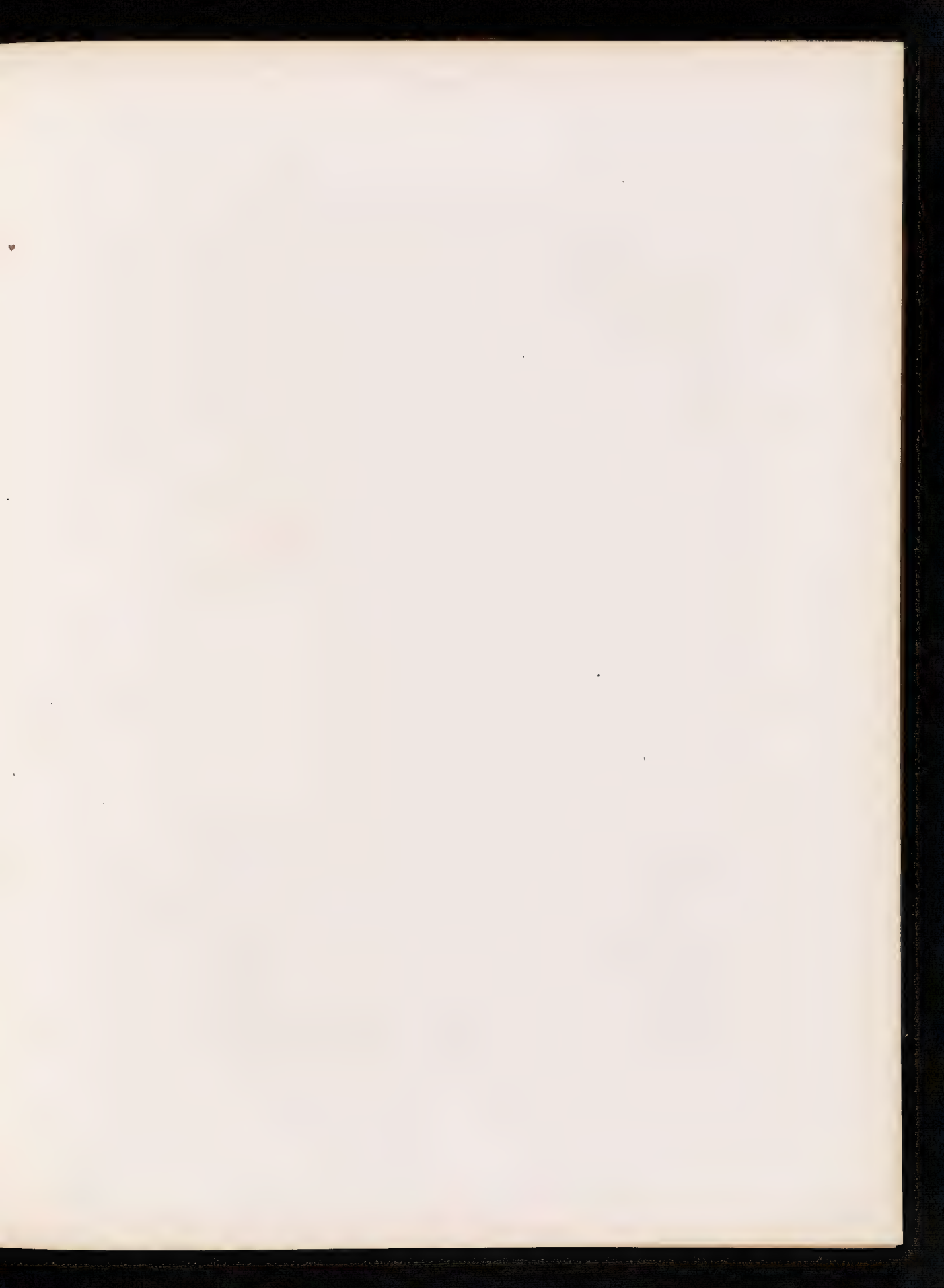
CHARLES-ÉDOUARD ARMAND-DUMARESQ, *Peintre*.

GOUPIL & Co., *Gravure*.



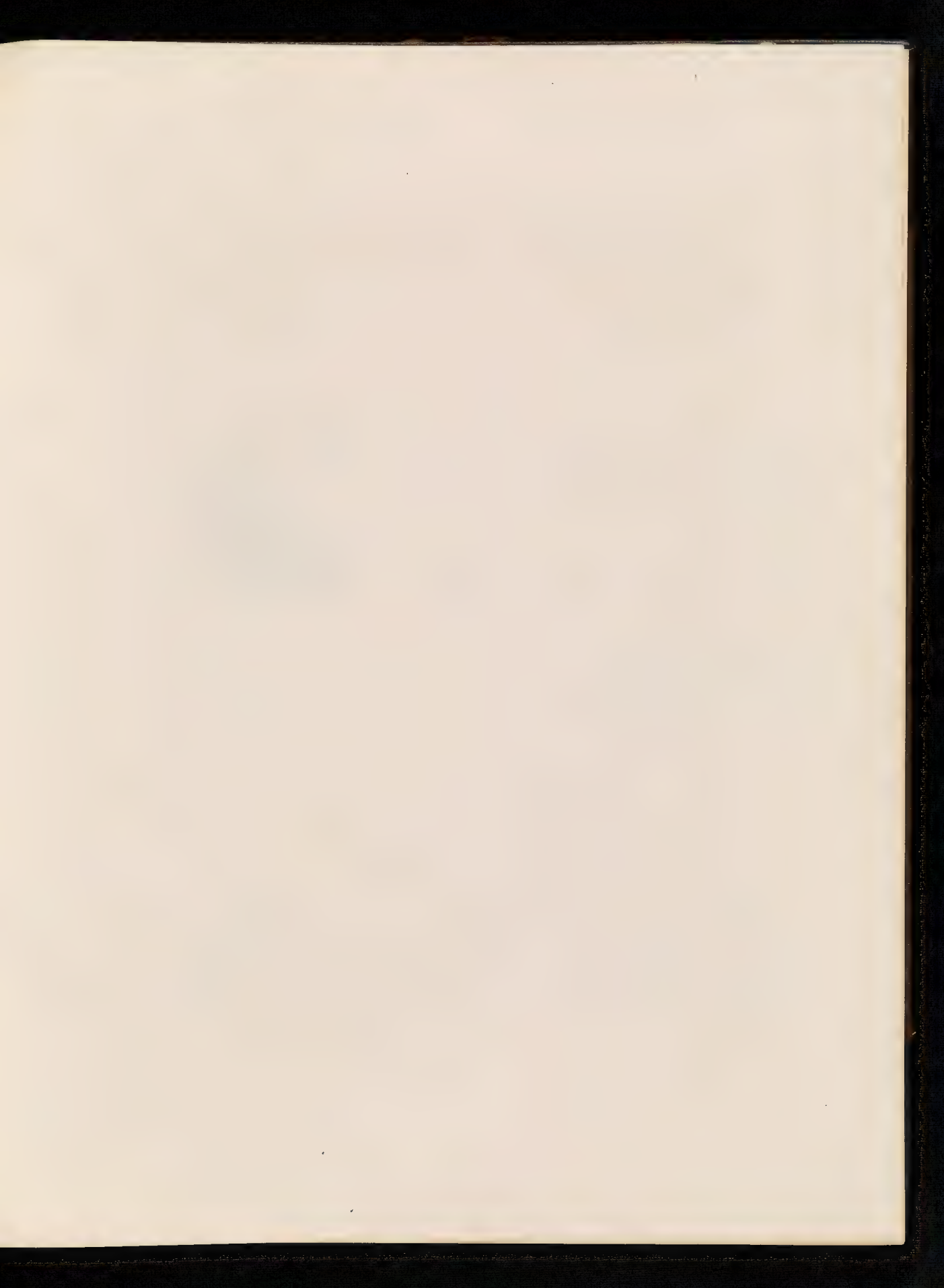
THIS is a subject peculiarly interesting to European Republicans, being, in effect, the birth-moment of a great popular government, whose history has confirmed a theory dear to the hearts of all who have felt the pressure of despotic power, and has furnished them with an example fraught with the inspiration of hope. Between the American Republic and France, especially, there has always subsisted a close bond of sympathy. When help was most needed by our struggling sires, it was received from France; and from the time of Lafayette to the present day there has not been wanting a numerous succession of illustrious Frenchmen, whose admiring regard for this government has been heartily affirmed. The spirited picture before us has clearly been a labor of love to the artist. Entering into the subject with his whole soul, he has vivified the scene with the intense and lofty sentiments appropriate to so critical and sublime an occasion. The actors are men of thought and character and resolution. They are animated by no flickering impulse, no spirit of rash bravado. They understand full well the grave interests that are at stake: they have counted the bitter cost as well as the glory of success, and have not forgotten that a felon's death is the penalty of failure. In their Declaration, after reciting the grievous wrongs that drove them to this course, they dared to say of the ruler with whom they were in conflict, "A prince whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people." Their final words,—brave, resolute, devout, immortal words,—were these: "And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other, our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor." And they kept the pledge.

Surely no scene in history is more worthy of the painter's genius. M. Armand-Dumaresq's breathing canvas stirs every patriotic heart, and embalms the memory of one of the noblest events in the annals of freedom. The picture was exhibited in the Salon of 1873. The artist was born in 1826, and studied under Couture. He received a third class medal in 1861, and a *rappel* of the same in 1863. He was made Chevalier of the Legion of Honor in 1867, and in 1881 was promoted to the grade of Officer.





THE DECK OF THE "ALBATROSS"



FUNERAL AT SEA.

HENRY BACON, *Pinx.*

GOUPIL & Co., *Gravure.*



UST to dust, ashes to ashes," are words that smite a mourner's ears with inexpressible pain. But when a loved one's decaying form is committed to the graveyard, there is at least a sad satisfaction in the thought that we can revisit its last resting place and lay flowers on a grave kept green by the tender offices of love. Moreover, in times of bereavement, there is no place like home. If anything can mitigate the desolating pain of death's visitation, it is the ministry of sympathizing friends and the comforts and privacy of home, which, at such a time is nothing less than a sanctuary.

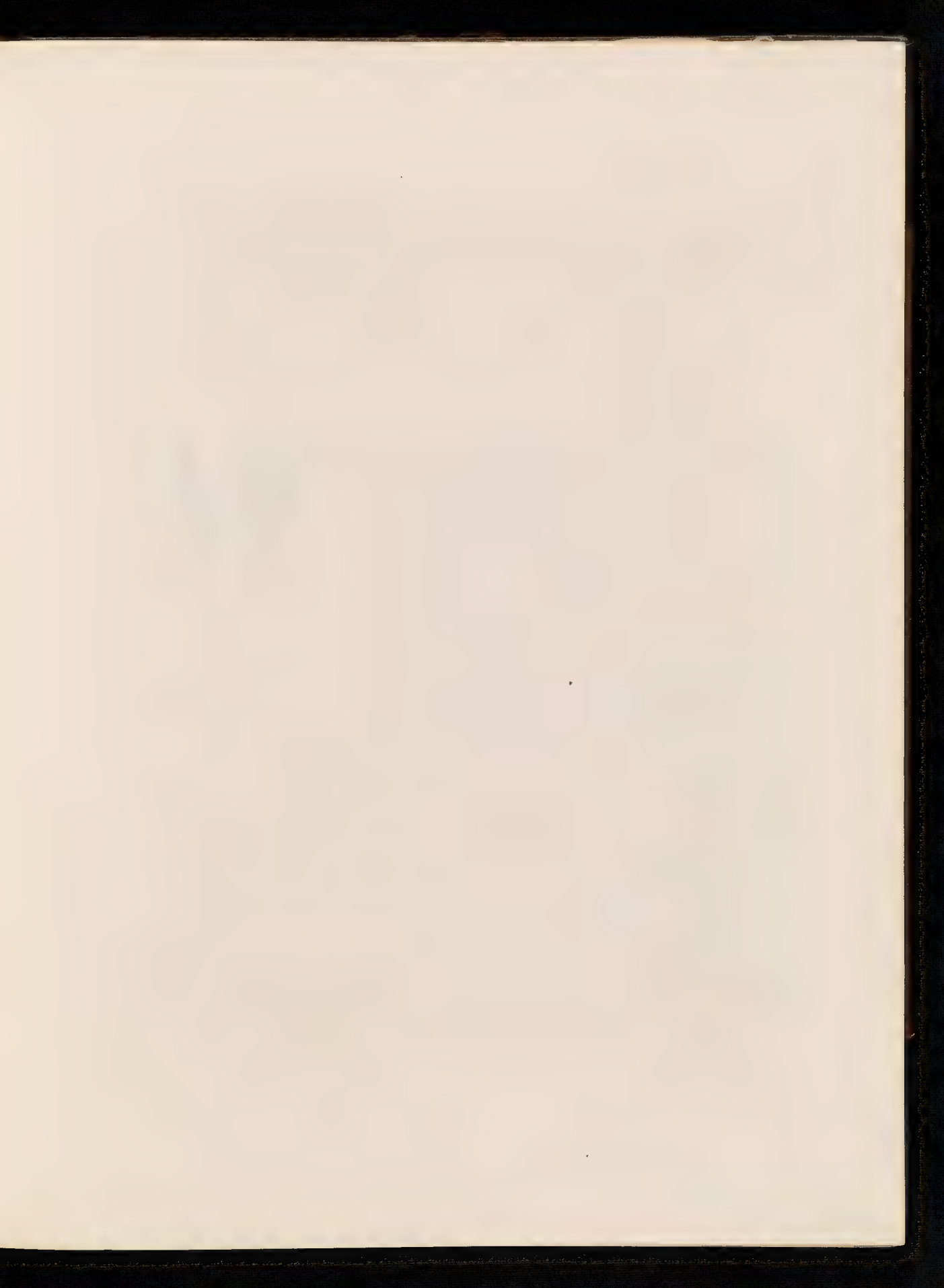
But death and burial at sea are destitute of even these alleviations. "We, therefore, commit his body to the deep." The scene is pictured for us by the artist with tender yet absolute realism. Who that has not tasted the bitter experience, can conceive the agony of the moment, when the beloved form of the dead is launched into the abyss, to disappear forever, while the ship plows on through the waves, carrying the weeping ones farther and farther from a sacred spot unknown and unmarked, to which they can nevermore return.

"Unknown and unhonored, down deep in the main,
Full many a score fathom, thy form shall decay.
No tomb shall e'er plead in remembrance of thee,
Or redeem form or frame from the merciless surge;
But the white foam of waves shall thy winding sheet be,
And winds in the midnight of winter thy dirge."

In this well-studied work nothing is wanting to the perfection of the graphic narrative. The refined moderation of the treatment, gives to the picture the true pathos of reality. Mr. Bacon was born in Haverhill, Mass., in 1839. He studied painting in Paris, at the School of Fine Arts and in the studio of Cabanel, and subsequently at Écouen, with Edouard Frère. He has since resided in Paris. Among his works may be named *Boston Boys* and *General Gage*, *Franklin at Home*, *Flirtation—Behind the Wheelhouse*, and *Story of a Marine*.







HENRY III. AND THE DUKE OF GUISE.

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING IN THE MUSEUM OF THE LUXEMBOURG.

PIERRE-CHARLES COMTE, *Peint.*

GOUPIL & Co., *Gravure.*



HENRY III. succeeded his brother, Charles IX., to the throne of France. His reign was virtually a reign of unworthy associates, and his court has been characterized as a mixture of bigotry and debauchery, of vice and folly. Under his weak administration civil and religious wars desolated the land, the King himself being the leader of a party which stood between the party of the Leaguers under the Duke of Guise, and that of the Huguenots under Henry of Navarre. At last Paris revolted in favour of the Guises, when Henry caused the Duke of Guise and his brother, the Cardinal, to be assassinated. Indignant at this baseness, many of the towns of France rebelled; the Parliament of Paris instituted his trial; and the Pope excommunicated him. In this emergency, the King appealed to his enemy, Henry of Navarre, for assistance, who generously accorded it, and together they laid siege to Paris. During the siege a Dominican monk named Jacques Clément, impelled by religious and patriotic feelings, assassinated Henry III. at St Cloud, thus putting an end to the dynasty of the Valois, as Henry died without issue.

The picture before us illustrates the following text: "They met at the foot of the grand staircase of the Chateau of Blois, before going to the communion together at the Church of Saint-Sauveur, December 22, 1588, the day before the Duke of Guise was assassinated." The King, who occupies the centre of the canvas, although on the way to Church to engage in the most solemn of religious exercises, evidently has the murderous purpose in his heart, and his countenance is full of hatred and suspicion. The Duke, who courteously salutes his sovereign, betrays no sense of the perfidious crime of which he is so soon to fall a victim. The two characters are in very effective contrast. The attitudes and faces of the followers on either side indicate the strength of their mutual animosity. The picture is admirably composed, and the dramatic conception is realized in a masterly manner.

M. Comte was born in 1823, and studied under M. Robert-Fleury. His works, which are almost exclusively of the class distinguished as historic *genre*, have justly won him extended fame. He received a third medal in 1852, a second medal in 1853, and a *rappel* in 1857. At the Universal Expositions of 1855 and 1867 he received, respectively, a second and a third class medal. He was made Chevalier of the Legion of Honor in 1857.



ROLL-CALL OF THE GIRONDISTS, OCT. 30, 1793. (*Salon of 1873*)
 FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY FRANÇOIS FLAMENG.

magistrates, *savants*, actors, authors, soldiers and men of all the professions. Each member in voting was required to state in writing the reasons for his action.

This Jury was superseded by the National Institute of the Sciences and Arts, created by the law of October 25, 1792; but the new body had no authority in respect to the admission of works to the Salon.

A "Jury of Censure" was instituted under the Empire, and was composed of six members, viz., the Director of Museums, two amateurs, and three artists named by the government. This arbitrary organization persisted under the Restoration, but the "Dictators" (as they have been called), do not appear to have abused their omnipotence. Only the works of new exhibitors were subjected to the examination of the jury; other artists, and especially those who had received medals or decorations, entered at will.

About the year 1824 the disciples of the "Romantic School" began to feel the proscriptive effects of the Jury's conservatism; but in 1827 the doors had not been entirely closed against the innovators. Immediately after the Revolution of 1830 there was much talk about restoring liberty to the fine arts. Invited by the government to discuss the questions which especially interested them, the artists united in a general assembly and named a commission which, after long discussion, adopted an address to the King demanding "The organization of a special Jury of the fine arts composed of artists elected in general assembly and renewed at each exhibition; which Jury should be called to judge all the competitions of the School of Fine Arts; to designate candidates for the professorships; to admit and place the works of art at the Salons; to propose the encouragements and rewards; and, finally, to judge the competitions ordered by the State."

This address was buried in a ministerial portfolio. The "reform" actually made, consisted in the conferring upon the entire Fourth Class of the Institute the powers which previously only a few members of the academic corps had exercised.

And now began an autocracy in art that was attended with all the abuses that grow out of a management influenced by prejudice, personalities and uncompromising hostility to every innovation. Although some of the most eminent members of the Fourth Class refused to be associated in their acts, the remainder of the body appeared to be "but too happy to exercise their power, without caring for the protests which their proceedings raised in the artistic world, nor for the bitter strictures of the press." The abuse, and a proposed remedy, are both expressed in the following extract from a pithy article by G. Planche, printed in 1840:

"It has, in fine, come to pass that some eminent artists who do not share the opinions of the Jury, find themselves excluded from the Galleries of the Louvre [where the Salons were held]. There is a very simple means of quieting these complaints, namely: Admit indiscriminately all the works presented; and, in order to confine the exhibit within reasonable limits, permit no artist to present more than two works. So long as this plan is not adopted, artists will be exposed to inevitable injustice. It is impossible for M. Blondel to approve the painting of M. Delacroix; yet M. Delacroix, in spite of his faults is an eminent painter, while M. Blondel is a painter absolutely *nil*, even though he sit in the Fourth Class of the Institute. M. Bidault cannot approve the landscapes of MM. Huet and Rousseau; yet MM. Huet and Rousseau have an incontestable value, while M. Bidault signifies nothing in the history of his art, albeit he sit in the Fourth Class of the Institute."

Theo. Thoré also delivered himself spicily in this connection:

"The old Academicians [he said] continue, without scruple and without responsibility, to give career to their jealousies and to their caprices. . . This year twenty members have assisted at the operations of the Jury. . . They assembled fourteen times for four hours, for the examination of nearly 5000 works—about 100 per hour, or two pictures a minute. This would be just time to pass before the file of pictures without pausing, supposing they were arranged in order. If the number of exhibitors increases, it will be necessary to employ steam engines. The curule chair of each Academician will then be fixed upon a locomotive." After speaking of the impossibility of doing justice even with an honest, impartial purpose, with such precipitation, and of the customary exclusion of some distinguished artists, the writer says: "The animosity of the jury is too evident." He then



SAINT CUTHBERT:—TRIPTYCH. (Salon of 1879.)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY ERNEST-ANGE DUZÉ.

proposes that a Jury be composed of "true painters," enlightened amateurs, men of letters, and critics, in which case, he adds, "the scandal of these proscriptions will not be renewed."

The Revolution of 1848 swept away this Jury which had become notorious for proscribing Decamps, Rousseau, Diaz, Corot, and many other able men of the contemporary school. Liberty, full and entire, was now accorded to exhibitors. The 5,180 works presented to the Salon that year were admitted without examination. The arrangement and placing were confided to a commission named by the general vote of the artists. This Salon offered a curious spectacle—a collection of works of the most incongruous character, in which serious and valuable pictures were in fellowship with paintings truly grotesque. Partisans of restricted exhibitions did not spare their ridicule of this Salon "invaded by the artistic democracy."

A Jury of Examination was appointed for the Salon of 1849; but it was entrusted to the election of the artists, and its members included such men as Cogniet, Delaroche, Decamps, Delacroix, H. Vernet, Ingres, Robert-Fleury, E. Isabey, Meissonnier and Corot. The number of works admitted was 2,586. The exhibition was held in the Tuileries, and Louis Napoleon, President of the Republic, presided at the distribution of awards.

In 1850 a Jury of Admission was chosen in the same manner as the previous year, but for the selection of works for recompense, the government formed a special jury, of which a part—but the weaker part—was taken from the Jury of Admission, while the other part was nominated by the Minister of the Interior. This Salon was held in the Palais-Royal, in a large gallery constructed expressly for the purpose. The works numbered 3,923. "This year, as had been done for the first time in 1849, an admission fee of 1 franc was charged on Thursdays, the proceeds being devoted to the purchase of works of art."

"In 1852," to quote a French writer, "the Man of December, having assassinated the Republic, F. de Persigny being his Minister of the Interior, and the sculptor de Nieuwerkerke having been nominated Director General of the Museums, important modifications were made in the organization of the Salon." The Jury of Admission was composed one-half of members elected by artists from among those who had had works admitted at previous exhibitions (except that of 1848), and one-half chosen by the administration. The privilege previously accorded to medallists to enter their works without submitting them to the Jury, was now reserved for Members of the Institute and artists who had been decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor. Artists were restricted to three



AN UNLUCKY MEETING. (Salon of 1879.)
FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY JULES-BERTRAND GELIBERT.

works each. The entrance fee for visitors was made one franc on Thursday, and five francs on Monday; on other days admission was free. One of the best innovations was the separate exhibition for one week, after the distribution of awards, of all the works recompensed and favorably mentioned.

The Salons were biennial from 1853 to 1863; but after the latter year they again became annual. Various modifications in the rules were made during this period. The principle of government interference was maintained, but the number of jurymen thus chosen was reduced. In 1863 three-fourths of the jurors were elected by the artists, and one-fourth were named by the administration. In 1869 the government named two-thirds of the Jury; but the following year M. Maurice Richard, Minister of the Fine Arts, restored to the artists the privilege of electing the entire Jury.



CONFIDENCE. (Salon of 1879.)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY JEAN-MAXIME CLAUDE.

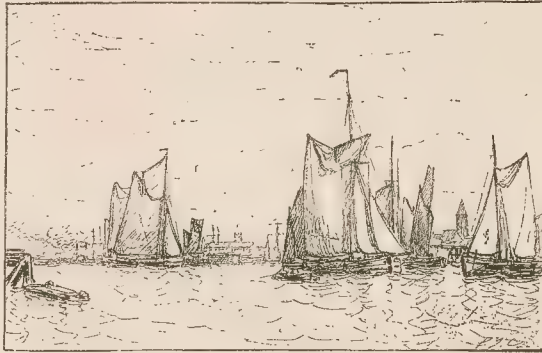
An odd incident in the history of the Salon was the holding, in 1863 and 1864, of *Salons of the Rejected*. These exhibits, consisting of the works denied admission into the official Salons, were held alongside of the latter, and were under the auspices of the administration. They were certainly interesting in their way, and were probably designed to satisfy the public of the justice of the judgments of the Jury. Among the four or five hundred works displayed on each of these occasions, there are said to have been about twenty in each exhibit, which might without impropriety have been admitted into the Salon, but the others were weak, faulty, trivial and grotesque.

The tolerance in the Salon of very inferior works exempt from the inspection of the Jury because presented by Members of the Institute and recipients of medals and of the Prize of Rome, was felt by many to be an injustice; and this privilege of exemption was accordingly suppressed, in 1872, by M. Charles Blanc, Director of Museums; and at the same time, the electors of the Jury of Examination (which in 1870 comprised all artists whose works had been admitted to previous exhibitions) were limited to French artists who had obtained at least one medal or the Prize of Rome.

In 1874, however, the Marquis de Chennevières, successor of M. Blanc, re-established the exemption, and also re-claimed for the administration the right of naming a part of the jury. But, far from being a reactionist in spirit, the Marquis de Chennevières established a Prize of the Salon in favor of young painters who should be designated by the jury as possessing "qualities most susceptible of benefit from a sojourn of three years at Rome." He also proposed to confide to a general association of artists the duty of organizing the Salons; of designating the works deserving of recompense,

and of proposing to the administration all measures favorable to the prosperity and advancement of the arts. But as the artists were slow to avail themselves of these excellent opportunities, they bore little fruit.

In 1880 the doors of the Salon were so widely opened that the works of every class reached the unprecedented number of 7,289. As some change in the management seemed desirable, the government



THE PORT OF OSTENDE. (Salon of 1879.)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY PAUL JEAN CLAYS.



RETURN OF THE FISHING BOATS. (Salon of 1879.)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY H. W. MESDAG.

handed over the entire conduct of the Salon of 1881 to the Society of French Artists, organized expressly for this duty. A jury of that society, composed of seventy-two members, representing all classes of work, became, therefore, the controllers and administrators of the ninety-eighth exhibition. The immediate effect of this change of control was a reduction in the number of accepted works, from 7,289 to 4,959. As usual, there were some complaints of injustice preferred by disappointed applicants. The Salon of 1882, held under similar auspices, contained 5,641 works, classified as follows: Paintings, 2,722; Designs, (including cartoons, water colors, pastels, miniatures, enamels, glass, porcelain and faience), 1,328; Sculptures, 886; Medals and gem engravings, 51; Architecture, 154; Engravings and Etchings, 471; Public monuments, 29.

In connection with the Salon of 1882, the government made a new departure of great importance, which was, in effect, a modified extension of advantages similar to those afforded by the Prize of the Salon. Eight Travelling Purses (Bourses de Voyage) were awarded to exhibitors

of meritorious works—three for paintings, two for sculptures, two for architecture, and one for engraving. "These purses," said the Minister of Public Instruction, "are available for one year, and are subject to certain conditions and to a certain control. Their object is to put young persons in communication with the masterpieces shut up in Italy, Holland and Spain, and we exact the fulfilment of this condition. The Superior Council of the Fine Arts has been created a jury for the distribution of these awards of the State."

The State has declared its purpose to hold Triennial Salons under its exclusive direction. The first of these exhibitions will be opened in July 1883, in the Palace of Industry, immediately after the close of the regular Salon.

SALON AWARDS.

These consist of—

1. THE MEDAL OF HONOR, the highest distinction conferred by the Salon. A Medal of Honor is awarded in each section, viz., for Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, and Engraving. The medal is awarded by vote of all the exhibitors in the section, in combination with the jury of the section.

2. PRIZE OF THE SALON. This originally was an award of funds enabling the recipient to spend three years in study at Rome. In 1879, however, the rule was so modified as to require the recipient of the prize to spend one year at Rome, one year in Spain, and one year in the Low Countries.

3. MEDAL OF THE FIRST CLASS.

4. MEDAL OF THE SECOND CLASS.

5. MEDAL OF THE THIRD CLASS.

6. HONORABLE MENTION.

7. TRAVELLING PURSES (*Bourses de Voyage*). Described above.

An artist who has received a Medal of the First Class is not entitled thereafter to receive any medal except the Medal of Honor, and is therefore considered *Hors*



THE HAUNT OF THE HERON. (*Salon of 1879.*)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY HENRI SAINT-PAUL.

Concours (beyond, or excluded from, competition). One who has received a Medal of the Second Class is also *Hors Concours*, although he is still eligible to a First Medal or to the Medal of Honor.

[RAPPEL. This word, frequently recurring in the biographical notices of French artists, has in that connection the meaning of "souvenir," or "recall," in the sense of calling to mind past honors, of which the recipient has again proved worthy. It is an expression of the jury that the artist merits a medal of a certain class, which they do not award for the reason that he has already received it on some former occasion.]

CROSS OF THE LEGION OF HONOR. Besides the Salon awards, the government, on these occasions, is accustomed to decorate with the Order of the Legion of Honor, the artists who are regarded as best entitled to that distinction by the merit of their works. Artists already decorated with the first grade of the Order,—that of Chevalier,—are subject to successive promotions, first as Officer, next as Commander, and last and highest, as Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor.



MIGHT.

UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE.

DIVINE RIGHT.

THE ORIGIN OF POWER. (Salon of 1878.)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY LUCIEN PIERRE SERGENT.

The **GRAND PRIZE OF ROME**, though an award of the School of Fine Arts, and not of the Salon, is properly mentioned here, from the frequency with which it will be referred to in the course of our work. This prize is restricted to Frenchmen who have taken medals in the School. The crowd of competitors is reduced by giving them a subject to sketch in oil. The twenty or thirty who are most successful in this trial, compete again among themselves on a figure in oil, whereby the number of contestants is again reduced by the selection of the best ten. These ten final competitors go into private studios provided at the School, when the final subject is given them, of which they must sketch their idea in one day, which idea must not be departed from. In three months the pictures are submitted for decision. The prize gives the holder a four years' residence at Rome, with an annual stipend of 4000 francs, and cost of studio and models in addition. The holder is expected to send a picture to the School every year, and is not allowed to leave Rome without special permission. By virtue of another prize, founded by the munificence of Mme. Caen, the holder of the Prize of Rome, on his return to France, receives 4000 francs per annum for four additional years, so that he is relieved from pecuniary care for eight years.

The English critic, John Forbes-Robertson, expresses the following opinion:

"Does the Salon of Paris exceed in importance every other individual exhibition held in Europe? Must places of such historic culture as is associated with the names of Dresden, Munich, Vienna,

Antwerp, Florence, and Rome yield in this, as in sundry other respects, their laurels to the city of the Seine? Impartiality compels us to answer, most assuredly, yes, and to assert unhesitatingly that the Paris Salon is the art-centre of the world."

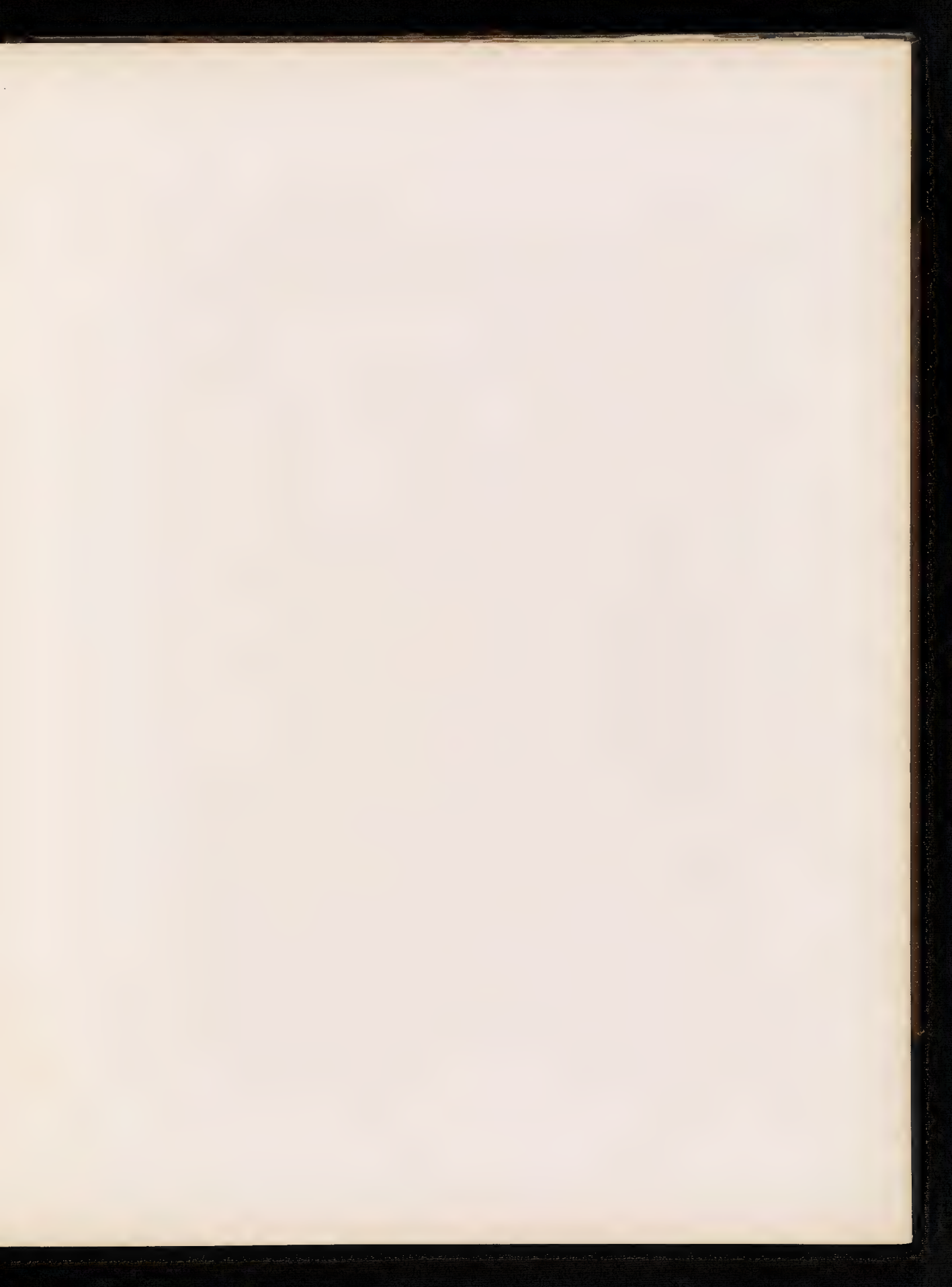
With another word from the same writer, on French artists themselves, we conclude this sketch:

"After having made every allowance for such significance and distinction as the works of foreign artists—whether in sculpture, painting, or any other kindred walk—confer on the Paris Salon, the fact remains, that, in originality, invention, freedom of execution, and in all technical and academic qualities, the French artists are *facile principes*. Without wishing to be invidious, or in any way to overstate national art-relations, we may give it as our opinion, without any fear of being contradicted by any one adequately authoritative, that for every half dozen artists of the highest mark in any other country, France can produce at least half a score; and that in almost every branch of the fine arts that can be named. In short, taste among the French people is an inherited and national instinct, and their artists are the true inheritors of the glories of the Renaissance."



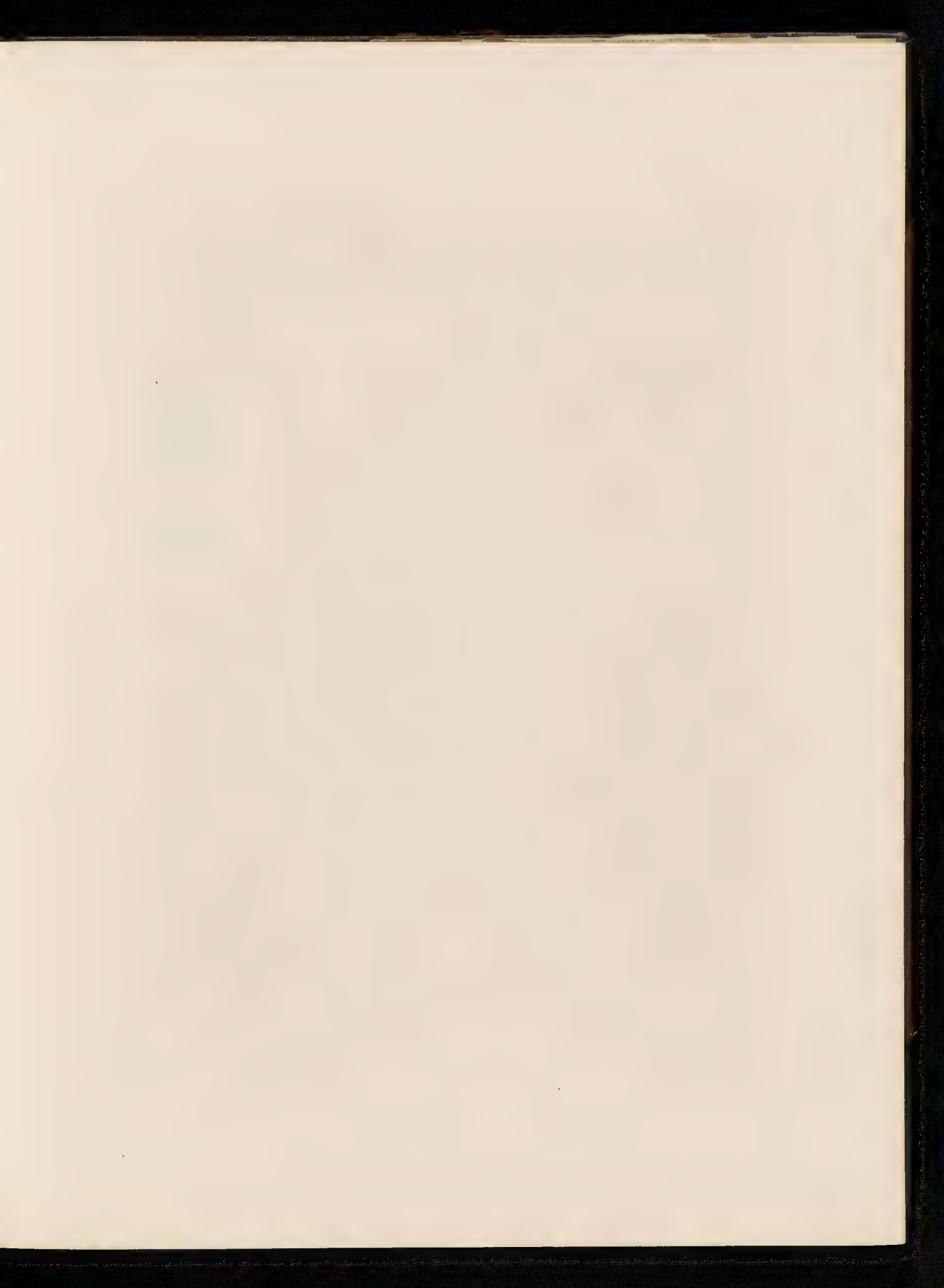
POTIPHAR'S WIFE. (Salon of 1870.)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY LOUIS-FREDERIC SCHUTZENBERGER.





THE ENTRANCE OF THE LATE KING



FREDERICK BARBAROSSA AT THE FEET OF THE POPE.

ALBERT MAIGNAN, *Pinx.*

GOUPIL & Co., *Gravure.*



FROM Sismondi's "History of the Italian Republics" our artist has derived his theme. The passage illustrated is the following: "The Pope awaited him under the portal of Saint Mark's. The Emperor of Germany prostrated himself . . . and the Pope said: 'God has willed that an old man, who is only a priest, should triumph over an emperor mighty and terrible.'"

The picture challenges and well rewards the most careful scrutiny. Faces and figures are instinct with appropriate yet diversified expression. The attitude of the Pope, dimly seen within the door, befits the words we seem to hear him utter. The clenched hand of the Emperor, who kneels uncovered and unshod before the Pontiff, suggests the mental struggle involved in his humiliation, which probably does not extend to the heart. The attendants who bear the imperial sword, crown, and banner, look gloomily upon their master's humiliation. The soldiers behind them betray a restive resentment; and the countenance of the tall, mail-clad warrior at the door is a fine embodiment of dignity and pride forced to an unwelcome task. The face of the old man to the right of him, and the mien and port alike of the dignified citizen in the foreground admirably express the effect of the extraordinary spectacle on sober, thoughtful minds. Equally well conceived is the man with long hair and supercilious face and arm a-kimbo; while nothing in the picture excels in subtle mastery of expression the old man with clasped hands who leans against a pillar on the extreme right. A profound satisfaction fills his breast. His devout and grateful emotion is almost too deep for words; but if he *should* speak, his utterance would doubtless be that of the aged Simeon: "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation!" Cows and the dim interior light, no doubt, conceal exultant faces among the priests and monks who witness the Emperor's abasement.

The drawing is faultless; and the consummate modelling of the figures imparts to them the relief and solidity of nature. The superb architectural background—a splendid picture in itself—is worthy of the scene it localizes and adorns. In fine, every feature of this remarkable painting proclaims the hand of a master, and we are not surprised that it won for the artist a medal of the second class in the Salon of 1876.

M. Maignan was born in Beaumont, France, and studied with J. Noël and with Luminais. His *Departure of the Norman Fleet for the Conquest of England* (1874), is in the gallery of the Luxembourg; and his *Christ Calls to him the Afflicted* (1879), was rewarded with a medal of the first class.





THE WARRIOR AND THE EAGLE



RIZPAH PROTECTING THE BODIES OF HER SONS.

GEORGES BECKER, *Pinx.*

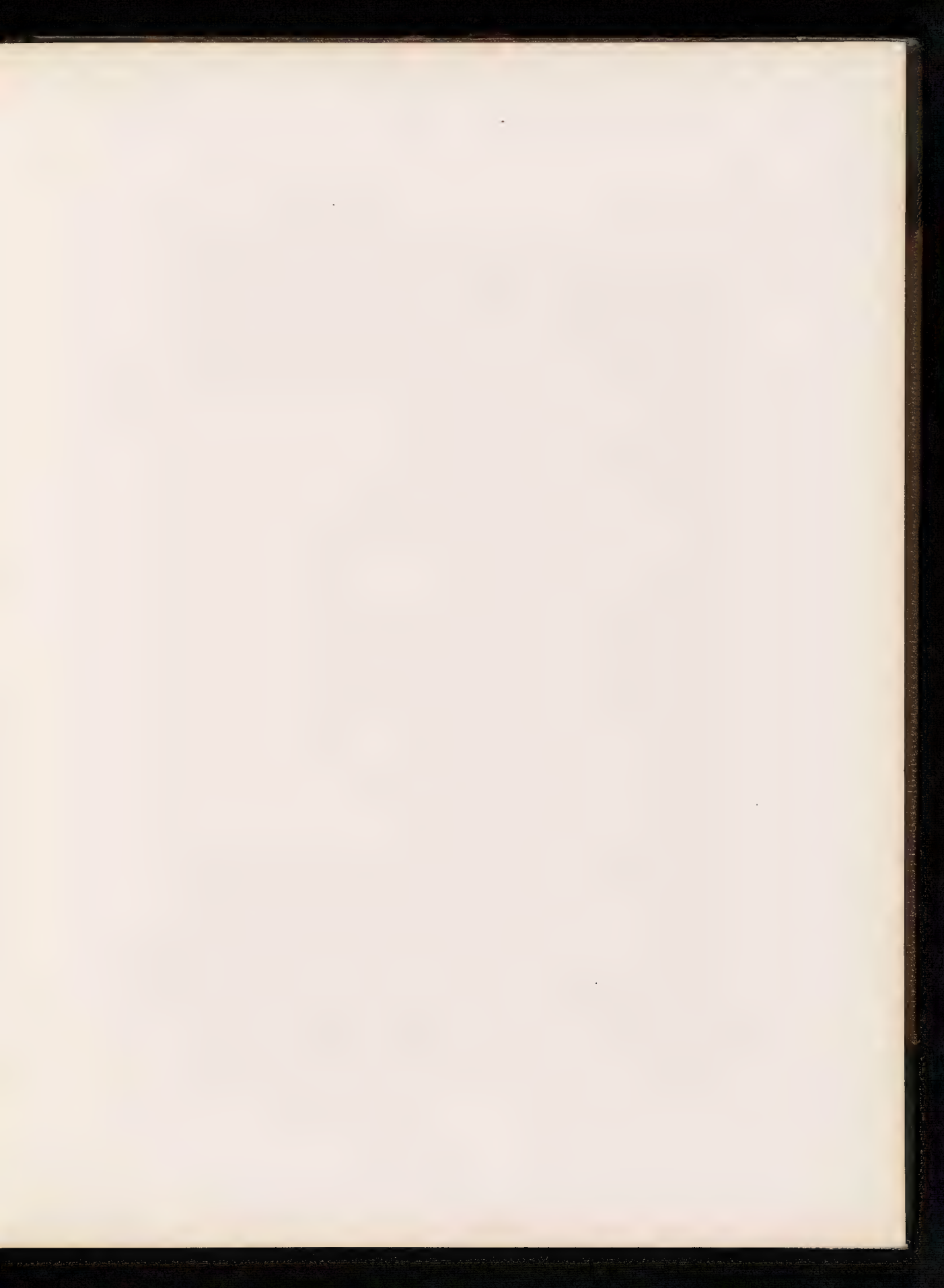
GOUPIL & Co., *Gravure.*



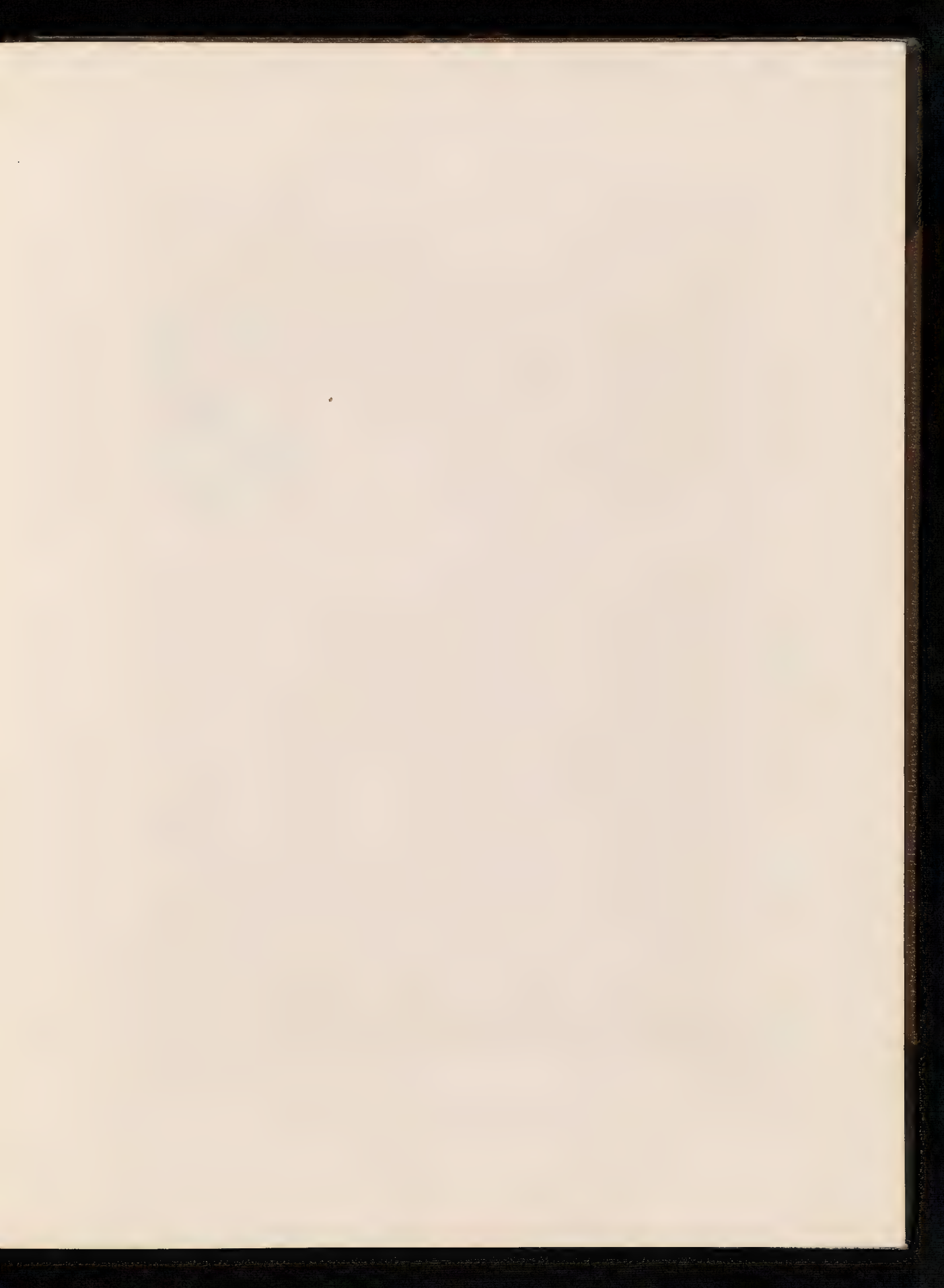
LITTLE dreamed King Saul of the terrible retribution that his cruel treachery to the Gibeonites entailed upon his sons. The subject of this startling picture is derived from Holy Writ, being a part of the twenty-first chapter of II. Samuel, wherein we read: "Then there was a famine in the days of David three years, year after year; and David inquired of the Lord. And the Lord answered, It is for Saul, and for his bloody house, because he slew the Gibeonites. (Now the Gibeonites were not of the children of Israel, but of the remnant of the Amorites; and the children of Israel had sworn unto them: and Saul sought to slay them in his zeal to the children of Israel and Judah.) Wherefore David said unto the Gibeonites, What shall I do for you? And wherewith shall I make the atonement, that ye may bless the inheritance of the Lord? And the Gibeonites said unto him, We will have no silver nor gold of Saul, nor of his house; neither for us shalt thou kill any man in Israel. And he said, What ye shall say, that will I do for you. And they answered the King, The man that consumed us, and that devised against us that we should be destroyed, . . . let seven of his sons be delivered unto us, and we will hang them up unto the Lord in Gibeah of Saul. . . . And the King said, I will give them. . . . The King took the two sons of Rizpah the daughter of Aiah, whom she bare unto Saul, and the five sons of Michal the daughter of Saul, whom she brought up for Adriel the son of Barzillai the Meholathite. And he delivered them into the hands of the Gibeonites, and they hanged them in the hill before the Lord. . . . And Rizpah took sackcloth and spread it for her upon the rock, from the beginning of harvest until water dropped upon them out of heaven, and suffered neither the birds of the air to rest on them by day nor the beasts of the field by night."

This vast canvas, terrible in subject, sombre in tone, and highly dramatic in treatment, naturally gave rise to discussions in which both strong encomiums and severe criticisms were pronounced upon it. The latter, however, pertained more to the alleged unfitness of the subject for pictorial use, than to any defect of composition or technic. Whatever else may be said of it, the work certainly evinces great vigour and independence, and as a conspicuous example of an artist of rising fame, it deserves a place in our gallery. The picture was first exhibited in the Salon of 1875, and the following year it attracted marked attention at the Centennial Exhibition, Philadelphia.

M. Becker was born in Paris about 1845, and studied under Gérôme. He received a medal in 1870; a second class medal in 1872; and a medal at Philadelphia in 1876.







CORONATION OF BALDWIN I. AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

LOUIS GALLAIT, *Pinx.*

GOUPIL & Co., *Gravure.*



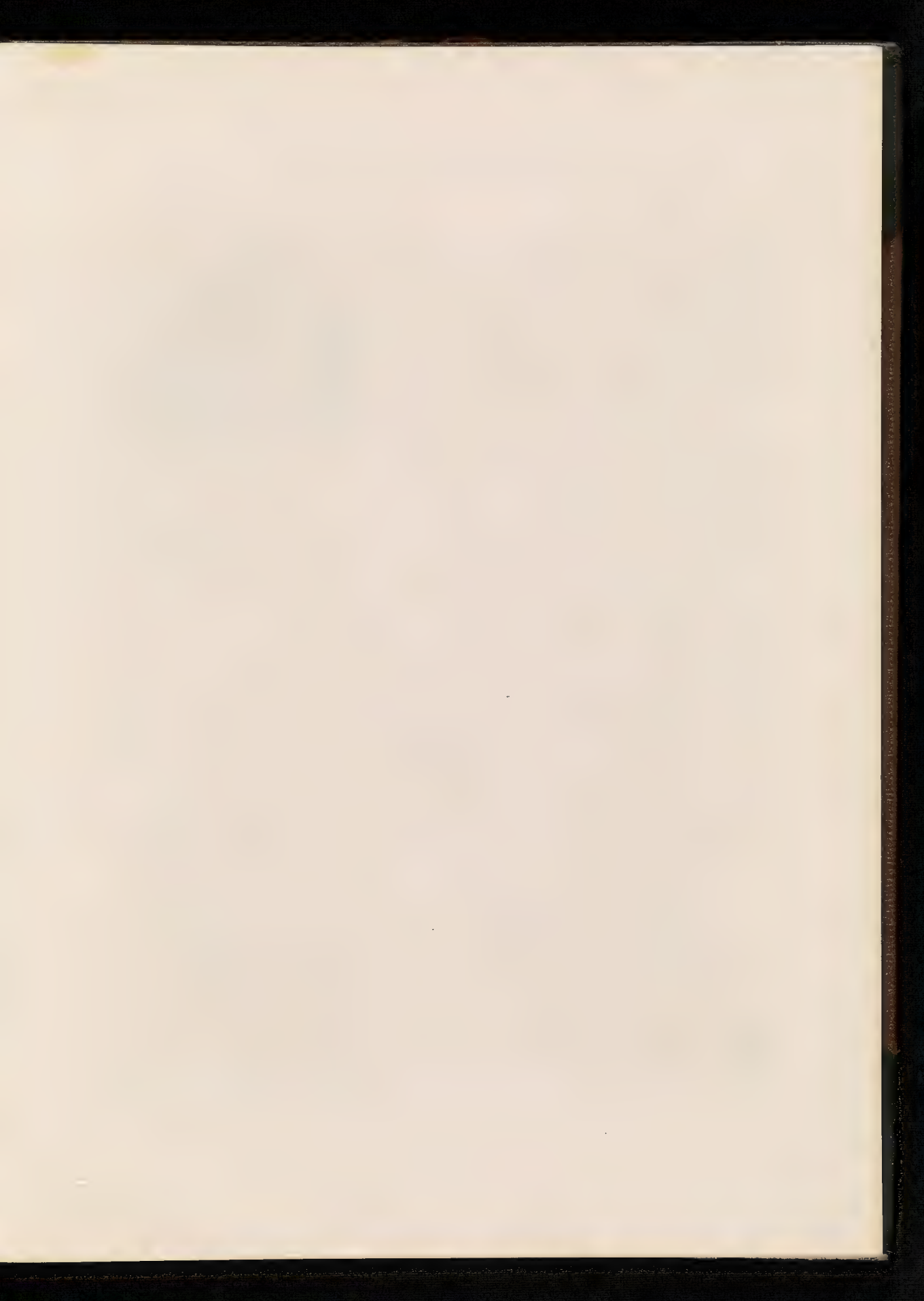
HE taking of Constantinople, at the beginning of the thirteenth century, by an army of French and Venetian pilgrims, is one of the most stirring events in history. The proclamation by Pope Innocent III. of a new crusade for the deliverance of Jerusalem from Pagan hands, was responded to by some of the noblest Frankish knights. Their army formed an alliance with Venice, which contributed to the expedition a formidable naval armament. Instead, however, of proceeding at once upon their pious enterprise in Palestine, these warrior pilgrims, influenced by the animosity, both religious and political, which for ages had subsisted between the Greeks and the Latins, became a party to the civil troubles of the Eastern empire. Espousing the cause of the youthful Alexius, whose father, the Emperor Isaac, deposed by a usurping brother, then languished in a dungeon, the pilgrims attacked Constantinople, which, through the negligence and cowardice of the usurper, soon fell into their hands. One of the pledges whereby the young prince had won the support of the Crusaders, was that the Latin ecclesiastical supremacy should be acknowledged. The attempted fulfilment of this pledge met with bitter opposition and led to another and fiercer battle for the possession of Constantinople; but the Crusaders were again victorious. And now, the allies determined to place a Latin Emperor on the throne of the Eastern Empire. Among the chief candidates for the imperial honor were Boniface, Marquis of Montferrat, the head of the army; Matthew of Montmorency; Simon of Montfort; Baldwin, Count of Flanders; and Dandolo, the Doge of Venice. Intense interest attended the election. "Without the Chapel of St. Sophia," says Gibbon, "the Barons expected the decision of the electors. It was announced by the Bishop of Soissons: 'By our unanimous suffrage, Baldwin, Count of Flanders and Hainault, is now your sovereign and the Emperor of the East.' He was saluted with loud applause, and the proclamation was re-echoed through the city by the joy of the Latins and the trembling adulation of the Greeks."

Baldwin was then thirty-two years old, and is described as "valiant, pious and chaste." His reign, however, was short, and his fate untimely, for in less than a year he died a captive. The coronation scene is given with fine dramatic effect by our artist. A study of the faces reveals the contrasted emotions of the Latins and the Greeks. The foremost figure kneeling on the throne is probably Boniface of Montferrat; and in the aged kneeling figure in the foreground we recognize the venerable and sightless Doge.

M. Gallait was born at Tournay, Belgium, in 1810, and studied under Celsthue and Hennequin. He received Salon medals of the second class in 1835 and 1848, and was made Chevalier of the Legion of Honor in 1841. He is also Chevalier of the Order of the Crown of Oak of Holland, Member of the Academy of Antwerp and of the Institute of France. The original of the picture before us is in the Gallery of Versailles.







TASSO AT FERRARA.

FERDINAND HEILBUTH, *Pinx.*

GOUPIL & Co., *Gravure.*



THE best years of Tasso, the great epic poet, were spent at the court of Alphonso II., Duke of Este, which rivalled that of the Medici in splendor, and in its patronage of letters and the arts. But the most wretched years of the poet's strangely clouded life were also spent at Ferrara. During the ten years that he was honored and indulged by Alphonso, he produced his great work, *Jerusalem Delivered*, the drama *Aminta*, and numerous minor pieces. It was at Ferrara that the poet met the beautiful Leonora d'Este, the Duke's sister, who inspired him with a romantic passion that took resistless possession of his sensitive and ardent nature.

But while he dared not presume to the hand of a princess, neither could he conceal his hopeless affection, which found expression in impassioned sonnets. It is commonly supposed that Tasso's misfortunes grew out of his love for Leonora, which was harshly resented by the Duke. Whether from unrequited love or from other trials and vexations which pressed upon him, about the year 1575, the balance of his delicately organized brain was disturbed, and in 1577 the Duke confined him in a hospital for the insane. In a short time he escaped, and was permitted by Alphonso to return to Ferrara, but was not restored to favor. He presently began to wander restlessly from city to city; but, drawn perhaps by his hopeless passion, he returned again to Ferrara, where, stung by the cold neglect of the Duke, he expressed his resentment in violent language. Such an offence on the part of an unhappy man accused of madness, might well have been overlooked or lightly visited; but on this petty provocation Alphonso covered his name with lasting infamy by consigning the most brilliant intellect of the age to a mad-house, keeping him in that dreadful place for seven long years. On his release the poet received distinguished attentions at several courts, and finally died at Rome, whither he had been summoned for a coronation at the Capitol.

M. Heilbuth, who, though German born, is a naturalized Frenchman, has treated his subject with notable refinement. The standing figure is that of the Duke. The ladies are his sisters, and the one nearest the spectator—she who leans forward in pensive absorption—is the well-beloved Leonora. In his *Lament of Tasso*, Byron puts these words in the mouth of the imprisoned poet:

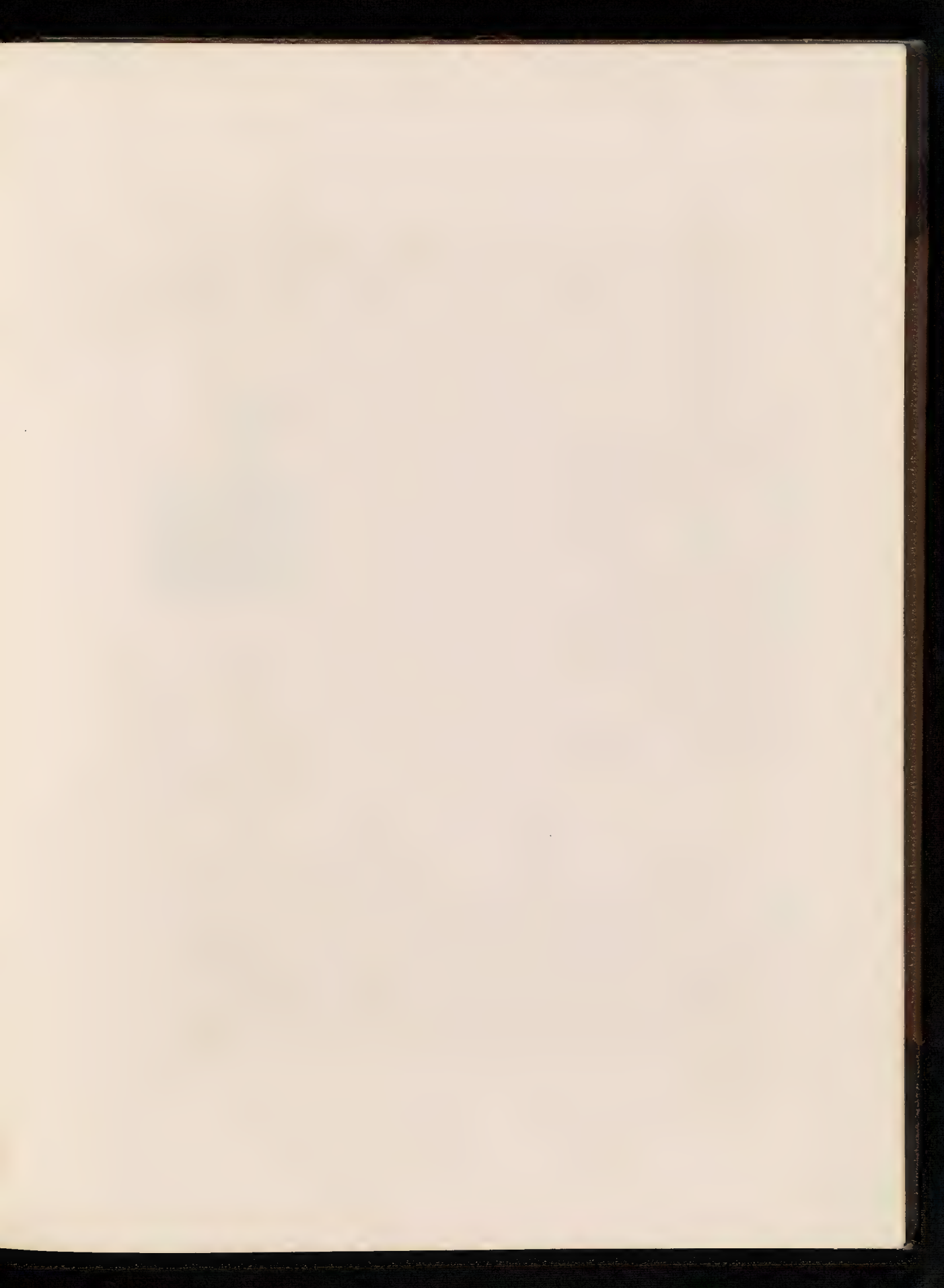
Thou Ferrara! when no longer dwell
The ducal chiefs within thee, shalt fall down,
And crumbling piecemeal view thy heartless halls,
A poet's wreath shall be thine only crown,—
A poet's dungeon thy most far renown . . .
And thou, Leonora! thou—who wert ashamed
That such as I could love—who blush'd to hear

To less than monarchs that thou couldst be dear . . .
Thou when all that birth and beauty throws
Of magic round thee is extinct—shalt have
One half the laurel that o'ershades my grave.
No power in death can tear our names apart,
As none in life could rend thee from my heart.

Although born in Hamburg, M. Heilbuth is a naturalized Frenchman, and received his art education in France. He received a medal of the second class in 1857, and *rappels* of the same in 1859 and 1861. He was made Chevalier of the Legion of Honor in 1861 and Officer in 1881. His *Le Monte de Piété* is in the Museum of the Luxembourg.







THE WAVE.

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING IN THE MUSEUM OF THE LUXEMBOURG.

GUSTAVE COURBET, *Pinx.*

GOUPIL & Co., *Gravure.*



THE Wave! How simple, yet sublime a subject—too great for any but a master hand. There is nothing in nature so awful as the Ocean in its immensity, its might, and its eternal motion. From the dread which it so often inspires by the terror of its storms and the false security of its calms, the Sea serves as a symbol of cruelty and treachery. It is the fittest natural emblem of the infinite and the eternal, because so boundless, so inexhaustible, and so superior to the shocks and decay of time. The Ocean, too, is a most impressive figure of the great aggregate of humanity—"the sea of life," which, sometimes calm and unruffled, is anon swept by gusts of feeling or lashed to fury by fierce tempests of passion. The individual lives are the waves that come rolling shoreward, and which either prematurely break and sink unnoticed in the whelming flood, or erect themselves proudly for a moment in crested beauty, then break and forever disappear: fit type of the vanity of mortal pride and glory.

Courbet has given us a true picture of the Wave, and of the sea—yea, and of the sea's sister, the sky—that ocean of ether, with its floating islands and navies of cloud. So informed is this work with the spirit of nature, that it kindles in us somewhat of the same rapture with which we gaze upon the billowy main itself and hearken to its many voices:

"Listen! the mighty being is awake
And doth, with his eternal motion, make
A sound like thunder everlastingly."

M. Courbet was born at Ornans (Doubs), in 1819. He was destined by his father for the bar, but forsook that profession for painting which he pursued with ardor, making his *début* in the Salon of 1844. After this he received some instructions from MM. Steuben and Hesse. He painted ably in almost every class of work—landscape, figures, portraits, historic *genre*, marine, animals, etc. His complicity in the destruction of the Vendôme Column during the Commune of 1871, caused him to be first imprisoned, and afterwards heavily fined, by the government. He died in Switzerland, December 31, 1877. M. Courbet received a second class medal in 1849, and *rappels* in 1857 and 1861,



THE FISHERS OF WRECKAGE. (Salon of 1879.)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY ÉMILE LOUIS VERNIER

THE SALON OF 1879.

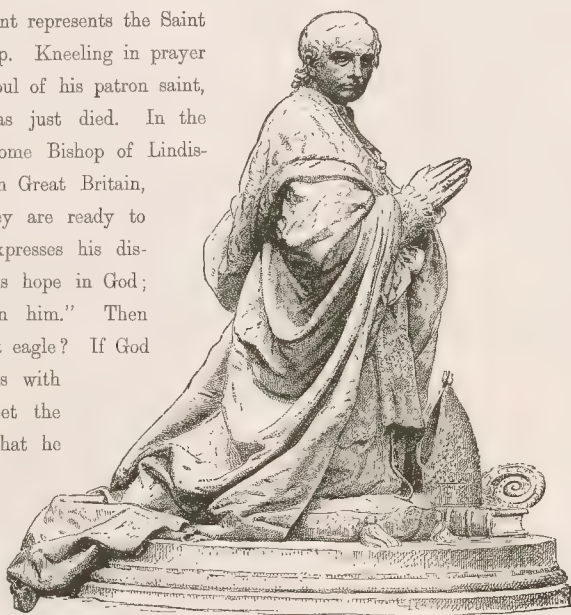
OUR reviews of the Salons may appropriately begin with the year 1879, for two reasons, chiefly: 1. That year is sufficiently recent to fall within the prescribed scope of our work, and 2. As it immediately follows the Universal Exposition of 1878, it affords a fit and natural point of departure from which to advance to the very latest exhibitions of French art.

The whole number of works exhibited at this Salon was five thousand nine hundred and seventeen (including twenty-two works classified under "Public Monuments," and not numbered in the Catalogue). Of these works three thousand and forty were paintings, one thousand seven hundred and seven were designs, water colors, pastels, etc., and six hundred and seventy-three were sculptures. The large number of the works furnished the critic, Lucien Paté, with an occasion for the following caustic observation: "In good faith, can there possibly be four thousand exhibiting artists? Our country is not so favored by the gods. There will always be three thousand five hundred, not to say more, who will practice art as a trade. When the expositions were held in the Louvre [they are now held in the Palace of Industry], how many of our present exhibitors would have dared to present their pictures? A remnant of respect would have restrained them. Alas! how is that sentiment now possible? They feel themselves so much at home: for are they not in the Palace of Industry?"

Nevertheless, among the crowd of mediocre pictures that will almost inevitably be found in so large an assemblage, were a sufficient number of really superior works to lift the collection to a very respectable average of excellence.

One of the most remarkable pictures was *Saint Cuthbert*, a triptych, by Ernest-Ange Duez

(see sketch on p. 10). The left compartment represents the Saint in his youth, as a shepherd guarding sheep. Kneeling in prayer one night he sees ascend to heaven the soul of his patron saint, Aidan, the Bishop of Lindisfarn, who has just died. In the central division St. Cuthbert, having become Bishop of Lindisfarn, is depicted on a missionary journey in Great Britain, attended only by a young boy. When they are ready to sink with fatigue and hunger, the boy expresses his discouragement, but the Saint says: "Let us hope in God; he will never abandon those who trust in him." Then raising his eyes he adds, "Seest thou that eagle? If God will, he can make use of it to supply us with food." And they saw alight at their feet the eagle, holding in his talons a great fish that he had just raised from the sea." In the third compartment, the Saint is seen towards the close of his life, living in retirement. He has just sown a field with seeds, which birds began to devour. "Wherefore do you rob me of the fruit of my labor?" says the Saint, addressing the birds. If God has given

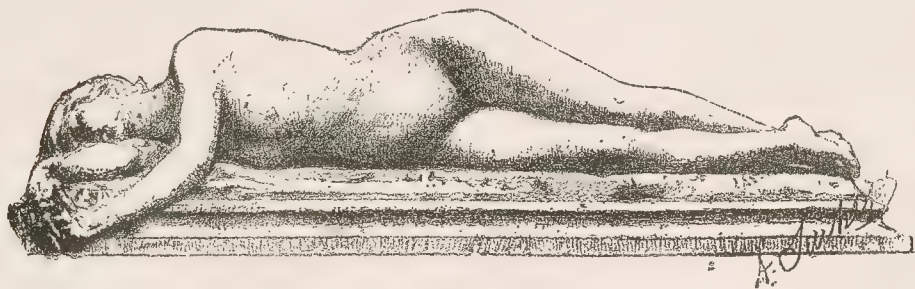


MONSEIGNEUR LANDRIOT. (Salon of 1880)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL SCULPTURE BY GABRIEL JULES THOMAS.

you permission, do as he has said; if not, go away! Then the birds took wing. Stories requiring so childlike a faith for credence, would seem to demand for successful interpretation a simple and devout mind, the natural product of an earlier age,—a mind, for example, like that of a Cimabue, a Perugino, or a Fra Angelico. Yet, strange to say, the very modern and worldly Duez has achieved a high degree of success in this work, so distinct in character from all his previous productions. It is simple and spontaneous, and has a certain charm of *naïveté*. The favorable judgments of the critics were confirmed by the Jury, who honored the artist with a medal of the first class. The picture was purchased by the State.

Another picture of mark was *The Roll-call of the Girondists*, by François Flameng. (See sketch on p. 9.) It represents an episode in the Reign of Terror, the scene being laid in the prison of the



BIBLIS CHANGED INTO A SPRING. (Salon of 1880.)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL SCULPTURE BY AUGUSTE SUCHETET.

Conciergerie. The citizen purveyors of the guillotine form a group on the left, and one of them reads in a loud voice the names of those condemned to die. Attentive, the Girondists stand or sit before the table at which they have taken their last repast. In the left foreground is the corpse of Valazé, on a litter; on the right, various articles of table service; in the background a file of the condemned, guarded by soldiers. Though not escaping criticism for its slightly theatrical character and for the liveliness of its tones, this work was greatly admired. It secured the Prize of the Salon and a medal of the second class, and was purchased by the State. M. Flameng, who is a son of the celebrated engraver and etcher, Leopold Flameng, studied under MM. Cabanel, Hédouin and J. P. Laurens. When he achieved the success just recorded, he was only twenty years old, having been born in 1859.



AN ACCIDENT. (Salon of 1880.)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY P.-A. J. DAGNAN-BOUVERET

The Medals of Honor this year were awarded to M. René de Saint-Marceaux, sculptor, for his powerful *Geni Guarding the Secret of the Tomb*, and M. Carolus Duran, for his *Portrait of Mme. la Comtesse V.* Of the latter work, Olivier Merson says, it is "so completely worthy of praise that the most prejudiced and habitually hostile criticism confesses itself obliged to lay down its arms. In effect, every wish is fulfilled in this beautiful painting,—in the taste of the *ensemble*, the choice of details, the drawing, the color and the handling. Another remarkable portrait, quite different in style, was M. Bonnat's *Victor Hugo*. Nothing could be simpler in its elements than this picture. The poet sits, in full face, beside a table, one end of which alone is visible, on which there is a large book. His left elbow rests on this volume, and his hand supports his head. The right hand is thrust carelessly into

the opening of the vest. The expression is grave and thoughtful, and the eyes are cast down. The figure is relieved against a very dark background, with which the snowy hair of the poet is in strong contrast.

M. Auguste Hagborg (Swede) achieved a brilliant success by his *High Tide in the Channel*,



THE GREEN NIGHT. (Salon of 1880)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY ÉMILE DARDOIZE.

which was purchased by the State and now has a place in the Museum of the Luxembourg. Paul-Jean Clays (Belgian) advanced his reputation by two pictures, of one of which, *The Harbor of Ostende*, we submit a sketch (p. 13). It is left for the imagination to fill up this meagre memorandum with tones and colors and a masterly handling that make the original less a picture than an actual scene. *The Return of the Fishing Boats—Scene on the dunes of the Scheveningen*, by Hendrik-Willem Mesdag (Holland), is another noteworthy picture. (See sketch on p. 13). Simply composed, the expanse of sea and sky, and the buoyant craft, have the truth and freshness of reality. One can almost feel the briny air, and see the motion of the waves and of the boats.

One more marine must be noticed, viz., *The Fishers of Wreckage at Yport*, by Émile-Louis Vernier. The profound sympathy with nature evinced in this picture is at once apparent, and the strength of handling and the charm of chiaroscuro are well suggested in the sketch printed on page 17. It has been truly said that "one-half of the world does not know how the other half lives." This picture illustrates an humble means of subsistence exercised by the coast peasantry of France, and perhaps of other countries. It consists of gathering up every article of the slightest value,—be it moss, shells, drift-wood, or the more precious waifs from foundered ships,—that the waves bring ashore. M. Vernier's fine study of sky and water is thus invested with a peculiar human interest.

M. Lucien-Pierre Sergent's *Origin of Power* (see sketch on p. 15), received marked attention. In three compartments it represents the three chief sources of power which lie at the foundation of all government, viz., Might, which according to the apothegm, "makes right." This is illustrated by the conqueror whose triumph is being celebrated by his followers. Brute force is the simplest and earliest form

of authority. Inasmuch as the very contestible claim of "Divine right," set up by kings, rests directly on this early principle of sheer force, the third section of this canvas, which illustrates the so-called "Divine right," would logically have been the second. It exhibits a king, with complacent condescension holding up his infant heir who is greeted with obsequious joy by fawning courtiers. The central compartment (probably so placed as being in the artist's view the highest expression of social and political authority), represents Universal Suffrage. The triple theme is clearly and forcibly treated.

Conspicuous among the works of historic *genre* is *The Wife of Potiphar*, by Louis-Frederic Schutzenberger. (See sketch on p. 16). The scene, of course, is from the history of the patriarch Joseph, and the point of time chosen for illustration is found in Gen. xxxix., vs. 13, 14: "And it came to pass, when she saw that he had left his garment in her hand and was fled forth, that she called unto the men of her house," etc. She is pictured in the act of raising her false and treacherous alarm on the vengeful impulse of humiliated pride and baffled lust. The artist has availed himself of the opportunity afforded by his subject for effective contrasts of light and shade and rich effects of color in the flesh, draperies and picturesque accessories. It is needless to remark that a subject is not necessarily *religious*, because drawn from Scripture. M. Schutzenberger, though bearing so German a cognomen, is a native of Strasbourg, and a Frenchman.



JOAN OF ARC. (*Salon of 1880*.)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY JULES BASTIEN LEPAGE.

Among the landscapes, *The Haunt of the Heron*, by Henri Saintin (sketch on p. 14) is noteworthy as an interpretation of one of the quiet moods of nature;—a scene whose silence is unbroken save by the purling brook, and whose solitude is relieved only by the solitary heron.



BEFORE THE ALCADE. (Salon of 1880.)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY JULES WORMS.

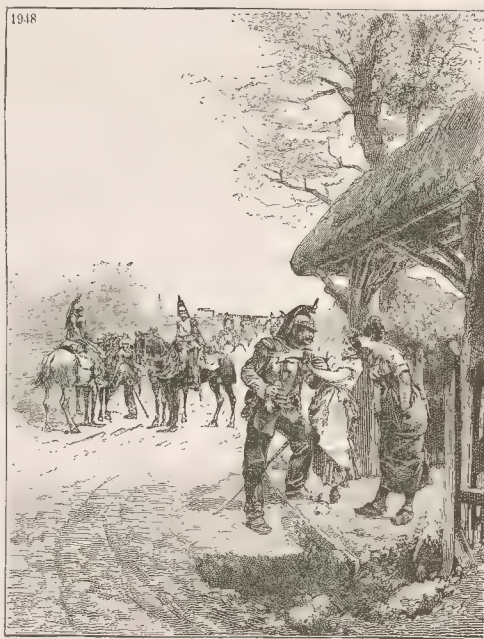
and most secret communication; and with what mysterious care the impartor of it bends forward and breathes it with whispers into her friend's ear, as though she would guard the secret even from the trees and the birds. M. Claude, who is distinguished for his equestrian portraits, gives us in this picture an example of his taste and skill in that class of work. The action of the high-bred horses is free and graceful, and the vista of the vaulted aisle of trees gives completeness to a beautiful and simple composition.

Among other paintings which gave *éclat* to this Salon were the *Birth of Venus*, by W. A. Bouguereau; *Jesus in the Tomb*, by J. J. Henner; *Étienne Marcel and the Dauphin Charles*, by L. Mélingue; *The Fête Day*, by J. A. Garnier; *The Holy Viaticum in Burgundy*, by Aimet Perret; *Return from the Ball*, by Henri Gervex; *Deliverance of the Prisoners of Carcassonne*, by J. P. Laurens; *Episode in the Battle of Baux-Séviniennes*, by A. N. Morot; and *Christ calls to him the Afflicted*, by A. Maignan.

Besides the noble work of Saint-Marceaux (*Geni Guarding the Secret of the Tomb*) already referred to as the recipient of the Medal of Honor in the group of sculpture, one other work in marble must be cited, namely, the *Young Faun Causing two Cocks to Fight*, by Charles Lenoir. (See sketch on p. 8.) This group was first exhibited in plaster at the Salon of 1875. Reproduced in marble, it was purchased by the State. It is thoroughly, and in the best sense, antique in spirit.

For felicitous truth of animal expression, *An Unlucky Meeting*, by J. B. Gelibert, is justly distinguished. (See sketch on p. 11.) The mingled feelings of regret and concern on the face of the dog with the rabbit, and the fierce desire and felonious purpose expressed alike in the faces and attitudes of the other dogs are perfect in character. The artist has given a beautiful sylvan setting to the scene.

Confidence, by Jean-Maxime Claude is delightfully piquant. (See sketch on p. 12.) What innocent surprise, what eager interest is written on the face of the recipient of this delectable



DEPARTURE OF THE SQUADRON. (Salon of 1880.)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY PAUL-LÉON JAZET.

The whole number of paintings selected from the Salon, for purchase, by the administration, was 66; works of sculpture, 30. The prices paid by the government are not usually published, as they are apt to be much lower than those paid by private purchasers, the artists being willing to make a liberal concession in consideration of the fact that it enhances their reputation to have their works placed in a Museum or public edifice. It is known, however, that the price paid for Duez's *Saint Cuthbert*, was \$1,600; for the *Birth of Venus*, \$3,000; for the *Deliverance of the Prisoners of Carcasonne*, \$2,400; and for the *Étienne Marcel*, \$800.



AN ADMONITION. (Salon of 1850)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY CHARLES EDOUARD DEIORT.

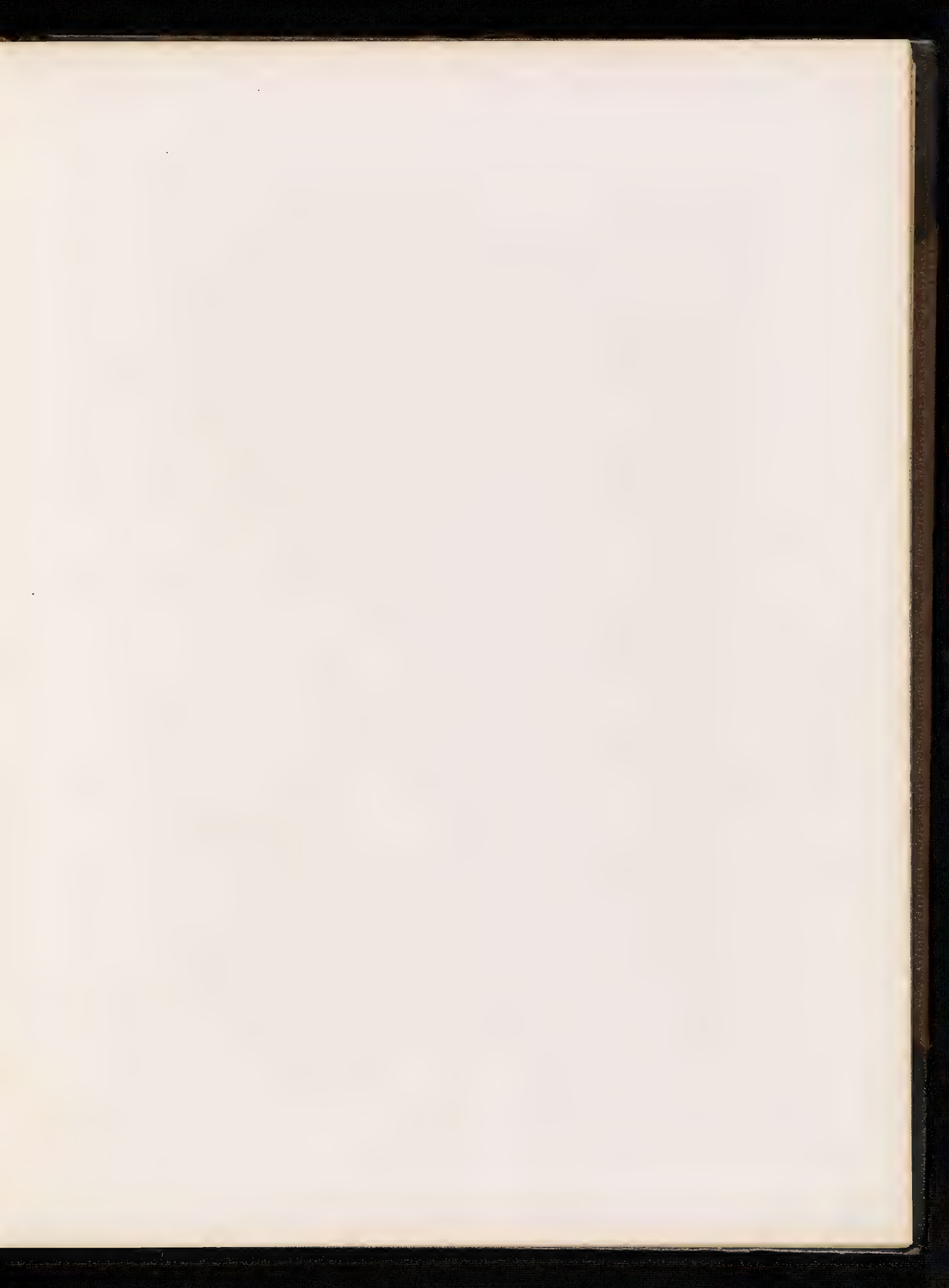


FÊTE AT THE BIRTH OF THE GREAT CONDÉ. (Salon of 1880.)
 FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY ADOLPHE-ALEXANDRE LESREL

THE SALON OF 1880.

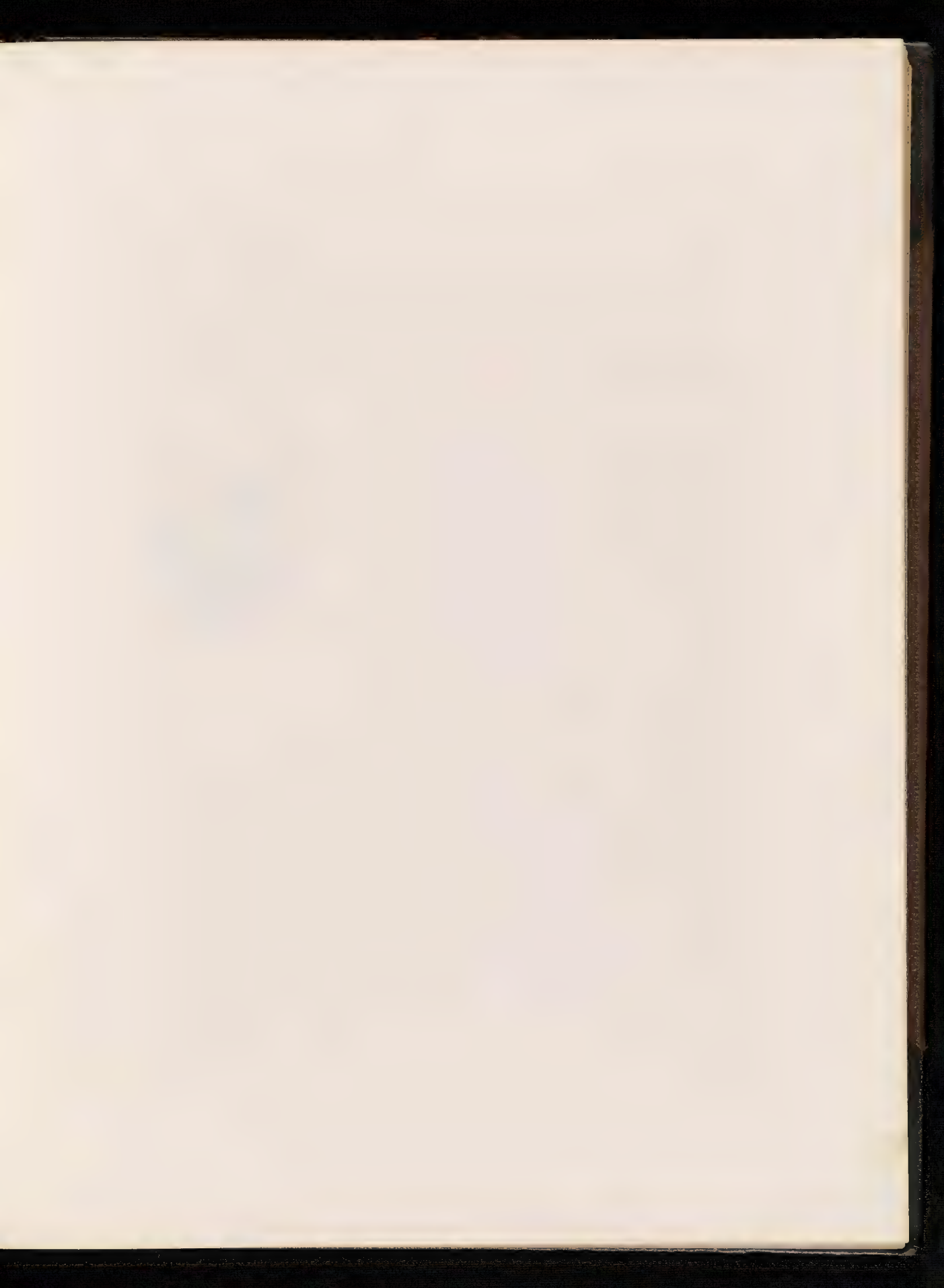
THE Salon of 1880 was the largest on record, the aggregate number of works in all the sections amounting to 7,289. It would almost appear that nothing was refused. The character of many of the exhibits recalled the famous Salon of 1848, when the so-called "invasion of the artistic democracy" took place. Many of the French critics felt it their duty to protest loudly against a laxity on the part of the jury of admission that threatened to disgust and banish the true artists whose works alone gave value and distinction to the Salon. M. Eugène Montrosier thus opened his critique: "One must enter the chambers of the Exposition hatchet in hand if he wishes to make a path for himself. Great gods! what disorder, what overrunning, what intersecting of wild shoots and tufted branches; what a heart-rending pressure of works without intelligence, without ability, without talent, without imagination! No, even a hatchet would not suffice: fire alone would be able to deliver us from this scourge of *peinture-morbus*. Ah! for pity's sake, let us purify the air; for otherwise French art, slowly but surely poisoned, will fall into languor and finally perish." An English writer, Mr. Forbes-Robertson, says: "One great drawback to this unprecedented extension of hanging space and apparently promiscuous admission of all comers, is the very great risk run by the casual visitor, through having to wander over so many leagues of barren and unsuggestive canvas, of missing altogether the many oases of fruitfulness and beauty, and coming to the impatient and false conclusion that the Salon this year is full of nothing but rubbish." So very far from the truth is such a conclusion, adds this writer, that "whatever of tenderness and beauty, simplicity, truth and dignity the visitor has been accustomed to admire in the Salon will be found amply represented on its walls in this current year of grace, whether we turn to landscape, *genre*, or history."

Olivier Merson, critic of *Le Monde Illustré*, thus closes a somewhat lengthy prelude: "This





RAIN, STEAM, AND GREAT CENTRAL RAILWAY



GOOD BOCK BEER.

ÉDOUARD MANET, *Pinx.*

GOUPIL & Co., *Gravure.*

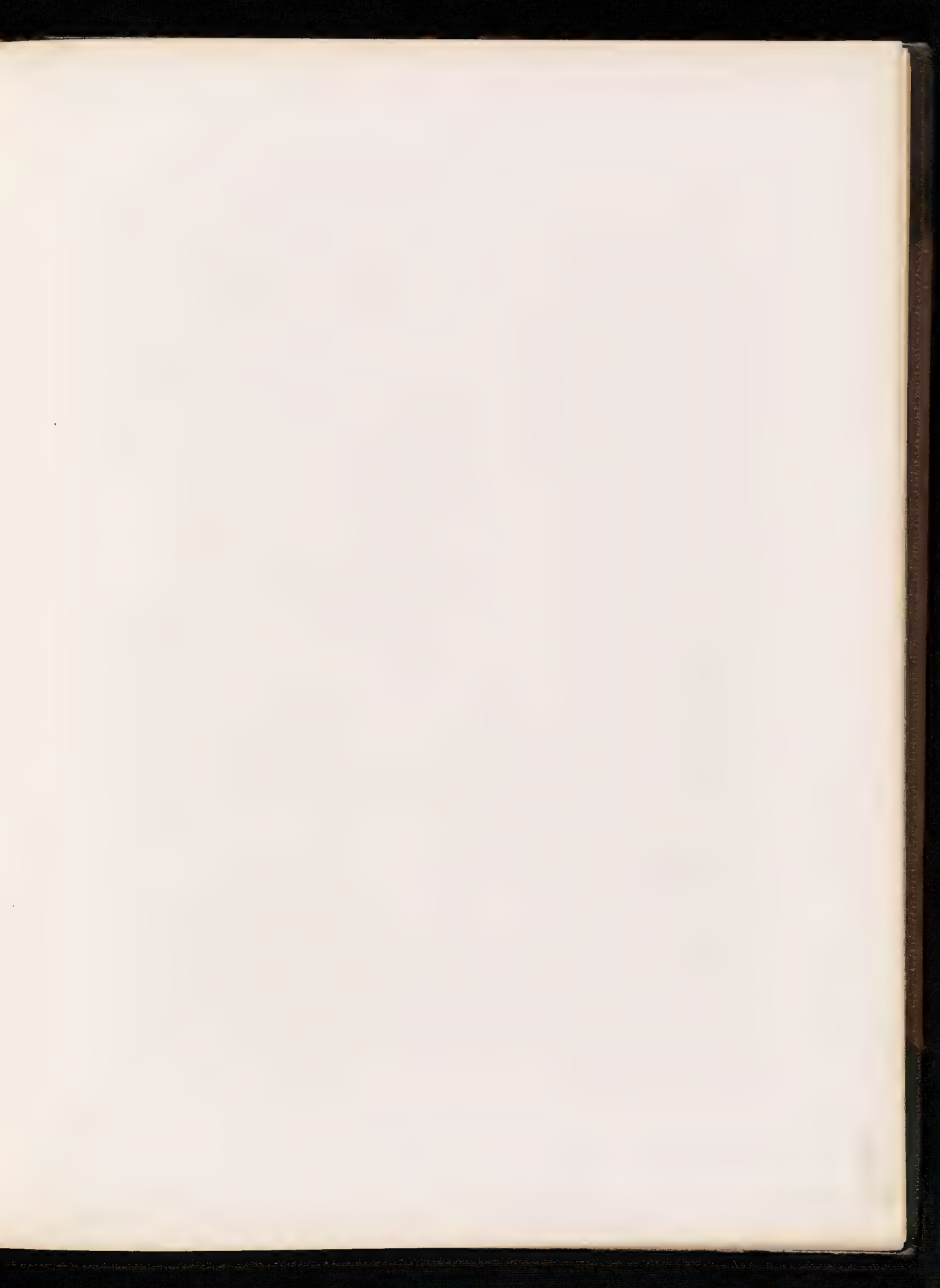


HERE is a thorough-going materialist,—a man who doesn't bother his head with metaphysical speculations, and who has no aspirations that the present state of existence cannot fully satisfy. Look at him. Why, not even a cat purring on a soft rug before a glowing fire-place, could present a better picture of perfect contentment than this lover of bock beer and tobacco. Indeed, so deep and all-pervading is his present felicity that there is almost a touch of pathos in it. What is he thinking of? Well, probably he is not thinking at all, but only revelling in the delicious languor of senses steeped in satiety. Shakspeare makes Cæsar say:

“Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights;
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.”

By this token our lover of Bock is not a dangerous member of the community—unless, indeed, in a time of scarcity, when his presence might well occasion grave concern.

M. Manet has been called the “high priest of ugliness” by some of the critics, and not without cause, as certain of his pictures have exhibited a repulsiveness that was almost gratuitous; but other of his works are only objectionable on the grounds of ultra “impressionism” and “realism.” He was born in 1833 and finished his studies under Couture. His first exhibits were in the Salon of the Refused in 1863. He exhibited in the Salons of the two following years, but in 1866 his works were refused by the Jury. Since then he has exhibited regularly, although his *Nana* (1877) was rejected on the ground of indelicacy. Mr. James Jackson Jarves says: “Manet is one of the eccentricities of modern art, as Whistler is another, but better, variety.” Another writer expresses the opinion that Manet's *Nana* “shows his appreciation of grace and elegance” and that his portrait of Faure in “Hamlet” (1877), proves him “the strong master of a noble style.” The *Good Bock Beer* was exhibited in 1873 and was a popular success. In 1881 M. Manet was honored with a medal of the second class.





THE WHITE HORSE



AN ARAB CHIEF.

ADOLPHE SCHREYER, *Pinx.*

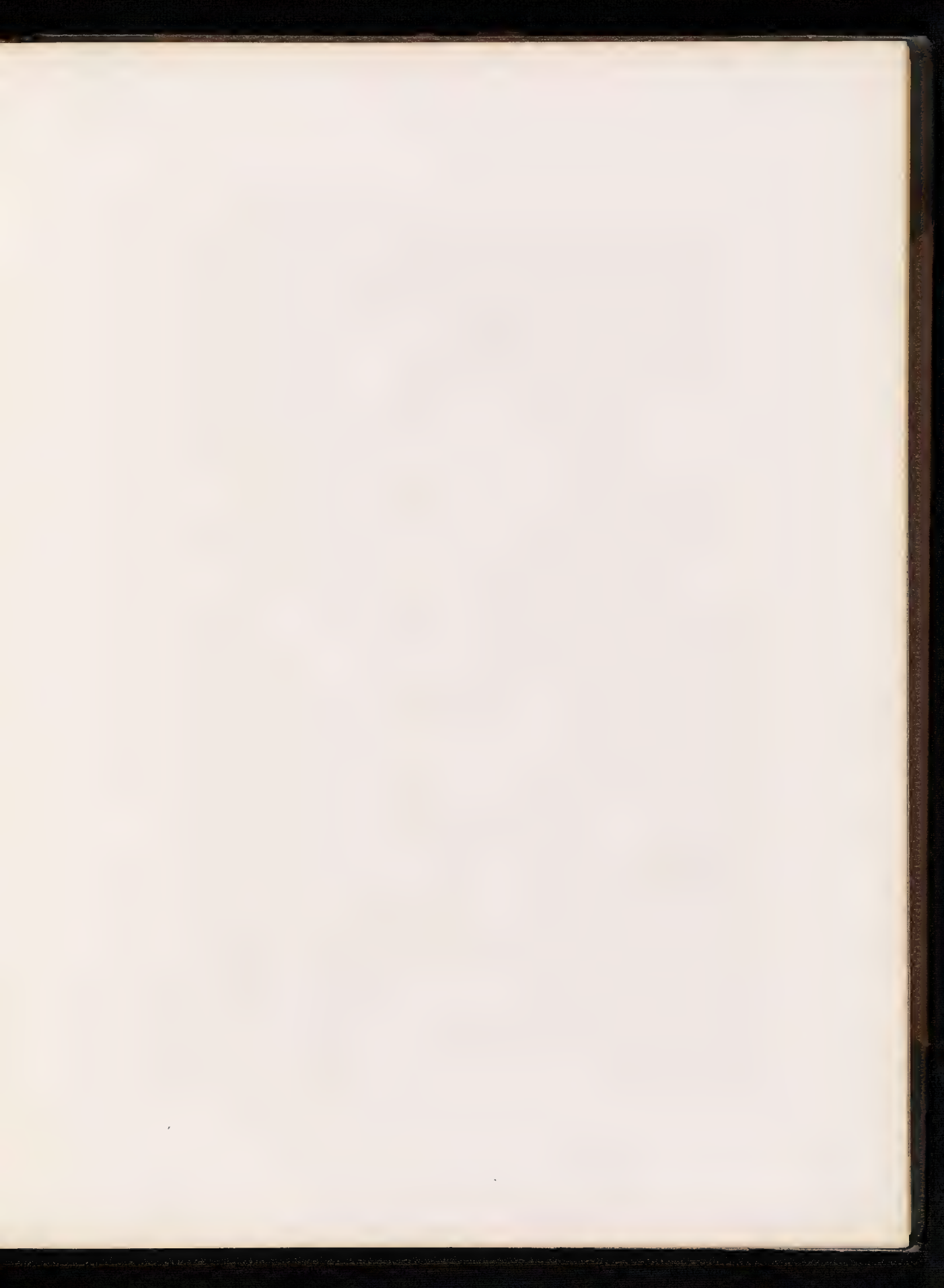
GOUPIL & Co., *Gravure.*



SO absolutely a master in this field of art is Schreyer, that his pictures of Arabs are more than faithful representations,—they are types. This Sheik, for example, is not a bronze-hued man sufficiently like an Arab to pass unchallenged in the appropriate costume, but he bears the impress of his race in every lineament. We see it in the lithe body, the sinewy arm, the unemotional face, and the keen, unrelenting eye. The loose draperies, the gun, the dagger, the saddle and harness are all precisely such as the Sheik would use, while the steed affords a model that may safely be studied by those who would know the characteristic points of an Arabian courser.

The isolation of the subject of our picture leaves the imagination free to define his situation. The Chief of a tribe of Nomads, has he halted in this refreshing oasis to await the coming up of his followers, or to address to them some word of command? Or, in this lonely place, does he lie in ambush for some unfortunate traveller who is marked as the victim of murder and pillage? Apparently this Arab is equally capable of daring crime or of cruel treachery. However this may be, the picture is animated with vital intelligence; and the leafy setting, whose cool shadows so effectively contrast with the torrid sky, is grateful to the eye.

The *Courrier Artistique* pronounces this just comment: "Schreyer joins to a grand and bold conception a profoundly poetic sentiment; this makes him both German and French. His manner as well as his talent, has two natures; it recalls both Delacroix and Fromentin. His color is a happy mingling of the dreamy tones of the one and the powerful colors of the other. And one should, above all, admire it for the incontestible originality thus manifested in this mingling. . . His lines, clear and vague at the same time, are, in spite of these two distinct qualities, strangely personal with this artist." M. Schreyer was born at Frankfort-on-the-Main in 1828. He took Salon medals in 1864, 1865 and 1867. Two of his pictures, viz., *Horses of the Irregular Cossacks* and *Charge of the Artillery of the Imperial Guard in the Crimea*, are in the Museum of the Luxembourg.







THE DRUMMERS OF THE REPUBLIC.

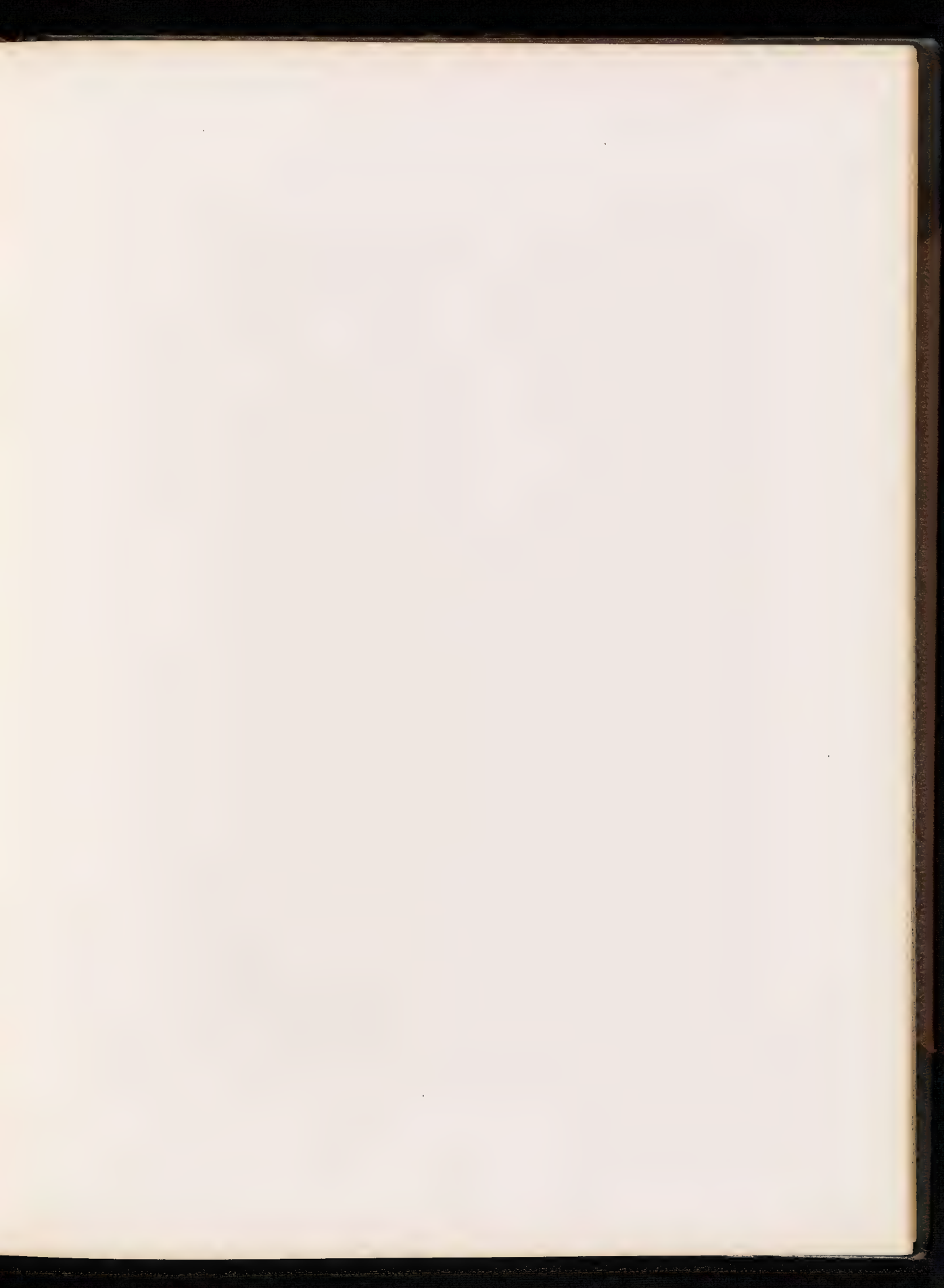
LUIS JIMENEZ, *Pinx.*

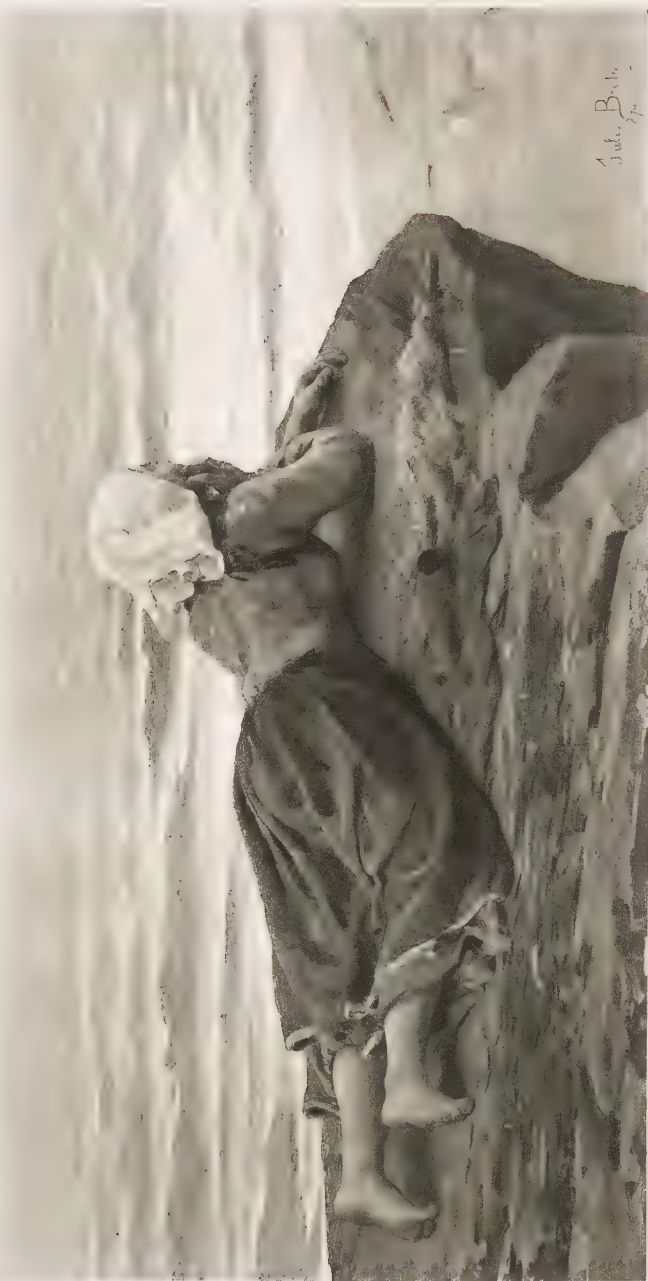
GOUPIL & Co., *Gravure.*



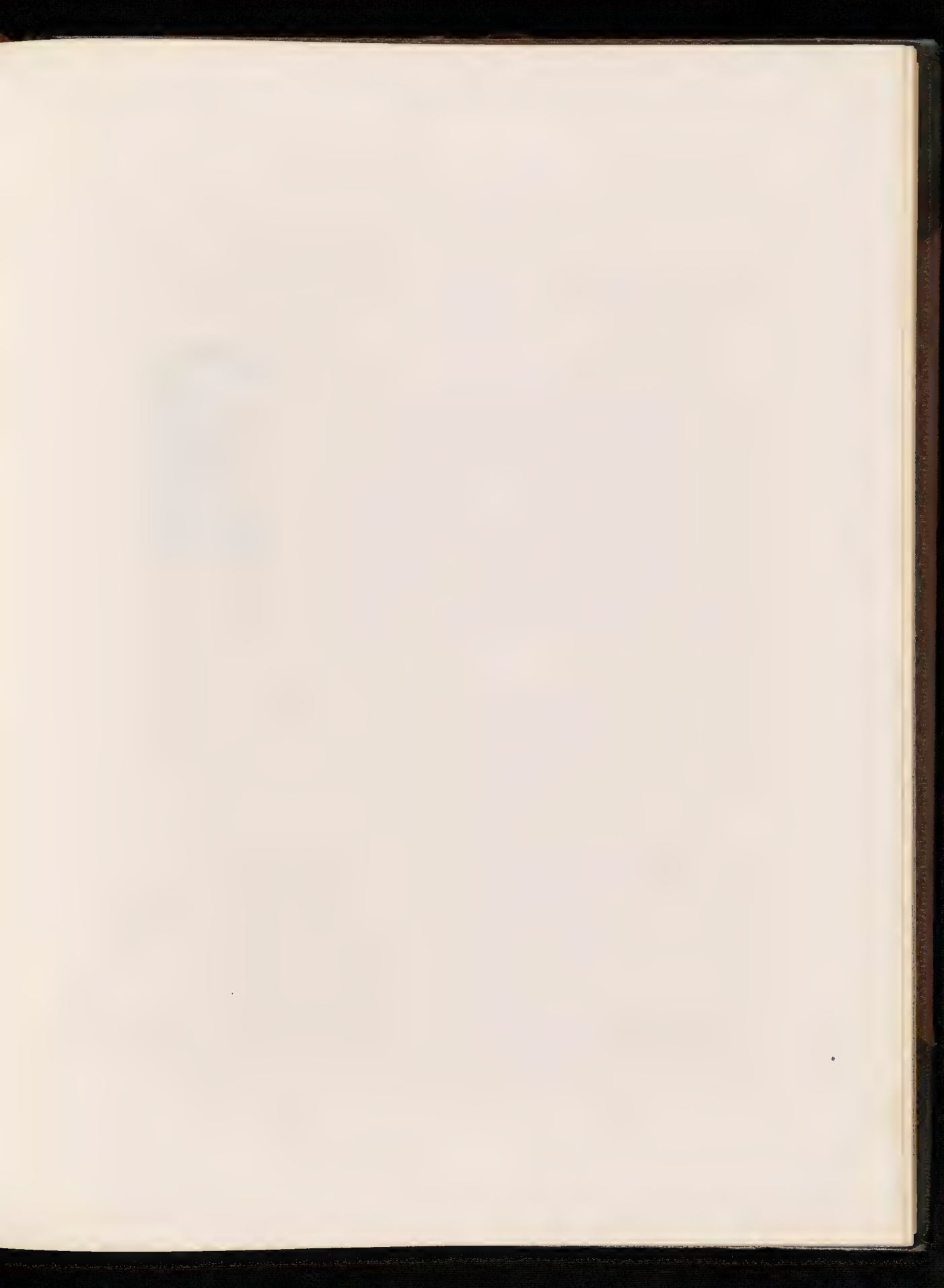
THE spirit of 1793 was no respecter of persons. "Citizen" was the highest title that it recognized, and in its estimation a ragamuffin was as good as a king. In the violent reaction against centuries of aristocratic oppression, the pendulum of popular feeling swung to the opposite extreme, and for a brief season the dregs of society wielded a power more despotic and more dangerous than that which the Revolution had overthrown. It was a dark and bloody era; and yet its sharp transitions, and its grotesque mingling of pomp and beggary, of luxury and dirt, of dignity and rags, presented some salient features for the laughing cynic and even for the humorist. These absurd contrasts are suggested by Jimenez's picture of the "Drummers"—a scene whose truth of characterization is exceedingly piquant, and which is at the same time enlivened by the genial sarcasm of the motive. The *gamins* of Paris took an active part in the fierce commotions of this period, and the pride and self-importance of such of their number as were honored with definite and recognized positions may easily be conceived. Behold a company of them organized as a drum corps! We are familiar with the "awkward squad": This squad is not only awkward, but ragged. The *sans culottes* (literally, "without breeches"—a term applied to ragamuffins and tatterdemalions) are well represented. These young revolutionists are, indeed, all supplied with breeches,—such as they are,—but one of them is hatless, another shoeless, and a third shiftless. Several well-dressed boys of better circumstances mingle fraternally with their juvenile fellow-citizens from the slums.

A good deal of quizzical spirit is embodied in the figure of the drill-master who presents his back to us. His expression is dubious. It may be that he regards with satisfaction the excellent possibilities (as yet quite undeveloped) of his motley drummers; or, on the other hand, he may be struggling with doubtful success to conceal an irrepressible feeling of disgust at the choice example of "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity" which stares him in the face. In the midst of the drill, one member of the corps pauses unceremoniously to tie his shoe. On the stairway at the left, two leading citizens discuss the next banquet that shall be served to Death. This interesting picture was exhibited in the Salon of 1877. The artist is a Spaniard. After studying in the Academy of Fine Arts at Seville, he spent ten years in Italy, and then, in 1875, made Paris his home.





J. B. B. B.



THE CLIFF.

JULES-ADOLPHE BRETON, *Peintre.*

GOUPIL & Co., *Gravure.*



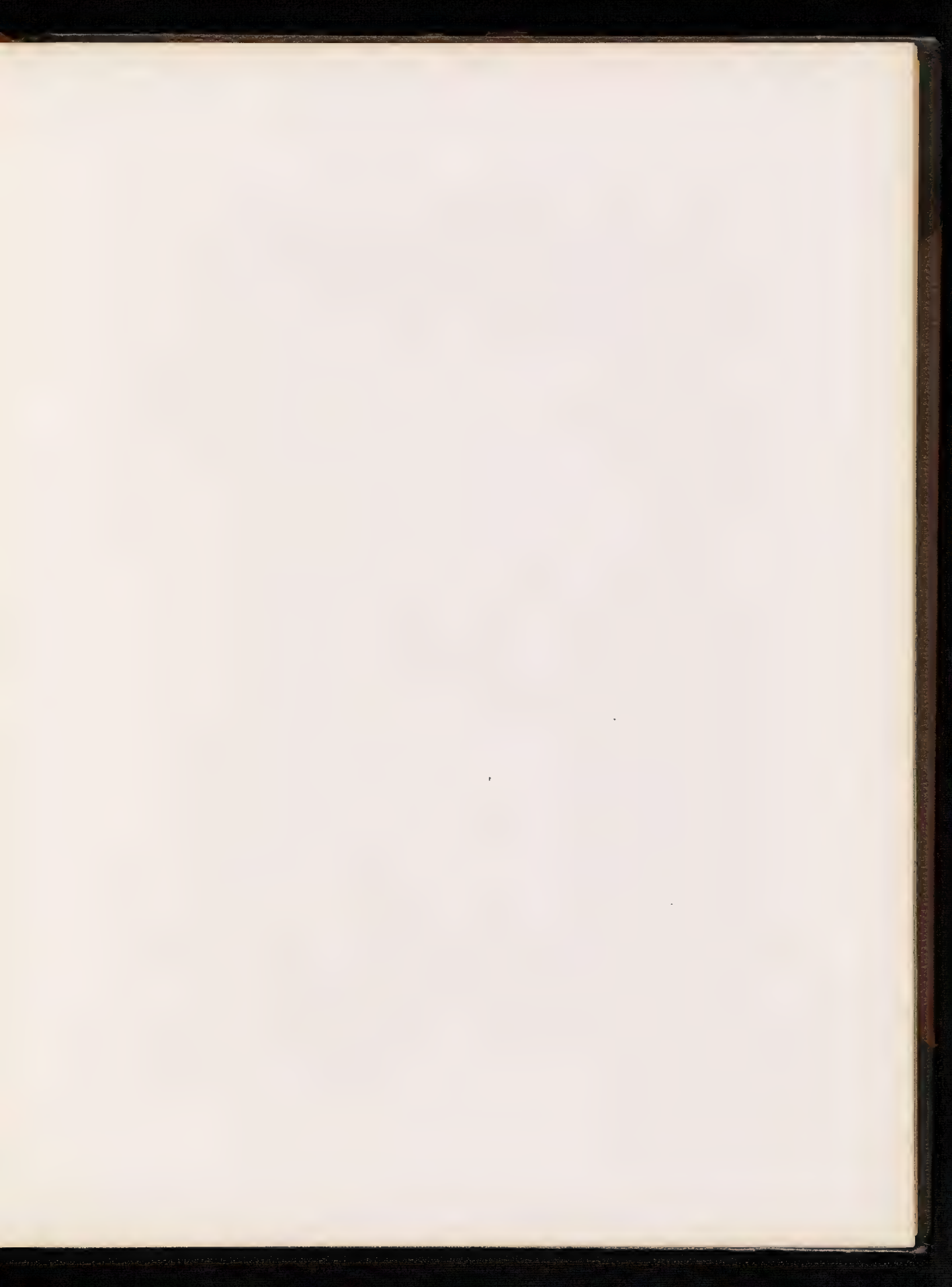
SOOL and commanding is the eminence from which this peasant maiden gazes upon the wide, wide ocean. What has brought her to this spot? We fancy that she has quietly stolen away from her rude dwelling in the little sea-side village, and climbed to this solitary place that she may be alone with her thoughts. Let us not suppose that sentiment and poetic feeling are monopolized by people of education and refinement. Not so; there are times when the children of penury and toil are stirred by noble thoughts and feelings which efface, for the time being, the consciousness of their untoward surroundings. But too soon, alas! these seasons of exaltation suffer a rude interruption, and the dreamers are recalled to the dull prose of existence by the hard necessities of their lot. When the heart is first awakened by love, it is full of poetry; and often, when brought face to face with the beautiful and the sublime in nature, a peasant's soul is thrilled with mingled feelings of tenderness and awe.

Perhaps this fisher-maiden's heart is on the sea. She may not be able to detect a sail—much less the bark in which her loved one sails; but yet it is a comfort to watch and wait. And as she silently sits here knitting, she weaves into her coarse, commonplace work, the delicate thread of her hopes and fancies. Far below her the waves, dashing against the cliff, send up their deep, hoarse, yet soothing murmur:

There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrude,
By the deep sea.

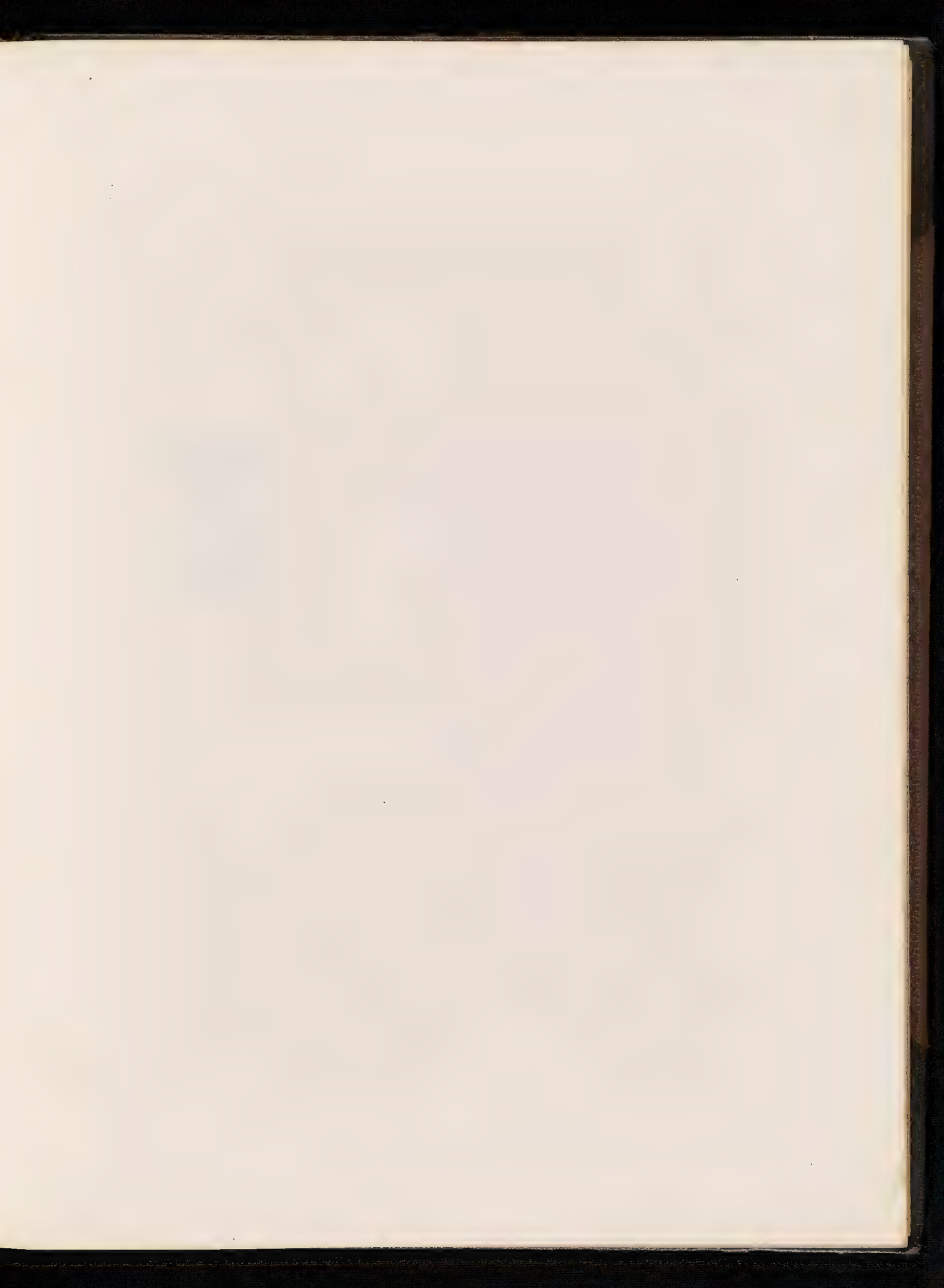
At last the maiden throws aside her work and abandons herself to her day-dreams and to the fascination of the scene before her. What her thoughts are we cannot certainly divine. For ourselves, however, we know that, as we gaze from this high eminence upon the apparently infinite ocean we are filled with a sense of its awful grandeur, and are disposed to reveries that come to us only in presence of this sublime spectacle. The artist has interfused his simple but noble composition with the very soul of nature. The picture was exhibited in the Salon of 1874.

M. Jules Breton is one of the foremost painters of France. He was born in 1827, and studied under MM. Drolling and M. F. Devigne. His works are everywhere admired, and he has been crowned with the highest awards. He received a medal of the third class at the Universal Exposition of 1855; a Salon medal of the first class in 1859, with a *rappel* in 1861; a medal of the first class at the Universal Exposition of 1867; and the Salon Medal of Honor in 1872. In 1861 he was made Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and in 1867 was promoted to the grade of Officer.





THE FOUNTAIN OF SILENCE



A SLAVE MERCHANT.

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING IN THE MUSEUM OF THE LUXEMBOURG.

VICTOR GIRAUD, *Pinx.*

GOUPIL & Co., *Gravure.*



HERE is a scene that transports us, in imagination, back to the age of the early Roman Empire. Not that markets for the sale of slaves of either sex were peculiar to that age, but because the details of the picture seem to connect it with the period named. At that time Asia Minor, Egypt, and Africa, all bowed to the Roman sceptre. The purchaser in the mart before us is a Roman official, and from his haughty, almost tyrannous look, we infer that he is sojourning in a conquered province of which he may be the governor. The merchant is unquestionably a Greek, and we shall probably not be amiss if we locate the market at Antioch, which, though the Syrian metropolis, was Greek in civilization, and largely so in population. It was one of the most voluptuous and corrupt cities of antiquity, and its celebrated suburb, Daphne, was far-famed as the scene of the most unbridled sensual excesses. The Roman in our picture has the lustful face of a Nero; while the merchant exhibits a complaisance undisturbed by conscience or humane feeling. The slaves themselves betray a variety of emotions. The foremost figure is evidently not lost to shame, and cringes before her brutal inspector. The sitting woman in the immediate foreground wears a look of stolid indifference: she is doubtless the mother of the infant beside her. The woman behind her indulges a curious, half-smiling interest in the scene, while the one facing us in the background is even primping, mirror in hand, as though she desired a purchaser. Between the two last named, however, are a young African with sad countenance, and a crouching form whose attitude speaks of grief and shame. In the background, on the right, are some male slaves guarded by a keeper, who looks capable of using freely upon his unhappy charge the rod he holds in his hand.

Such is the picture, painful in subject, though brilliant in all the attributes of the painter's art. The artist, born about 1835 and a pupil of Picot, was one of that illustrious group of young painters who fell in the siege of Paris, his death occurring in January, 1871. He made his *début* in the Salon of 1867 with the picture before us, whose excellence promptly made it the purchase of the state. It is now in the Museum of the Luxembourg. M. Giraud's subsequent pictures, *The Husband's Return* (1868), and *The Charmer* (1870), were sufficiently meritorious to deepen regret at his untimely death.

Olivier Merson, critic of *Le Monde Illustré*, thus closes a somewhat lengthy prelude: "This Exposition, of which the jury, blind and culpable by turns, has had the astonishing weakness to admit so many horrible and idiotic works, also contains many pieces particularly estimable, and several that would do honor to a master. . . In this respect the present Salon is even one of the most remarkable that has been opened for a long time, and the number of paintings which claim regard and are worthy of remembrance is in truth larger than usual." This almost paradoxical declaration encourages us to proceed in our attempt to single out some of the choice contributions, of which, assuredly, the number is so great as to make the task of selection a difficult one.

The Medal of Honor for Sculpture was awarded to Gabriel-Jules Thomas, for his statue of *Archbishop Landriot*, of which we give a sketch on page 18. The disposition of this work is masterly. The attitude is calm and noble, the portraiture is perfect, the folds of the episcopal robe superb, and the rendering of flesh, textures, and ornaments leaves nothing to be desired. It is an achievement of the noblest style, worthy of its high recompense, and an honor to the Cathedral of La Rochelle for which it was made.



TAKING THE VEIL OF THE CARMELITES. (Salon of 1880.)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY JULES-JAMES ROUGEON.



CAMILLE DESMOULINS AT THE PALAIS-ROYAL. (Salon of 1880.)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY FRED. THERO, LIX.

To another work of sculpture, *Biblis Changed into a Fountain*, by Auguste Suchetet, was awarded the Prize of the Salon. (Sketch on p. 18.) This statue illustrates the following lines:

Ye nymphs who behold her, are touched by her despair.

Of the tears of Biblis, who grieves and wastes away,
You form a stream that evermore shall flow.

M. Suchetet has represented the beautiful and unfortunate lover of Caunus lying on her right side, her head resting on her right arm, the hands gently interlaced, and one leg folded over the other. A sleep, deep and calm, sent by Morpheus at the prayer of the Naiades to mitigate her fatal sorrow,—sleep, precursor of her transformation into a fountain,—invades her and softly penetrates her weary limbs. The grace and poetry of the ancient fable are rendered with a verity and charm of expression very picturesque. "The artist has sought nature," says M. Merson, "that is evident; but as an



THE HEART'S AWAKENING. (Salon of 1880.)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY ANATOLE VÉLY.

hence, it is always with a sentiment of respect and of sincere admiration that we penetrate the immense hall containing the works of French sculpture which, each year, do so much honor to our national art, but which, unhappily, are too indifferently and ungratefully regarded by the crowd. By a singular and bizarre contradiction, the public shows the least taste for an art for which the French school has the most aptitude, produces works of the highest artistic value, and surpasses all other contemporary schools. If a comparison be made between the living French painters and sculptors, it will easily be seen that the advantage lies with the latter, and that our school of sculpture is superior to the school of painting."

In addition to those already mentioned, the following works of sculpture should be cited as prominent among those which lent distinction to this Salon: *Judith and Holofernes*, by Alfred Lanson (first class medal); *The Genius of Evil*, by Émile-André Boisseau (second class medal); *Orpheus and Eurydice*, by Auguste Paris (this work was the foremost competitor with *Biblis* for the Prize of the Salon); *Eve*, by Alex. Falguière; *Harlequin*, by René de Saint-Marceaux (whose *Secret of the*

artist having the sentiment of beauty, reasoning his subject and not copying indifferently that which he has under his eyes. It is at once a *morceau* of study and of taste,—of study, which does not neglect details, but moulds them agreeably into general forms; of taste without stiffness or affectation." The work was also rewarded by a medal of the second class. M. Suchetet is a young man, for whom this achievement prophesies a brilliant future.

"Sculpture," says M. Marius Vachon, "has scarcely any but Platonic lovers. The State alone purchases her works, and often pays for them an absurd price, bearing no proportion to the sum of the talents and labor and sacrifice that they exacted. But in spite of that, in spite of the prospect of bitter struggles,—often without victory,—of hard, ungrateful and incessant labor, of profound discouragements, and, at times, of extreme misery,—she still has a number of faithful devotees, in whose souls burn the sacred fire, who have a passion for art, who live for it, and who do not fear to die for it. And



THE DRILL. (Salon of 1880.)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY EDOUARD-PIERRE FESLE.

Tomb secured the Medal of Honor in 1879); *First Joys and Thought*, by Louis Lefèvre (second class medal); and *The Lion of Belfort*, by Fred. Auguste Bartholdi.

In the section of painting the Medal of Honor was awarded to Aimé-Nicolas Morot, for his picture of *The Good Samaritan*, which, "technically" (we quote Mr. Forbes-Robertson) "is a perfect and most triumphant *tour de force*. Light and shade are subtly and yet most tellingly treated. The foreshortening and modelling captivate the artist's eye, while the sentiment of the incident is realized in a manner at once original and touching. The only other picture eligible for the prize, and worthy of being compared to it in tenderness of sentiment and in absolute-ness of realization, is Jules Bastien-Lepage's *Joan of Arc*. (See sketch on p. 21.) He depicts her standing by a tree in her father's garden, attired in the homely weeds of early life, lifting her wan, saint-like face upwards, lost in the rapture of her vision. The heavenly beings who appear to her, promise by word or sign guidance and success in the lofty mission which the love of country and of freedom has suggested to her fervid soul. The work, though homely and realistic, is remarkably delicate in treatment and subdued in tone—drabs, grays and greens prevailing, and blending here and there into a soothing olive. The artist, who is quite a young man, is the master of many styles, and is destined for great things." This work received consideration in reference to the award of the Medal of Honor. It would doubtless have secured for the artist another medal but for the fact that being *Hors Concours*, he is eligible only to the Medal of Honor.

A work which, in point of technic, is comparable with *The Good Samaritan*, was the *Job* of Léon Bonnat. (See sketch on p. 35). The patriarch is represented sitting in ashes and praying to God in his misery. It is a masterly study of the nude, firm, severe and learned in design, vigorous and sure in the modelling and extraordinary in color. It must be said, however, that the picture is repulsive in its effect, even though the artist has not offended in respect to the rubbish on which his figure is seated, and has considerably omitted the ulcers. On the other hand, his treatment of the subject is uncompromisingly, even sternly, realistic. The uncomeliness of age,—the wrinkled skin, the wasted and cartilaginous form of the sufferer are detached from the obscurity of the background by a fierce light which gives them a relief and emphasis exceeding reality.

Camille Desmoulins at the Palais-Royal, by Frédéric-Théodore Lix, presents an incident at the beginning of the public career of one of the sanguinary leaders of the French Revolution. On the



HEBE AFTER HER FALL. (Salon of 1880.)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY EUGÈNE MERLE.

12th of July, 1789, after excitedly haranguing the people on the abuses of the court, Desmoulin gave the first signal of revolt by discharging a pistol and advising all his hearers to arm themselves. He tore off a small twig from one of the trees, an example that most of the multitude followed, which led to the adoption of the green ribbon as the national cockade, afterwards replaced by the tricolor. He then moved out of the garden followed by thousands whom he instigated to the pillage of arms which preceded the capture of the Bastille on the 14th of July. M. Lix's picture is effectively composed, and is infused with the appropriate spirit. It procured for him a medal of the third class. Among other distinguished works in the historic vein, the following must not be overlooked: *The Rebellious Sons of Clovis*, by E. V. Luminais; *Orestes*, by J. C. Wagrez; *Cain*, by F. Cormon; *The Flagellation*, by W. A. Bouguereau; and *The Lower Empire*, by J. P. Laurens.



THE BATHING HOUR - TROUVILLE (Salon of 1880)
FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY AUGUSTUS GEORGE HEATON.

"Contemporary of Greuze and of Chardin," says M. René Delorme, "Diderot signalized a century ago the progress of *genre* and the decadence of historic painting. 'It is the eternal battle between poetry and prose which continues,' said he; 'it is, under another form, the antagonism of the every-day drama and of tragedy.' And the great critic, passing judgment upon these adversaries, adds: 'Historic painting demands more of elevation, of imagination, perhaps,—a poetry more foreign; *genre* painting more of truth.' Our epoch, which pushes the passion for truth to the extreme of realism, ought to produce and has produced a school, if not very strong, at least very numerous, of *genre* painters. The old classification of paintings has succumbed. Diderot recognized two classes: history and *genre*. Today we have a dozen classes; for, if history has remained alone, *genre* is infinitely subdivided. Landscape has separated itself to form a school apart, which, certainly, is not the least glorious. The portraitists, the military painters, the painters of marine, the painters of animals, the painters of flowers, the painters of still-life, have formed so many distinct families and have all been favored by fortune. But in spite of these dissidences, *genre* painting has still an almost illimitable domain. It has reserved to itself, in effect,

modern life, with its infinite variety of action, the description of interiors, the recital of familiar customs, scenes of the street and the country, the representation of usages, fêtes, ceremonies, etc., etc. . . . Thus the field is immense and the workers are innumerable. That so small a fraction of them produce works of sterling merit is owing to a defect of that element of truth which Diderot insisted upon. A faithful, intelligent study of nature must be supplemented by true, well-informed art."

Among the works of *genre* most worthy of attention in the Salon of 1880, *An Accident*, by P. A. J. Dagnan-Bouveret will first claim attention. (See sketch on p. 19.) Of this work

René Delorme says: "It is among the pictures that satisfy me absolutely. The painter of 'Manon Lescaut' has represented a family drama in the interior of a farm-house. In playing with an edged tool the child has received a terrible gash on his wrist. Seated on a bench near a blood-stained basin, the poor little fellow, quite pale, extends his arm to the doctor. All the family, including the laborers,



A GOOD BOTTLE. (Salon of 1880.)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY JULES SCALBERT.



THE RETURN OF THE HADJIS. (Salon of 1880.)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY ALEX.-AUGUSTE HIRSCH.

assist at the dressing of the wound. The father stands with bowed head, very anxious and distressed at being unable to do anything for the relief of his boy. The sister weeps in a corner, between the bed and the old clock. The mother cannot remain seated. Like her husband, she has risen, and without removing her eyes from the dear little one, she prepares the handkerchief that will presently sustain the wounded arm. The pale face of the child, who suffers, but will not cry, is happily relieved against the black ground of the high fire-place. The subject of this picture, and its execution leaves nothing to be desired. Endowed with remarkable gifts of observation and of composition, and a master of technic, M. Dagnan-Bouveret, who had already distinguished himself, has won this year a good place among our best painters." A first class medal was justly awarded to this work.

M. Jules-James Rougeron's *Taking the Veil of the Carmelites* tells very distinctly its own story; and a serious story it is. In a sense, this young and beautiful girl, who apparently has everything to live for, that friends and position and wealth



PIERROT GALLANT. (Salon of 1880.)
FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING
BY CHARLES MONGINOT.

rather than words. The dreamy mood of the maiden, and the deep, silent interest of the aged dame, are alike infectious. This sweet girl will no longer move "in maiden meditation, fancy-free;" perhaps her sleep will not be so unbroken as it was, nor her mood quite so merry; but no matter: there will be abundant compensation; for, if we may trust the poet,

"There's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream."

The work secured for the artist the honor of a second class medal.

Reverie, by Charles Voillemot is a purely idealistic and poetic treatment of the theme. (See sketch on p. 31.) The incorporate spirit of romantic dreams is summoned before us. It is a bright, graceful vision that stirs the fancy rather than the deeper feelings of the heart.

Before the Alcade, by Jules Worms (see sketch on p. 22), is an amusing Spanish scene. Two women in dispute concerning a gallant, have brought him before the local magistrate, or Alcade. Nothing could be more droll than the expression of the muleteer under the cross-fire of these excited female tongues. Evidently he could be happy with either, or with neither, of the rival claimants.

can offer, has voluntarily turned her back upon the world and is now, practically, about to leave it forever. Attired like a bride, she kneels before the dark portal of the cloister where she is received by the ghostly figures of those who have already lost their name and place in the world. Relatives and friends have gathered to witness this solemn scene, and as the bishop pronounces the sealing, farewell words, tears like those that fall upon the dead, flow from eyes that behold the object of their affection and their hopes, now leaving them forever. This excellent picture obtained for the artist a medal of the second class. M. Rougeron was born in 1842, and was a pupil of Picot and of Cabanel. His death in 1880 cut short his career in an early and brilliant prime.

The Admonition, by M. Charles-Edouard Delort is masterly in expression. (See sketch on p. 23.) The feeling proper to each of the actors in the scene presented, is impressed upon his form as well as his features. No doubt this gay young dragoon richly merits the unsparing rebuke he is receiving from his father confessor; and from his abashed and humbled bearing, we may hope the lesson will not be lost upon him.

Replete with refined sentiment is Anatole Vély's *The Heart's Awakening*. (See sketch on p. 26.) It inspires thought



THE LITTLE FARM. (Salon of 1880.)
FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY JULES-JACQUES
VETRASSAT.

A Fine Bottle, by Jules Scalbert (see sketch on p. 29), needs no explanation. The expressions are excellent. Somehow these "ghostly advisers" have acquired a critical taste in respect to "creature comforts" of the liquid variety. Apparently, too, this is not a fast day.

The Public Ball, by Jean Béraud (see sketch on p. 35), loses much by translation into black and white, inasmuch as considerable of its interest consists in the careful study of the effects of light upon the trees. A close scrutiny of the picture reveals the amount of intelligent labor bestowed upon



REVERIE. (Salon of 1880.)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY CHARLES VOILLEMOT.

it. The scene is as faithful to fact, as though it had been obtained from nature by instantaneous photography. It portrays a gay but unhappy phase of Parisian life. In the motley crowd, which moves to the measures of the orchestra, the principal physiognomies of the *habitués* of these balls may be recognized: "the woman richly maintained and too elegantly dressed; the girl who seeks a client; the one who takes her sad life gaily and who amuses herself like a little fool; she also who makes her *début*, and whose character as a working-girl discontented with the shop is revealed by her simple black dress and the sole adornment of a ribbon in the hair. I will," says René Delorme, "point out but one character whom M. Béraud has forgotten. He has omitted in his menagerie of nibblers the grossly sated ones, who return lither from habit and from vice."

In his *Pierrot Gallant* (see sketch on p. 30), Charles Monginot gives us a reminiscence of the school of Watteau. This gallant, armed with a mandoline and a profuse floral offering, is well equipped for an assault on the heart of his charmer. After a serenade he seems to have been admitted to an interview with the fair one. Happy lover! The fates are propitious.

To foreign eyes the nude would appear to have occupied in this Salon its usual relatively large place; nor was there any marked decline in a department of painting in which French artists are *facile principes*. And yet we find a French critic (M. Silvestre) lamenting as follows: "It is with great inquietude that we witness the decadence of a form of art which will eternally remain the most beautiful and the most elevated. No study, in fact, can replace that of the human form, in the marvellous flexibility of its aspects, in the living delicacy of its tones, in the admirable harmony of its proportions, and in the poise of its movements. . . It is not that the subject has grown stale; but our contemporary painters have been turned from it by other preoccupations. *Genre* painting has invaded everything, for the reason that it alone lends itself to the exigencies of our apartments and to the

mediocrity of our tastes. One artist who, like M. Feyen-Perrin, was a very remarkable painter of the nude, devotes himself to portraits or to marine. Another, who, like M. Jean Béraud, promised to become a master of the human figure, now pursues Parisian life in such of its details as are best appreciated by foreigners. M. Roll, who showed us, last year, a beautiful study of living flesh which made us think of Rubens, has not given us a companion to it in the present Salon. The pupils of the Villa Medici are the first to desert this austere and charming object of study. . . Two great masters, two powerful individualities," adds M. Silvestre, "remain eternally faithful to it." And these, he tells us, are M. Puvis de Chavannes and M. Henner.

M. Chavannes' contribution to this Salon was a sketch of a large decorative work entitled *Patriotic Exercises*. It represents a number of young Picards exercising with the lance, thus acquiring skill to be used in the defence of their country. The accessories are appropriate and interesting, the whole composition partaking of the true historic spirit. M. Henner's picture was one of his characteristic subjects, a nymph about to bathe in a fountain in the forest.

Hebe after her Fall, by Hugues Merle, is another notable work in this class. (See sketch on p. 27.) The unhappy goddess is drawn and modelled in a large and noble style. In the background is a double vision of rejoicing gods, and of rebels plunging into the infernal abysses. M. Merle received

second class medals in 1863 and 1865, and one of his pictures,

The Beggar Woman, has been admitted to the Museum of the Luxembourg.

M. Bénédicte Masson's *Spring* is an able study of female adolescence, full of the promise of mature beauty and vigor. Graceful, airy, and festal in expression, it affords a striking type of budding spring. (See sketch on p. 32.)

Love Conqueror, by Léon Perrault, presents a form of subjugation that excites no repugnance. (See sketch on p. 32.) The pleasing conception of the artist is well realized. Love gilds even the chains of slavery, and transforms the pain of humiliation into the ecstasy of joy.

In his *Fête at the Birth of the Great Condé* (see sketch on p. 24), Adolphe-Alexandre Lesrel has given a spirited and picturesque representation of an interesting social



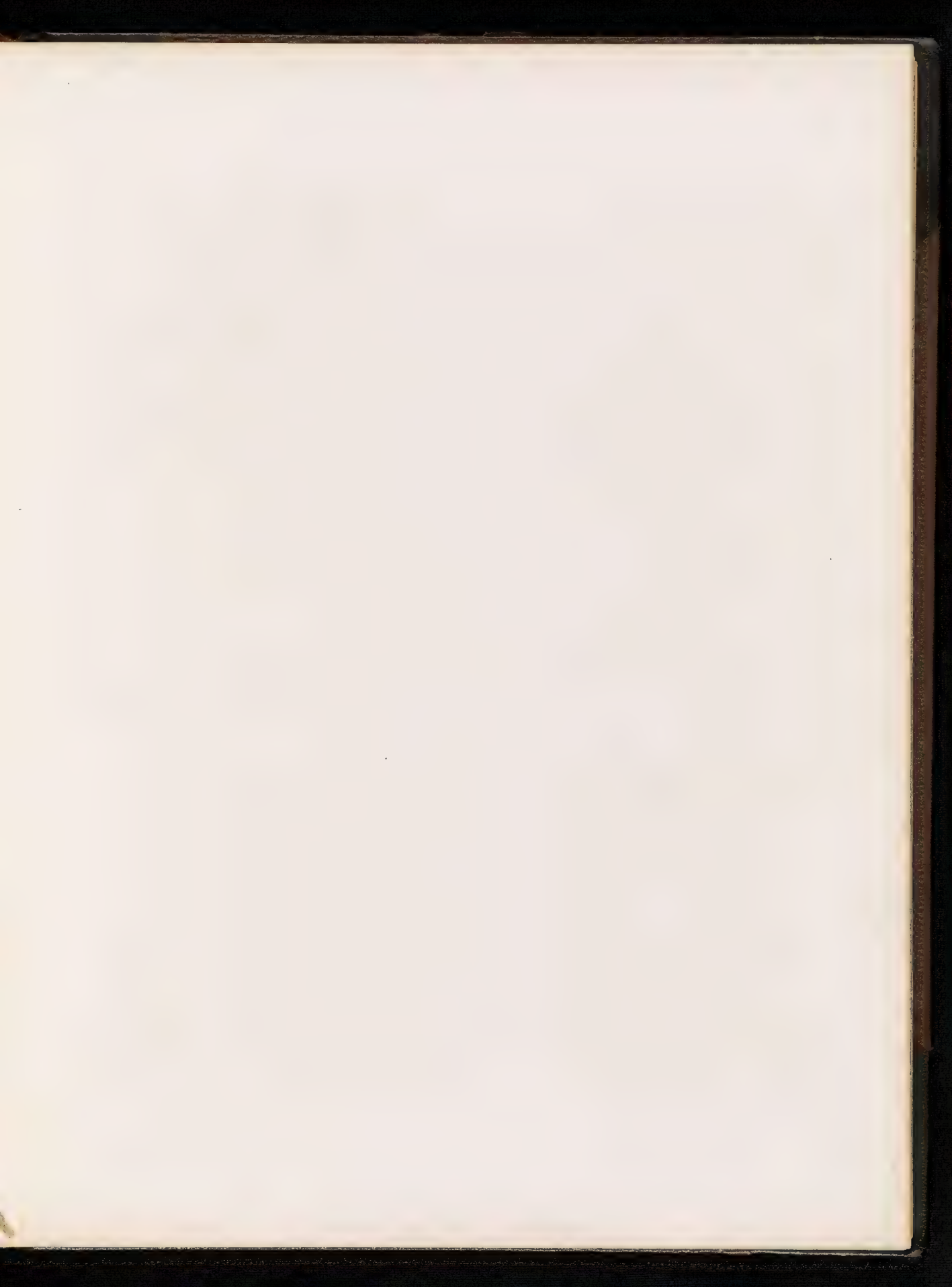
SPRING. (Salon of 1880.)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY BÉNÉDICT MASSON.

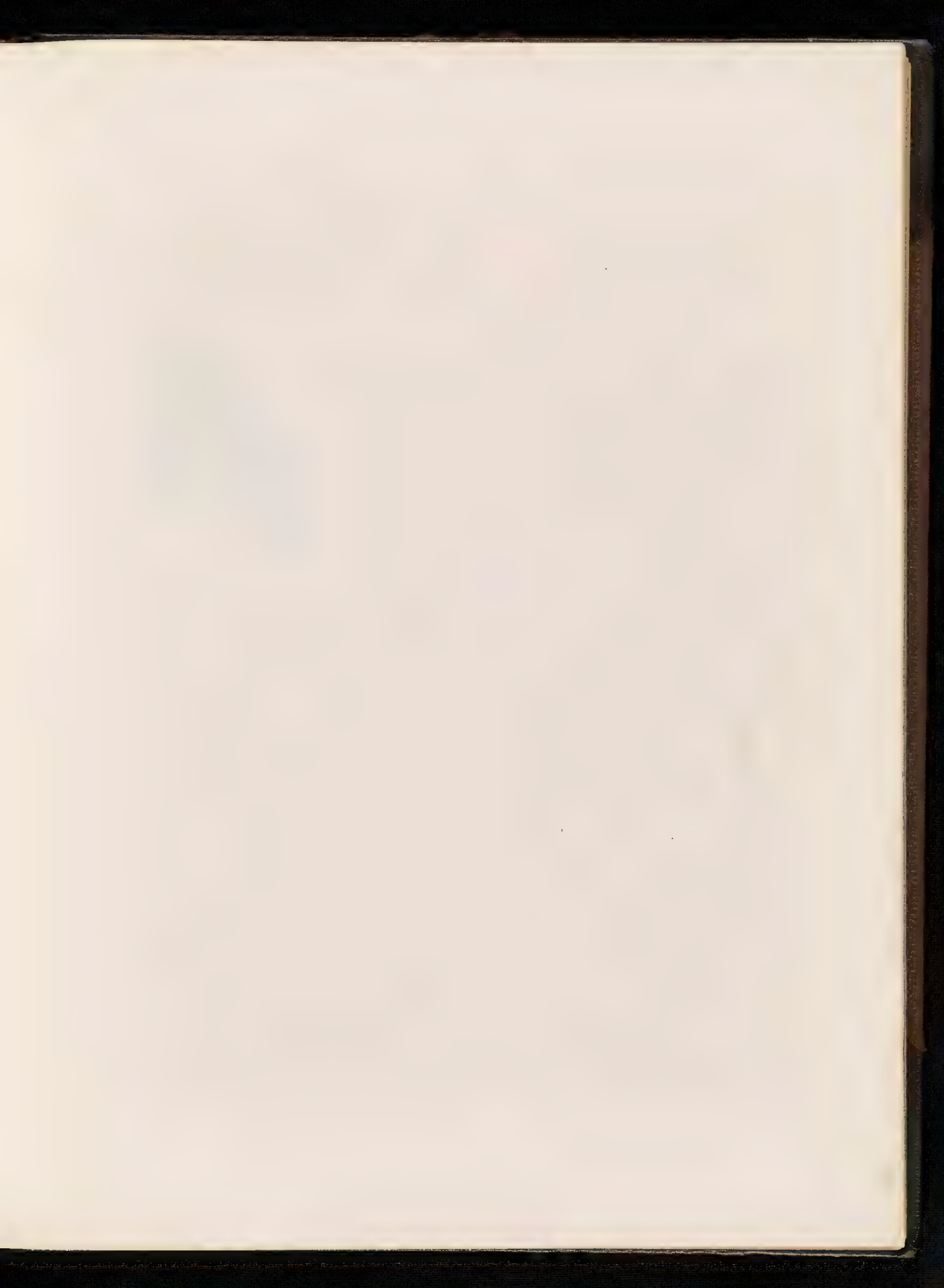


LOVE CONQUEROR. (Salon of 1880.)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY LÉON PERRAULT.





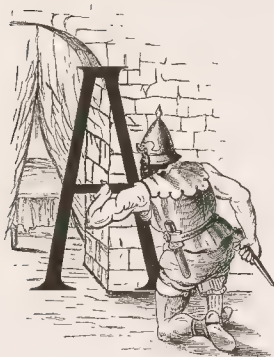


ETIENNE MARCEL AND THE DAUPHIN CHARLES (1358).

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING IN THE MUSEUM OF THE LUXEMBOURG.

LUCIEN MÉLINGUE. *Pinx.*

GOUPIL & Co., *Gravure.*

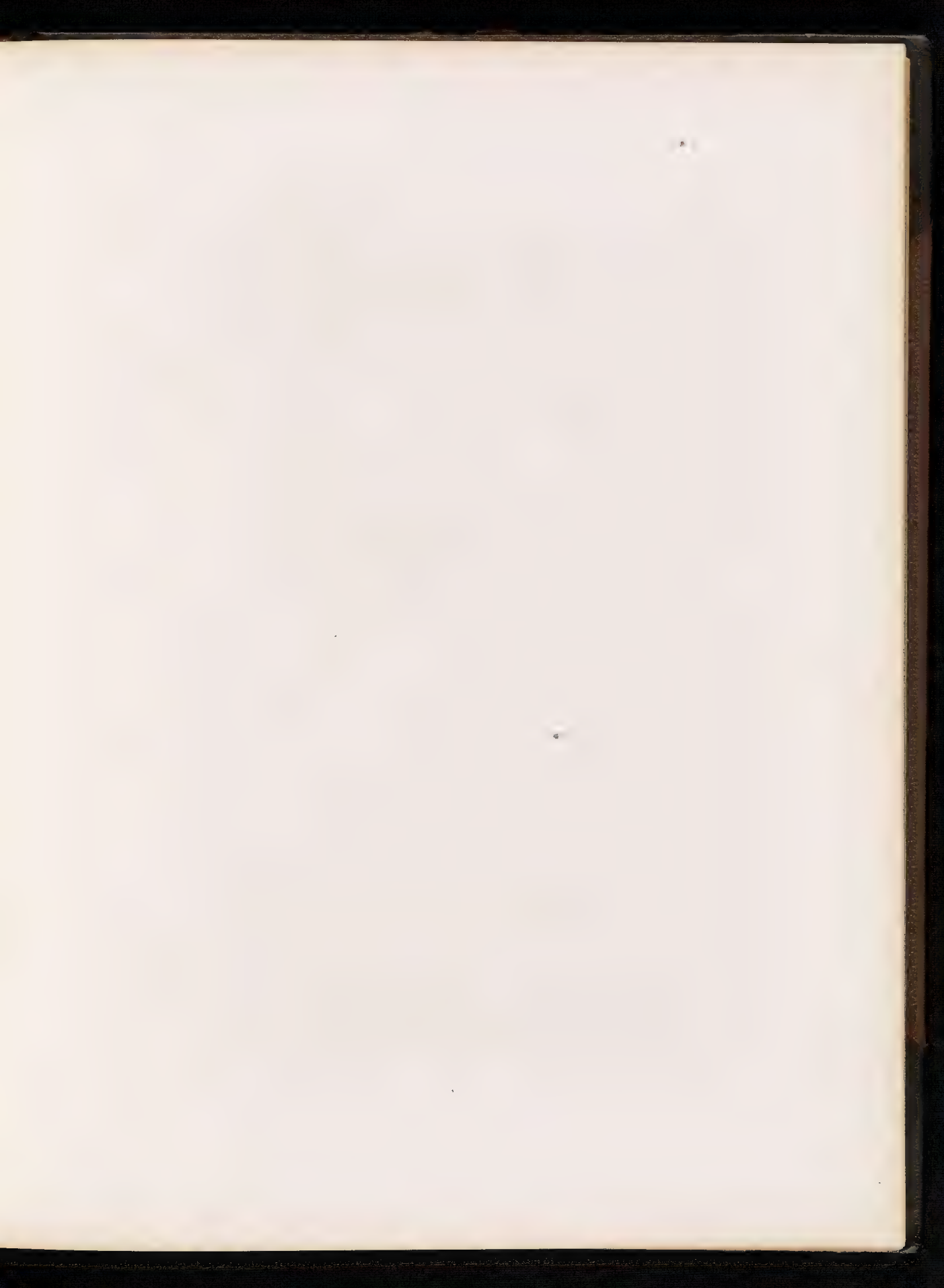


AFTER the battle of Poitiers (1356), in which the French King, Philip-le-Bon, was taken prisoner, France fell into a condition of extreme disorder and misery. In consequence of the King's captivity the Dauphin Charles (also known as the Duke of Normandy) assumed the regency. He was then a youth of but eighteen years, and finding himself wholly unable to meet the difficulties of the crisis, he assembled the Estates of the realm. On certain conditions, which Charles was obliged to accept, the Estates pledged themselves to levy taxes and raise another army. Charles, however, played fast and loose with the representatives of the people, and repeatedly violated his covenants. Dissensions were also

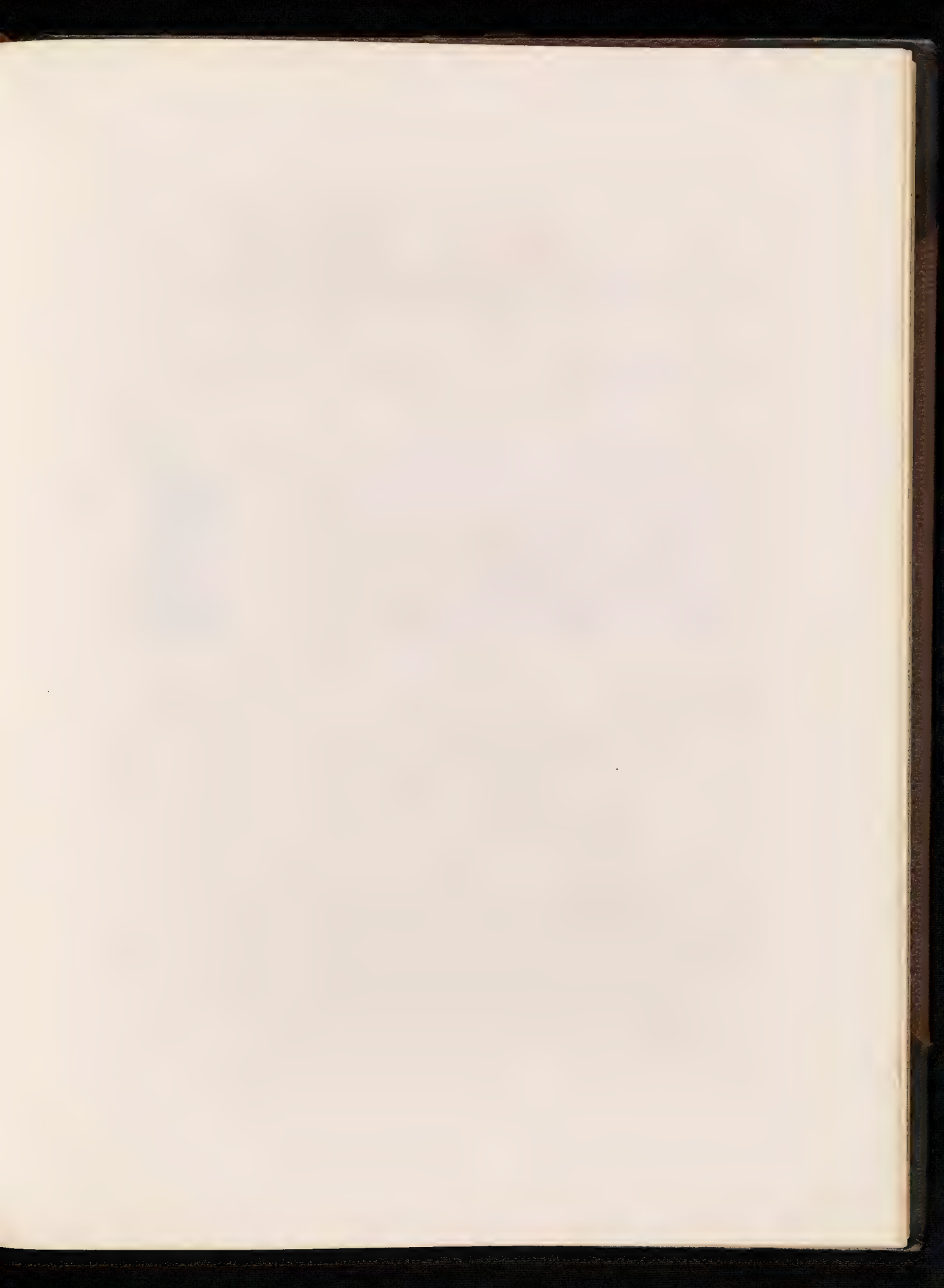
sown among the several orders of the Estates, and twice or thrice the whole body was dismissed, only to be reassembled again by the Dauphin when the failure of his attempts to dispense with them drove him to despair. These difficulties were further complicated by the arrival of envoys from the captive King arbitrarily revoking all the concessions that the Dauphin had made to the Estates. Meanwhile the confusion of public affairs had entailed so much misery among all classes of the people that they were ripe for insurrection. Étienne Marcel, Provost of Merchants, a sagacious and resolute man, was leader of the Commons, and possessed great influence with the citizens of Paris. When every moderate measure for the remedy of the evils of misgovernment had failed, Marcel resolved, with the concurrence of his colleagues, to proceed to extreme measures. At this time a civil war, precipitated by the King of Navarre, was in progress. Paris was in a state of defence, and the people under arms. As several factions were represented within the walls, Etienne Marcel directed his adherents to wear, as a distinguishing mark, a hood made of red and blue—the colors of the City arms. In this state of general alarm and distress Marcel made a last appeal to the Dauphin, and when this failed he marched to the Palace with a large band of armed citizens who, at his command, slew, in the presence of the Dauphin, two of the Councillors who had chiefly influenced the young ruler to his perverse and disastrous course. In great terror, the Dauphin appealed to Marcel to save his life. "You have nothing to fear," replied the latter; at the same time placing his colored hood upon the Dauphin's head, while he himself assumed the hat of the Dauphin, which he boldly wore during the remainder of the day.

Such is the subject treated in the work before us. The picture bears evidence of careful study as to accessories, while in composition, characterization and dramatic effect it proclaims the hand of a master. It was one of the pictures selected from the Salon of 1879 for purchase by the State.

M. Mélingue was born in Paris, in 1841, and studied with MM. Cogniet and Gérôme. Although still a young man, he is one of the foremost historical painters of the French school. His *Morning of the 10 Thermidor* (1794) was a noted success of the Salon of 1877 and won for him a medal of the first class.







SACRIFICE OF FAMILY TO COUNTRY.

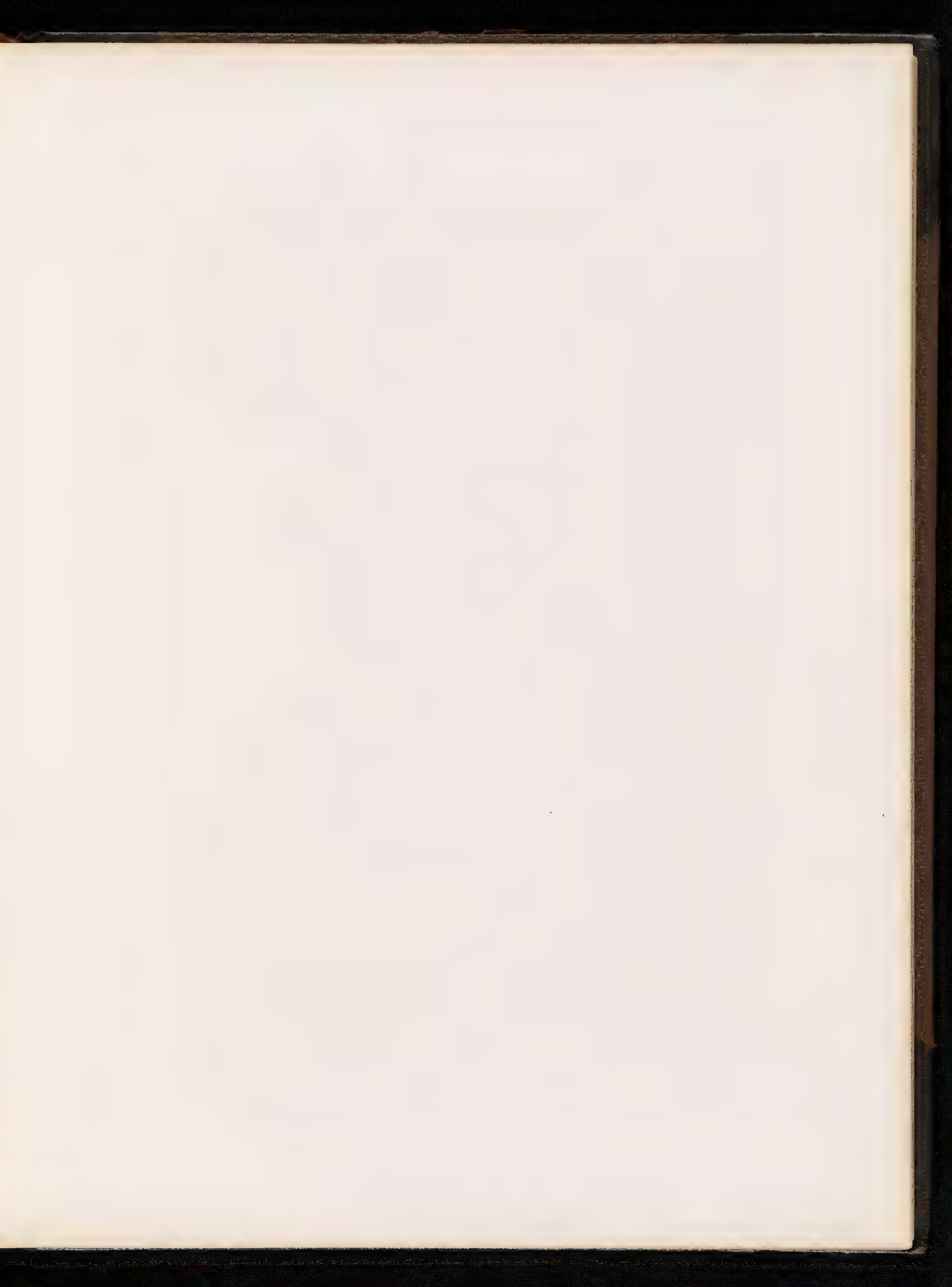
GEORGES MOREAU DE TOURS, *Pinz.*

GOUPIL & Co., *Gravure.*



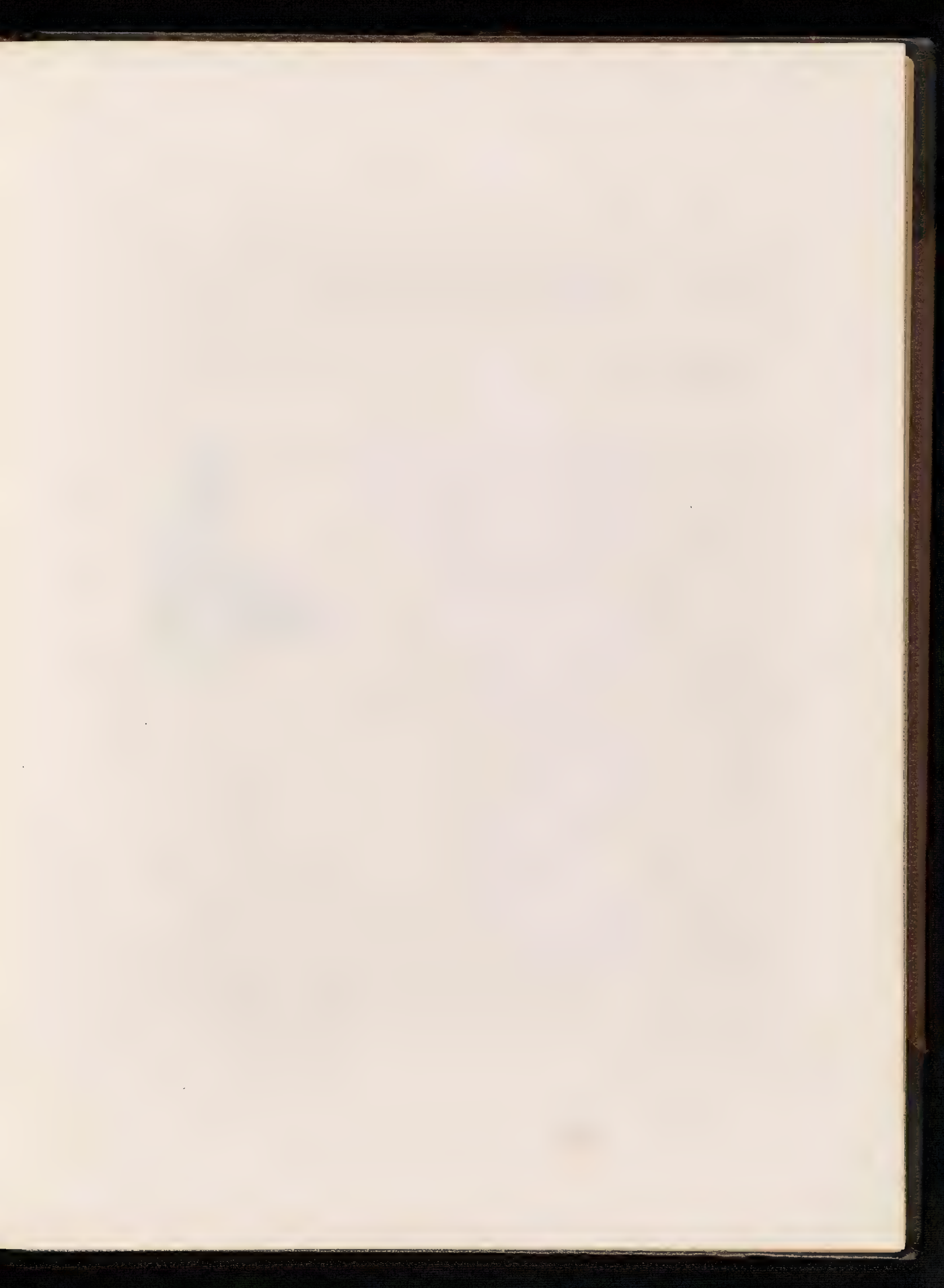
PATRIOTISM, next to Religion, has generated more deeds of pure and lofty self-sacrifice than any other sentiment to which the human heart is subject. Strong and sacred as are the ties of family, the love of country is a still holier passion, and presents yet higher claims to the services and the lives of men. No more impressive nor touching recognition of this claim can be afforded than when a wife or a mother, triumphing over her sickening fears and her yearning affection, not only consents that her husband or her son shall expose his life on the battle-field in the defence of country, but when she incites his courage, and concealing a breaking heart under a calm demeanor, bravely assists his equipment for the bloody fray which may render her childless or a widow!

The mother of Coriolanus loved her son with a passion that was intensified by her pride in his heroic achievements; but when he appeared before Rome at the head of a hostile army, and the bitter choice between son and country was forced upon her, she remained true to country, even though Coriolanus had grievous wrongs to avenge. Going forth to the camp of the Volscians to plead with her son in behalf of Rome, she identified herself entirely with the threatened city, and checking the offered endearments of Coriolanus, she said: "Let me know, before I receive your embrace, whether I am come to an enemy or to a son." Many another noble Roman matron showed an equal devotion to country; but this lofty passion was not confined to the Romans, who might rival, but could not excel, the patriotic devotion of barbarous tribes whose courage and valor they proved on many a bloody field. The heroine of M. Moreau de Tours' picture is not a Roman. She belongs probably to some Gaulish tribe. While her husband lingers to bid adieu to his family, she, repressing the natural flood of feeling, holds out to him his sword, and motions him away towards his companions in arms. The picture on the one side is full of martial stir, and, on the other, possesses the dignity and pathos of noble suffering. It is a large work, decorative in character, and was executed for the mayory of the Second Arrondissement. It was first exhibited in the Salon of 1881. M. Moreau de Tours, who was a pupil of Cabanel's, received a medal of the second class in 1879.





J. G. Abbott 1897



REPOSE OF THE PAINTER.

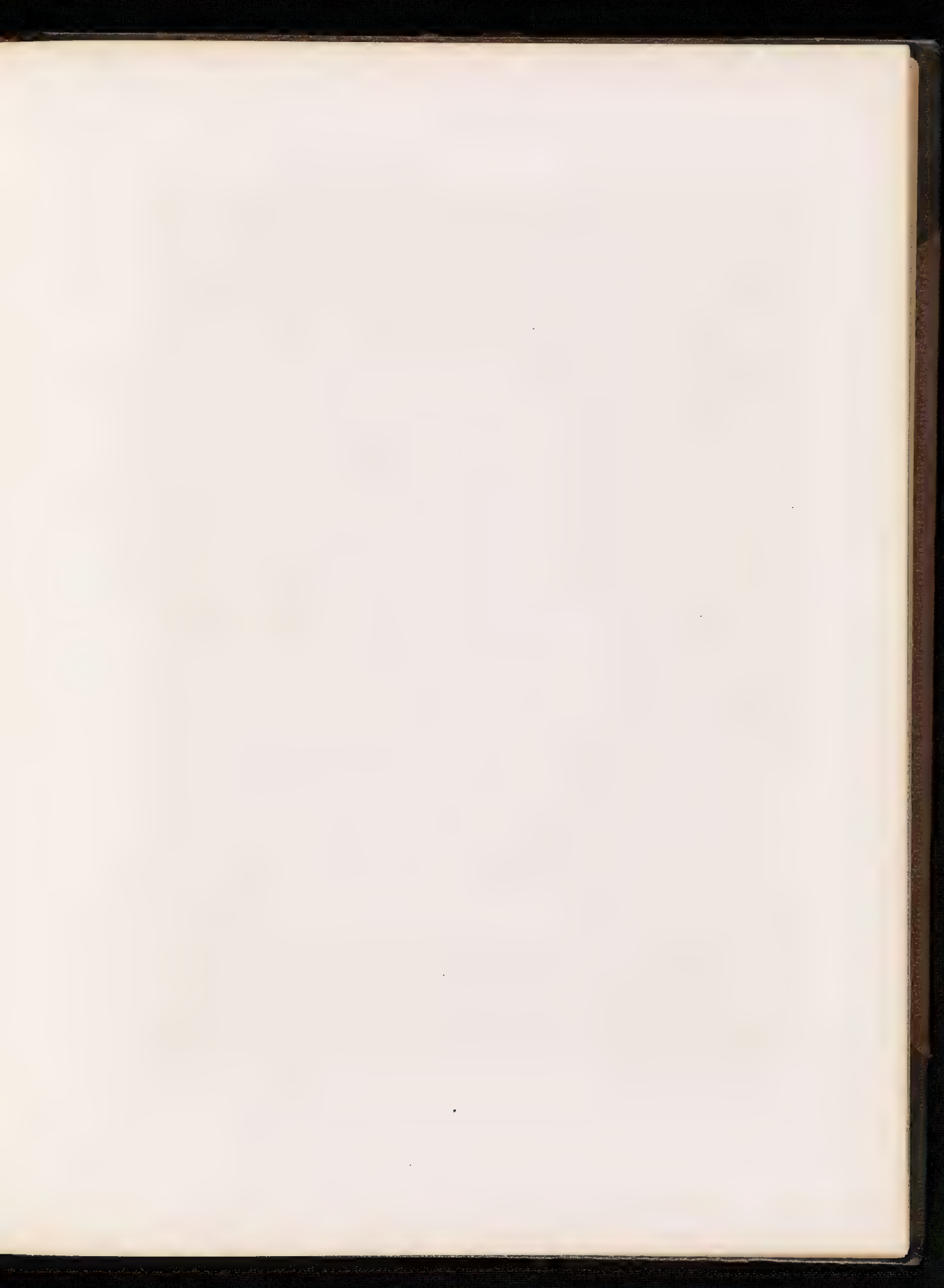
JEHAN-GEORGES VIBERT, *Pinx.*

GOUPIL & Co., *Gravure.*

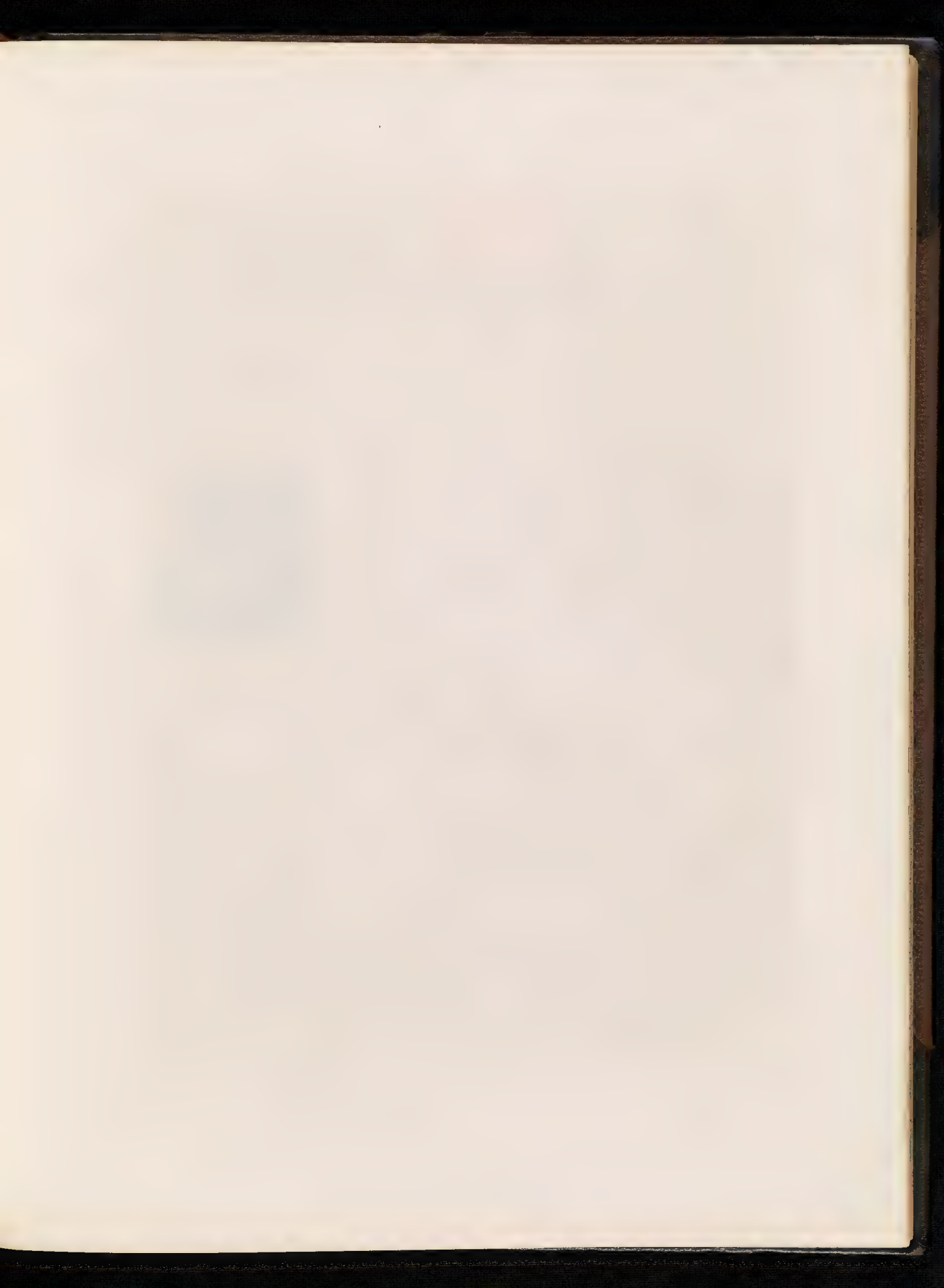


LABOR not only gives sweetness to repose, but it may even be said to be a necessary condition of true repose, which is essentially different from habitual indolence. The artist in our picture has evidently been industrious enough to enjoy his respite from labor, and to relish his cozy *tête-à-tête* lunch. Resting his arms upon the table and perching his feet on the top rung of his stool, he is about as comfortable as he could well be while engaged in the interesting exercise of repairing "the waste of animal tissue,"—to borrow the language of science. His countenance expresses a sense of quiet, restful enjoyment. The "model,"—who looks as though she had been draped for a Japanese princess,—has finished her repast, and yields herself to a delicious languor. The presence of the old-fashioned musical instrument in the left foreground, and of the old clavichord with open music on the rack, indicate that our artist sometimes finds recreation in "the concord of sweet sounds." And what a picturesque old room is his studio!—Who can locate it? It may be some house in Brittany; or in the Low Countries;—it is not unlike some English houses of the Tudor period. Whatever the architecture, or wherever the place, the room is well suited to its use. How prettily the light plays among the curious timbers of the ceiling, and how effective the contrast between the bright, sun-lit board floor and the dark shadows in the foreground. To complete the picture, however, we need the colors. M. Vibert is a colorist, and those who are at all familiar with his paintings, can readily conceive the charms of this picturesque interior, when to the beauties of *chiaroscuro* are added the rich harmonies of color.

M. Vibert was born in 1840, and studied under MM. Barrias and Picot. He was one of the artists who fought in the siege of Paris, and he received a wound in that struggle. He received Salon medals in 1864, 1867, and 1868; a medal of the third class at the Universal Exposition of 1878; and was made Chevalier of the Legion of Honor in 1870. One of his most remarkable works, the *Apotheosis of M. Thiers*, is in the Museum of the Luxembourg.







AN EXCELLENT CONNOISSEUR.

ANTONIO CASANOVA, *Pinx.*

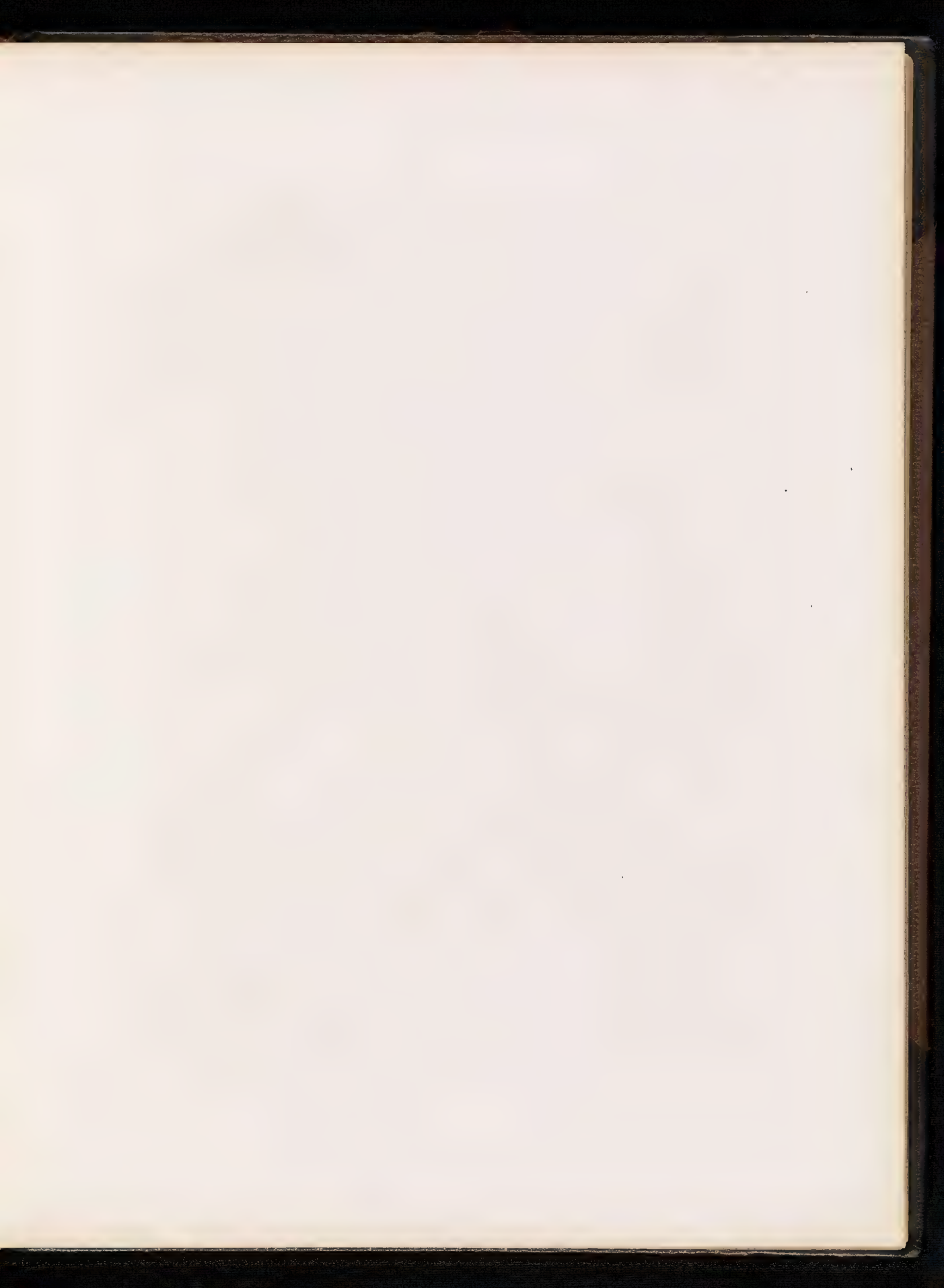
GOUPIL & Co., *Gravure.*



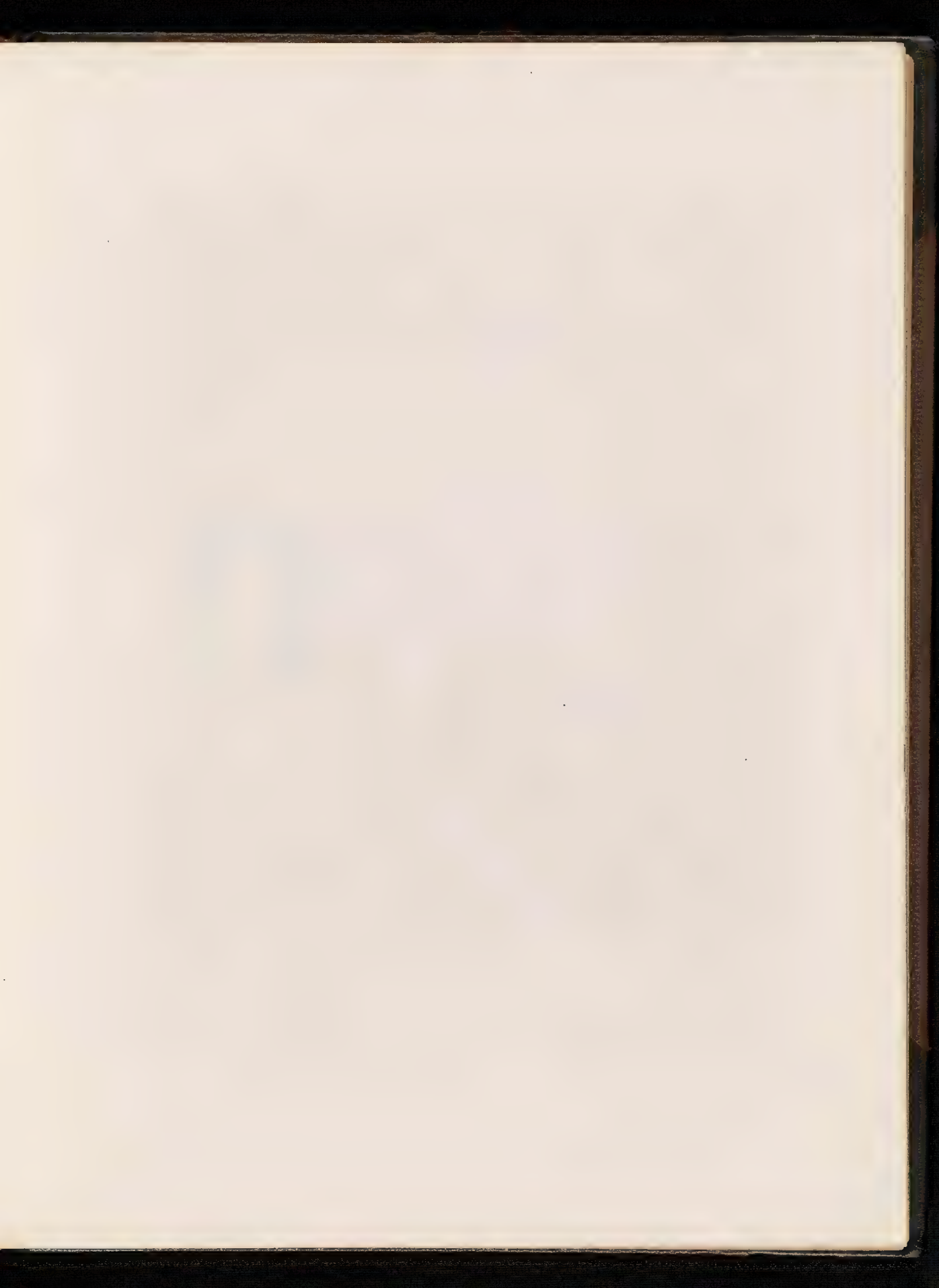
MEN of all sorts take a pride to gird at me," said Falstaff. And likewise many a jovial satirist—and there are satirists of the brush and the crayon as well as of the pen,—have found delight in girding at monks and priests of a certain type. How is it that the painters *par excellence* of laughter and of hilarity, so frequently make these gentlemen of the cloth the subjects of their mirthful sallies? Is it because those sombrely-clad and most sober-looking worthies are in truth the jolliest of mortals when you come to know them?—or is it because the serge gown and other raiment indicative of fleshly mortification, are not seldom grotesquely and sarcastically associated with florid faces and other tokens of high living?—or, yet once more, is it because the expression of hilarity is intensified by contrast with the gravity, not to say sanctity, of the priestly garb? Whatever the reason, the fact remains that some of the most roguish, jolly faces ever put on canvas for the amusement of mankind are capped with cowls, or set on priestly shoulders. Two of the most noted examples are Léo Hermann's "Good Story," and Casanova's picture now before us.

No doubt this "Connoisseur,"—this incarnation of jollity,—this priestly Bacchus,—is a prime judge of beverages and of viands; and that he excessively enjoys the creature comforts and thrives on them is as plain as the sun at high noon in fair weather. But, depend upon it, those cunning eyes were never made to gleam so merrily from under their lids, nor those lips to part and pucker the face in such ecstasy of sensuous mirth, by the mere gratification of the palate, however great that might be: No, there is a joke in the case, beyond question,—and a good one, too, as we should readily confess, could we hear him tell it.

As a work of art, this head is a remarkable study, attesting the profound knowledge and lively sympathy of the artist. M. Casanova is of Spanish birth, studied under MM. Loranzone and Madrazo, and is a painter of rising fame. The original of *An Excellent Connoisseur* was exhibited in the Salon of 1881.







THE INTERRUPTED SITTING.

JULES-FRÉDÉRIC BALLAVOINE, *Peint.*

GOUPIL & Co., *Gravure.*



DOUBTLESS the artist would have preferred to be undisturbed in this study of the human figure,—of the nude,—which the French critics insist, is not only the most beautiful but the most elevated form of art. As for the “sitter,” who might, on general principles, be supposed to be seriously embarrassed on being discovered in a condition so free from artificial adornment,—she evidently is not in the least disturbed. Converting a shawl into an impromptu fig-leaf, she listens with interest to the conversation, and serenely awaits the resumption of the sitting. She is, of course, a “model,” and her physical attractions are her means of support. She may follow this trade and conserve her chastity;

but blushing, in such circumstances, is pretty sure to become a lost art. While the studies of figure-painters are mostly made from models, paid by the hour or the day, it is a well known fact that great artists have occasionally been favored with voluntary sittings by ladies of wealth and position, proud of their charms, and willing to sacrifice the instincts of modesty upon the altar of high art.

M. Ballavoine has treated his subject with distinguished skill. The easy grace of the figure, the firm yet elastic texture of the flesh, the vivid beauty of the skin, which is heightened by contrast with the black shawl that partly covers it, are all perfect to a rare degree. The dark warm hangings, the white fur rug, the rich draperies of the divan, the mandoline, and the palette, each adds its quota to the sensuous charms of the picture. The work was exhibited in the Salon of 1880, where it secured for the artist a medal of the third class. M. Ballavoine is a native of Paris, and studied under Pils.



MUSIC. (Salon of 1880.)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING
BY RAPHAEL COLLIN.

M. Camille Bellanger, in his *Idyl* (see sketch on p. 33), evinces thorough sympathy with his subject: not only the form, but the spirit of this idyllic scene, borrowed from classic Greece, is manifest in his charming picture. Among the ancient Greeks tombs were preserved by the family to which they belonged with the greatest care and were regarded as among the strongest ties which attached a man to his native land. So strong was the feeling on this subject that when any citizen offered himself to the suffrages of the people for a public office it was a subject of inquiry whether he had kept in proper repair the tombs of his ancestors. On certain days the tombs were crowned with flowers, and offerings were made to the dead, consisting of garlands of flowers and various other articles. It is this pious act in which the young couple in our picture,—probably a brother and sister,—are engaged.

A classic theme of quite a different character is M. Auguste Leloir's *Silenus* (see sketch on p. 34). It is said that when this jovial god was drunk and asleep, he was in the power of mortals, who might compel him to prophesy and sing by surrounding him with chains of flowers. The artist pictures him as thus surprised by Chromis and Mnasye,—a scene described in the "Bucolics" of Virgil.



IDYL. (Salon of 1880.)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY CAMILLE
BELLANGER.

The Amazon, by Mlle. Louise Abbema (see sketch on p. 34), is probably a portrait, which by the treatment is converted into an agreeable piece of *genre*. The lady, in equestrian habit, awaits her horse. Her conquests are made with weapons quite different from those wielded by her warlike sisters of antiquity. The title is a happy conceit.

Intensely practical, and full of painful suggestions is *Pay-Day*, by Pierre Carrier-Belleuse (see sketch on p. 34). A poor woman stands with her babes in front of the café frequented by her husband, in hopes of preventing him from wasting in drink the week's slender earnings. From her intent look, and the attitude of the nearest child, we judge that the man is approaching. It is an anxious moment for the wife: she has all our sympathy.

Of M. Raphael Collin's decorative panel, *Music* (see sketch on p. 33), Mr. Forbes-Robertson justly says: "It illustrates with much classic feeling and grace the idea of Music. There is a quality of refinement about this picture by no means so common in mural decoration as we could wish to see it." This beautiful work was destined for the adornment of the théâtre of Belfort.

Several of the most eminent military painters were absent from this Salon, viz., De Neuville, Detaille, Protais and Berne-Bellecour. While they could not fail to be missed, that class of work was by no means without worthy representation. Among the most notable military canvases in this exhibition were the following: *The Square Battalion*, by Julien Le Blant; *The Unshod Horse*, by Louis-Henri Dupray; *The First Shots*, Aug. 30, 1870, by Lucien-Pierre Sergent; *Episode in the Siege of Saragossa*, by Jules Girardet; and *The Departure of the Squadron*, by Paul-Léon Jazet. To these may be added the large canvas of the Polish painter Jean Matejko,—*The Battle of Grunwald* (1410). M. Matejko is probably the most illustrious living representative of the grand style of battle painting, which is now nearly a thing of the past.

The subject of M. Jazet's picture ("Departure of the Squadron") of which a sketch is given on p. 22, is of a gallant nature. A sub-officer of cuirassiers, before leaving a village where the squadron has halted, attempts to embrace a pretty girl. From the mildness with which she defends herself there seems little doubt but that his wish will be granted. The bolder woman standing beside them, seems to encourage the man's persistence and the girl's consent.

The Drill, by Édouard-Pierre Frère, should also be mentioned in this category (see sketch on p. 26.) It represents with marked truthfulness and spirit a company of boys learning the art and imbibing the spirit of war. In coming



SILENUS. (Salon of 1880.)
SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY AUGUSTE LELOIR

years, perhaps, some of these lads will fight their country's battles, while others of their number may paint military pictures.

M. Théo. Weber's *Piers in the Harbor of Blankenberg* (see sketch on p. 36), is a vigorous work alike in drawing and handling, and shows the artist's familiar knowledge of, and lively sympathy



THE AMAZON. (Salon of 1880.)
SKETCH FROM THE PAINTING BY LOUISE ABBEMA.
PAY-DAY. (Salon of 1880.)
SKETCH FROM THE PAINTING BY PIERRE CARRIER-BELLEUSE.



JOB. (Salon of 1880.)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY LÉON BONNAT.

ishing in the distance. The varied expressions of these men and women, the types of form and feature, the fine perspective, the expanse of beach losing itself in the sea which in turn melts into the sky, all combine to lift this picture into a lofty sphere of art.

A French critic (Daniel Bernard) says: "It is evident that the French are created for landscape as the English are to colonize the five portions of the world, and as Spaniards are born playing the guitar." Certainly a country that can boast of a Poussin, a Claude, and a Corot, may justly claim high eminence, if not pre-eminence, in this department of art. Among the interesting contributions to the present Salon which prove the existence of an intelligent sympathy with nature, combined with superior technical resources we may name, *Morning*, by Camille Bernier; *The First Leaves*, by Léon-Germain Pelouse; *Evening*, by Jules-Adolphe Breton; *The Little Farm*, by Jules-Jacques Veyrassat; *The Sleeping Water*, by Hector Hanoteau; and *The Green Night*, by Émile Dardoize. The last named work (see sketch on p. 20), is a subtle study in color. In the parlance of modern art criticism it might be called a "symphony" in green. M. Bernard thus speaks of it: "M. Dardoize has observed a curious moonlight effect in a country that he has not troubled himself to indicate. The "Green Night is a phenomenon that deserves the attention

with his subject. It is an ordinary scene, yet full of stir and interest. The sea lends a sort of romance to everything connected with it. In this picture the effects of light in the sky and on the water are very beautiful.

The Bathing Hour: Trouville, by Augustus-George Heaton, reproduces with pleasing realism a bathing scene at a well-known French watering-place (see sketch on p. 28.) Excepting the dress of the peasant-woman in the left-hand corner, and the close-fitting bifurcated suits of some of the lady bathers, the scene might readily pass for one upon our own shores. Mr. Heaton, who is a Philadelphian, studied with Cabanel and Bonnat.

A work of rare beauty and depth of feeling which may be named among the marines, although chiefly a figure-piece, was M. Feyen-Perrin's *Return of the Fishers at Low Tide*. A procession of fishers bearing the utensils of their craft, advances towards the spectator in a long file which stretches away in a curved line dimin-



THE PUBLIC BALL. (Salon of 1880.)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY JEAN BÉRAUD.

of the Institute, or at least the examination of a scientific commission. It might be called a scene of fairy-land. One expects to see the gold-fly go humming through these delicate branches and over these transparent, ideal waters, which resemble liquid emerald." The picture received the compliment of an Honorable Mention.

In *The Little Farm* of M. Veyrassat, we are treated at once to a charming view of a harvest field bathed in sunlight, and to a simple domestic scene (see sketch on p. 30.) The unequal yoke of animals rest for a season, while the humble farmer partakes of the lunch that his faithful wife, accompanied by their little boy, has brought for his refreshment.

The Salon of 1880 will be marked in history for two reasons: 1. As exceeding all its predecessors in the number of exhibits; and 2. As being the last of the long series of exhibitions organized and directed by the government.



PIERS IN THE HARBOR OF BLANKENBERGH. (Salon of 1880.)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY THÉODORE WEBER

THE TRIUMPH OF CLOVIS. (*Salon of 1881.*)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY PAUL-JOSEPH BLANC.

THE SALON OF 1881.

THE flood of indiscriminated works that inundated the Salon of 1880, and the numerous complaints preferred on that and on other grounds, decided the government to relinquish the direction of these annual exhibitions and to commit them to the control of the artists themselves. Accordingly, by a circular issued on the 27th of December, 1880, the French artists were invited to name a committee of ninety members to organize, in concert with the administration, the exposition of 1881. In response to this invitation a committee was promptly chosen by the artists, which committee, in accordance with a supplementary circular from M. Turquet, Assistant Secretary of State for the Fine Arts, formed themselves into a corporate society legally authorized to receive from the State the powers required for the discharge of their responsible functions. The administration, therefore, soon found itself face to face with a chartered organization having a capital of 200,000 francs, to whose custody it remitted for three months the Palace of Industry; and, at the same time, a number of *attachés* of the Bureau of Fine Arts, experienced in these affairs, were detailed for the assistance of the Council of Administration chosen by the Society of Artists. Notwithstanding the shortness of the time at their disposal (the executive committee not having been chosen until the 12th of January, 1881), the Society acted with so much energy and discretion that the Salon of 1881 was opened without any delay (May 2), and was in the main so successful as to produce a conviction that the wisdom of the change of control was no longer an experiment. The government contributed efficiently to this result by its hearty coöperation with the artists.

The immediate effect of the change was a great reduction in the number of works admitted to the Salon. In 1880 the whole number was 7,289; this year it was 4,959. In his address in connection with the distribution of awards, M. Jules Ferry, Minister of Public Instruction and of the Fine Arts, said upon this point: "Are the Expositions to be regarded as vast bazars where all works that are presented are to be heaped together with neither choice nor distinction? Is the commercial idea

to predominate? I believe not; and I am impressed by what your committee has done. It has shown a courage that we did not possess. It has limited the number of works, though perhaps not yet rigidly enough. I am convinced that, influenced by the force of circumstances and the pressure of public opinion, the next Jury will be more severe, and will notably reduce the number of accepted works."

While the Salon of 1881 was more restricted than its immediate predecessor, the general average of excellence in the contributions was not, in the opinion of some critics, any higher. But, assuming the correctness of this opinion, it does not follow that the Jury of Admission was chiefly responsible for the fact. M. Olivier Merson utters the following jeremiad: "In spite of many works that one has been able to applaud in good faith, the Salon of 1881 witnesses the decadence of French art. Manual skill becomes more general, without doubt; but if adroit workmen multiply, true artists become more and more rare. How few remain faithful to great principles at present;

how few work under the empire of valiant convictions! In a word, the school languishes. Independence has been much preached to the painters; so each one draws to his own side; capacities scatter, aptitudes disperse instead of concentrating; many forsake severe and devout study for convenient processes, and cultivate truth of ugliness in preference to truth of beauty." M. Merson charges the responsibility for this state of things equally upon the public, the critics, the State, and the artists themselves.

Daniel Bernard thus speaks, in *L'Exposition des Beaux-Arts*: "We shall confess, if we are pressed, that the Salon of 1881 has not completely responded to our hopes. The Jury named by the artists has eliminated five thousand pictures; but we were prepared to expect the last from the last, the cream from the cream, something ideal and succulent, an extraordinary assemblage of masterpieces, a Mohammedan paradise for the critic formerly condemned to a true purgatory. It must be confessed we have been disappointed. The Salon this year is not sensibly superior to that of the previous year."

Eugène Véron, in *L'Art*, speaks with emphasis in favor of the government's retirement from the control of the Fine Arts, even though the advantages are not at once apparent. He says:

"The State is no more competent to direct art, than to direct religion, or philosophy, or literature. The men who are in the government



THE GLORIFICATION OF LAW. (Salon of 1881.)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY PAUL-JACQUES BAUDRY.



THE WRECKER. (Salon of 1881.)

SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL SCULPTURE BY PIERRE OGÉ.

can have their preferences in all things, like others and with the same right; but their rôle does not go beyond that. In the quality of rulers they have a duty prescribed, a special function which they cannot overstep without danger to the public and inconvenience to themselves."

In regard to possible evils that may result from the management of the Salons by the artists themselves, M. Véron says:

"In any case, it is very certain that a Jury of artists, of whatever character they may be, will never attain to the height of the scandals of official and academic Juries who honored with their rejections Theo. Rousseau, Millet, Decamps, Corot, Delacroix, etc., etc. The Salon Juries of Admission can no more be Juries of a coterie, and this, in our opinion, compensates every possible inconvenience. They will admit bad things, but the good will not be systematically repulsed. That is the essential, for that alone can suffice to assure the liberty and the development of art,—by permitting all innovators of talent to appear before the public. Happen what will, there can from this day no longer be an official, governmental art, which is alone authorized to hold the public admiration, and to mould to its image the succession of artistic generations,—unless, indeed, the State should take advantage of the inexperience of a first year to reclaim the concession it has made.

"This salutary reform," continues M. Véron, "will draw after it several others within a time not distant: for example, that of the free public studios of the National School of Fine Arts, whose existence has the double effect of suppressing in part the diversity of artistic manifestations, and of destroying in advance all opposition to the official art instruction by attracting to that instruction by gratuitous and ready admissions, a crowd of young persons, some of whom might perhaps produce something if they received a training less effete, while others are born to make good pavers, or first rate grocers. . . One of these classes make their way with more or less success if they know how to reinforce the talent which they have not acquired at the school, by an adequate discretion of conduct; the others die of hunger and

besiege with their cries the great bureau of benevolence in the Rue de Valois, until out of pity they receive orders for canvases and busts which are concealed in corners after being paid for; or, perhaps, these unfortunates, when patience is exhausted, are sent into the provinces to teach that which they do not know. . . Wherefore retain such persons by a misguided compassion, in a profession for which they are not fitted, and which the majority of them would quit for a useful occupation if they were



FILIAL LOVE. (Salon of 1881.)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL GROUP BY ALFRED BOUCHER.



ANACREON, BACCHUS AND LOVE.
(Salon of 1881.)

FROM THE ORIGINAL SCULPTURE BY JEAN-LÉON
GÉRÔME.

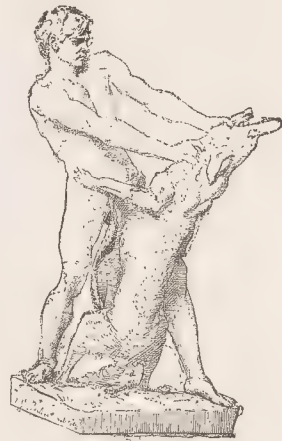
the position which he preferred to have it occupy in the Salon. We quote the following comments by M. Eugène Montrosier: "It (the 'Glorification of Law') is the master-work of the Salon of 1881; the work which, despite the crowd of mediocrities which a bizarre Jury has permitted to enter, will give celebrity to the Exposition of this year. . . We avow that, from the first day, the 'Glorification of Law' has transported us with joy and enthusiasm. We feel that the soul of a poet vibrates in this colossal panel, and we are transported by it into the serene regions of art. . . On an architectural throne Law is seated, clothed in a white robe. She is young, and with a charming gesture extends the hand in token of power. Above her, on either side, are two winged female figures representing Justice and Equity, each bearing the proper attributes. Below her stands a woman draped in a mantle of golden brocade. It is Jurisprudence. She is the recipient of the decrees of Law. At the foot

not encouraged to count on the succor of the State? Would it not be a thousand times better for art and for everybody, to buy beautiful works, to decorate the public monuments, to procure for artistic industries the models that they need, and to employ for such objects the sums that are now dissipated and lost in nourishing the idleness or impotency of a crowd of mischievous parasites?

"For my part, I am convinced that the double institution of the free Salon, committed to the artists, and of choice Expositions organized by the State, —if they be persisted in for some years,—will result in securing a reform of the present situation, by the very fact that it relieves the State from contact with a class of rapacious persons without employment, which class was inevitably attracted by the system of official intervention maintained until this day. When these close relations are broken up, it will be well understood that a painter who does not know how to paint, has no more right to live at the expense of the nation than an incomprehensible poet, or a grocer who does not know his trade; and, little by little, the State will deprive this mendicity of its last argument, by renouncing the responsibility of encouraging illusory vocations."

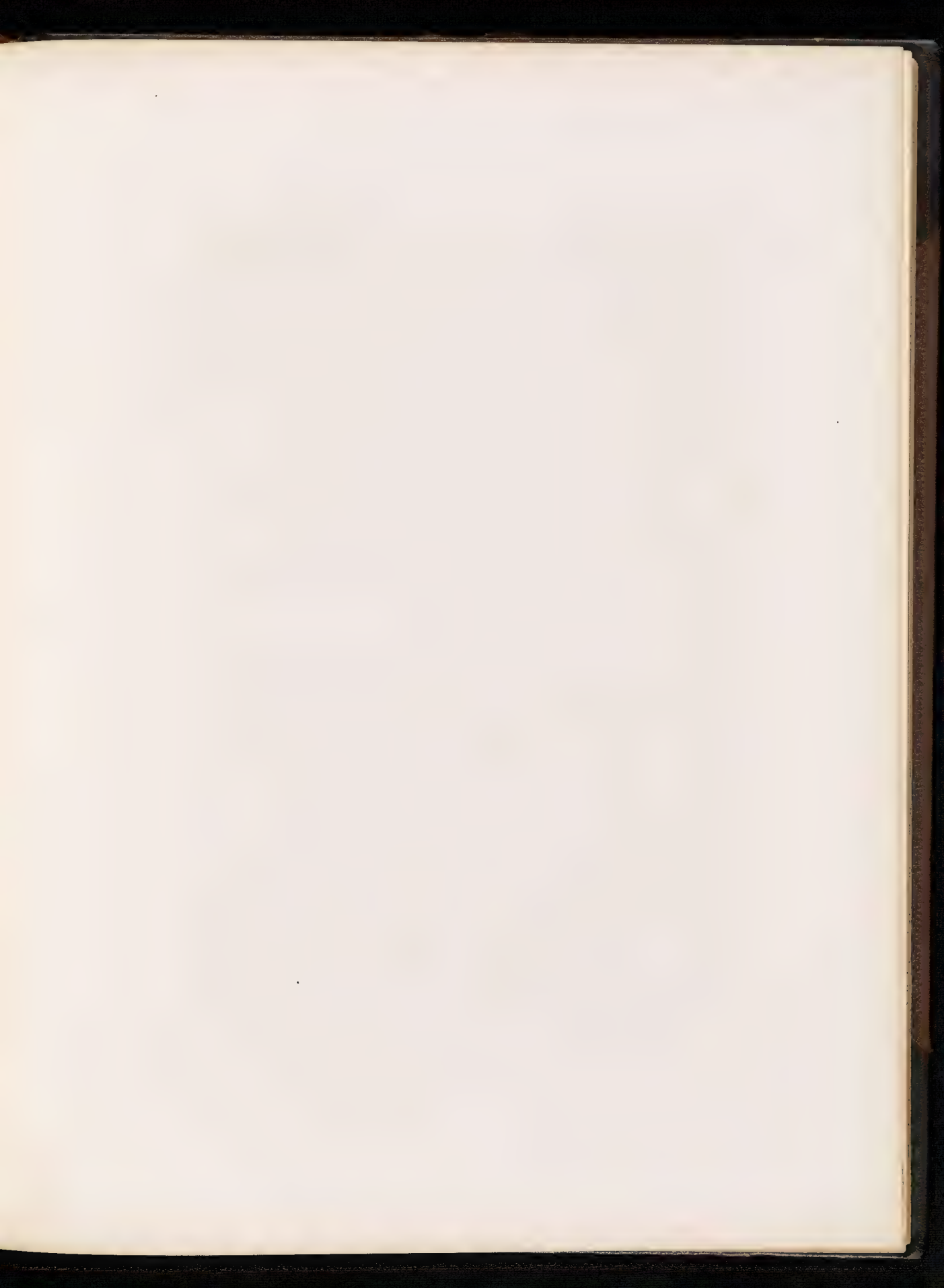
Having passed in review some general impressions of the collective exhibit, let us now notice particularly some of the most prominent works in this Salon:

The Medal of Honor for painting was, with remarkable unanimity awarded to Paul-Jacques-Aimé Baudry for the fragment of his decoration of the Court of Cassation (or Appeals), entitled *The Glorification of Law*. (See sketch on p. 38.) By universal consent this work belongs to the highest realm of art. So prepossessed in its favor were the Jury, that they invited the artist to name



BEFORE THE AGE OF STONE
(Salon of 1881.)

FROM THE ORIGINAL SCULPTURE BY ÉMILE
CARLIER.







CONVERSATION.

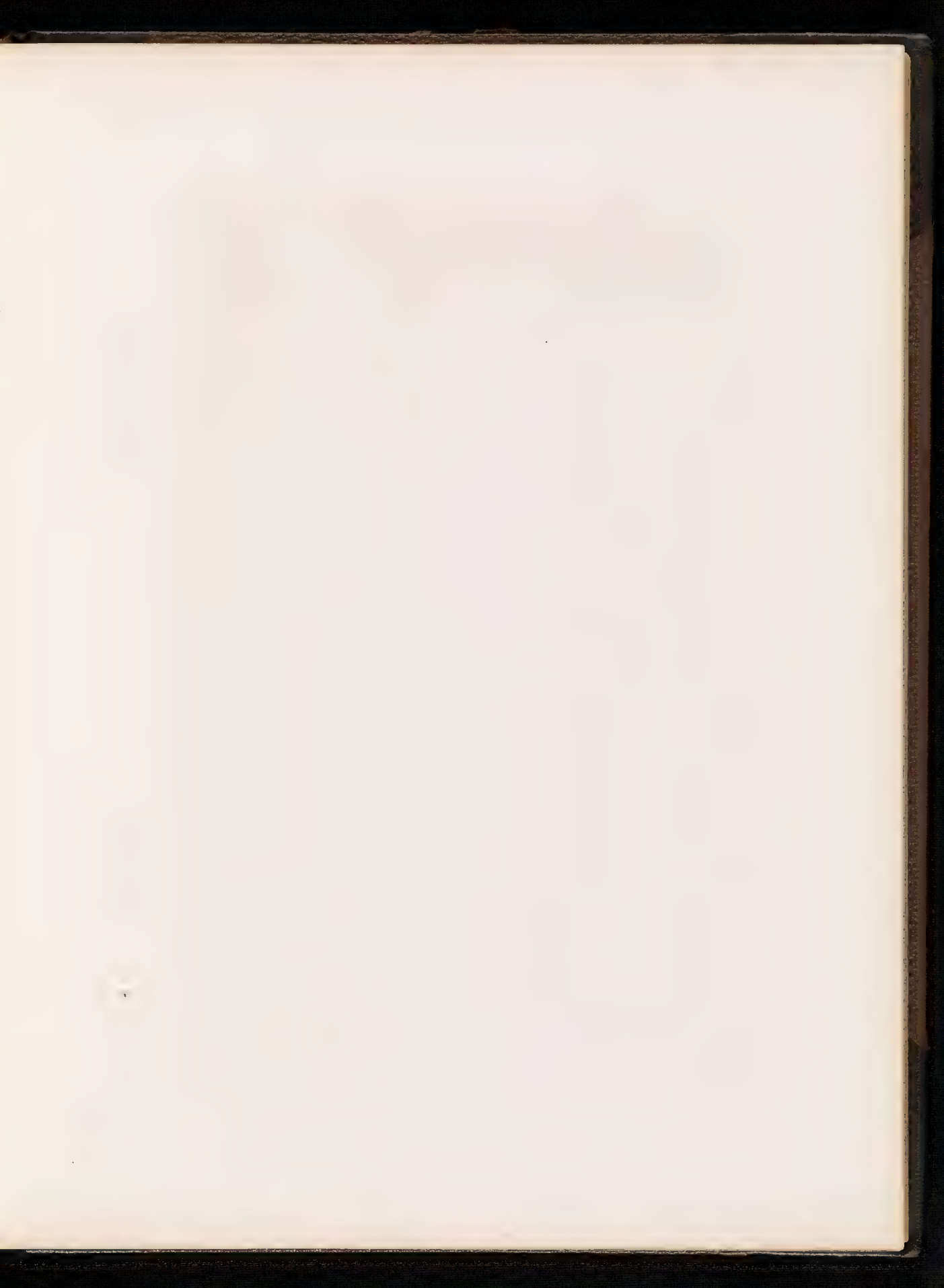
JOSEPH CARAUD, *Pinx.*

GOUPIL & Co., *Gravure.*

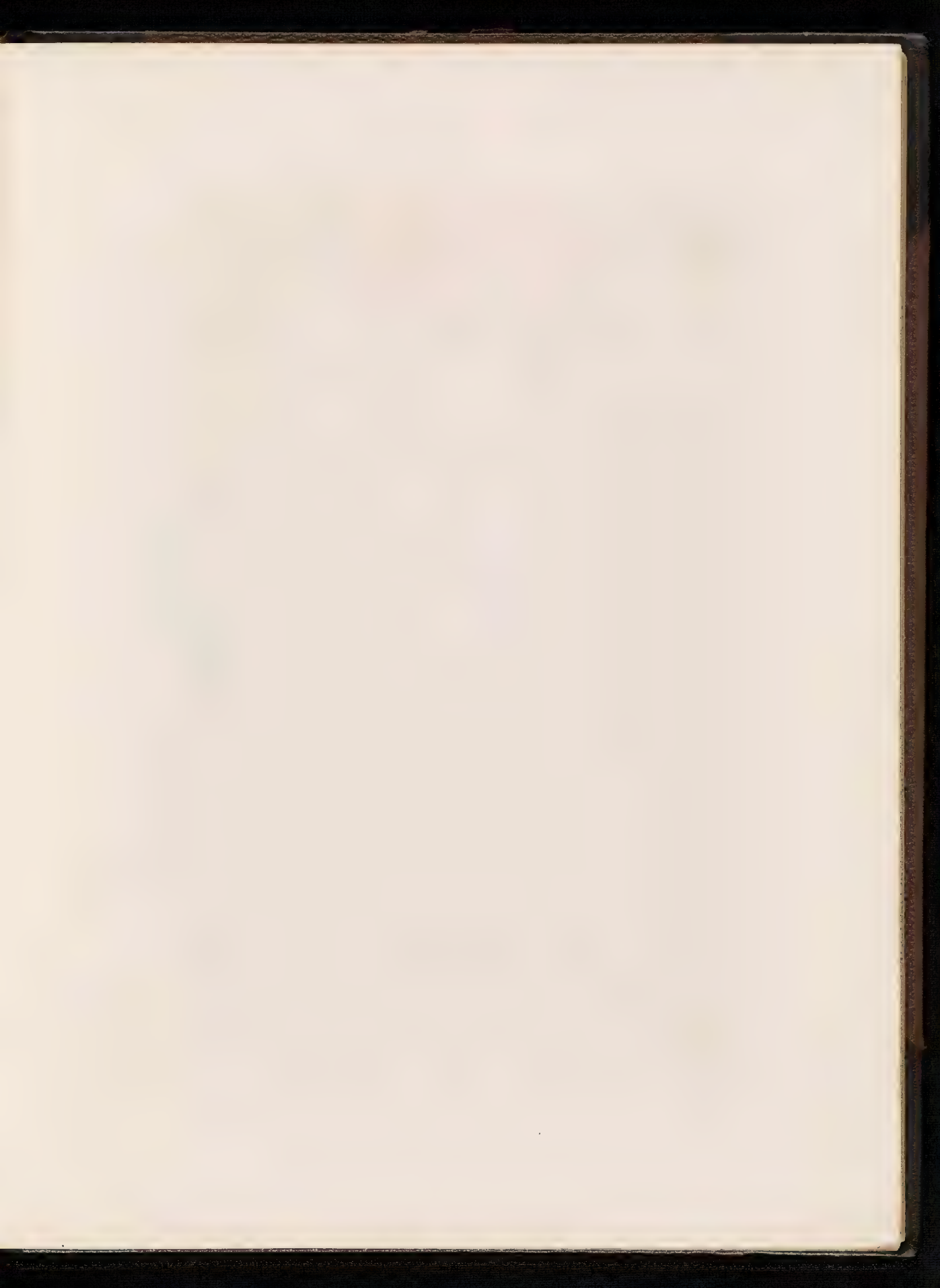


LOVING and cheerful is the *tête-à-tête* so *naïvely* pictured on this canvas. Does any hard-headed skeptic question whether cats can converse? We ask in reply, What populous neighborhood on any clear summer's night, will not furnish abundant evidence in the affirmative? Who has not listened,—sadly unwilling, perhaps,—to the antiphonal utterances, pitched in every key of sentiment,—from soft and tender to wild and despairing,—of many a feline Sir Thomas and Lady Tabitha, sighing and wailing, and protesting, like so many “amorous swains and nymphs responsive?” Oh, yes; certainly cats can talk—or else they are accomplished make-believes. But the interviews which they hold between themselves are less interesting to us than those which they carry on in a foreign tongue, so to speak,—such a conversation, for instance, as that represented in our picture. Who can look at this sweet girl and her pet Tabby, and doubt for an instant that they understand each other perfectly? Though the expressions of the mistress may be brief and disconnected, and though the remarks of puss may be restricted mainly to “mieux,” and “purr-r-r,” yet these brevities are so well supplemented,—on the maiden's part by the glances of the eyes and the movements of the lips,—and on Tabby's part by the curving of the spine and the eloquent gestures of the tail,—that not a word is uttered but is perfectly intelligible; and what, we beg to ask, is this, if it be not conversation?

It is almost superfluous to call attention to the grace and perfection of drawing, the tasteful, yet homely beauty of composition, and the exquisite truth of expression, which characterize this picture. It was exhibited in the Salon of 1874. M. Caraud, who was a pupil of Abel de Pujol, has received several medals, and has been decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor.







BLINDMAN'S-BUFF.

CHARLES-ALEX. COESSIN DE LA FOSSE, *Pinx.*

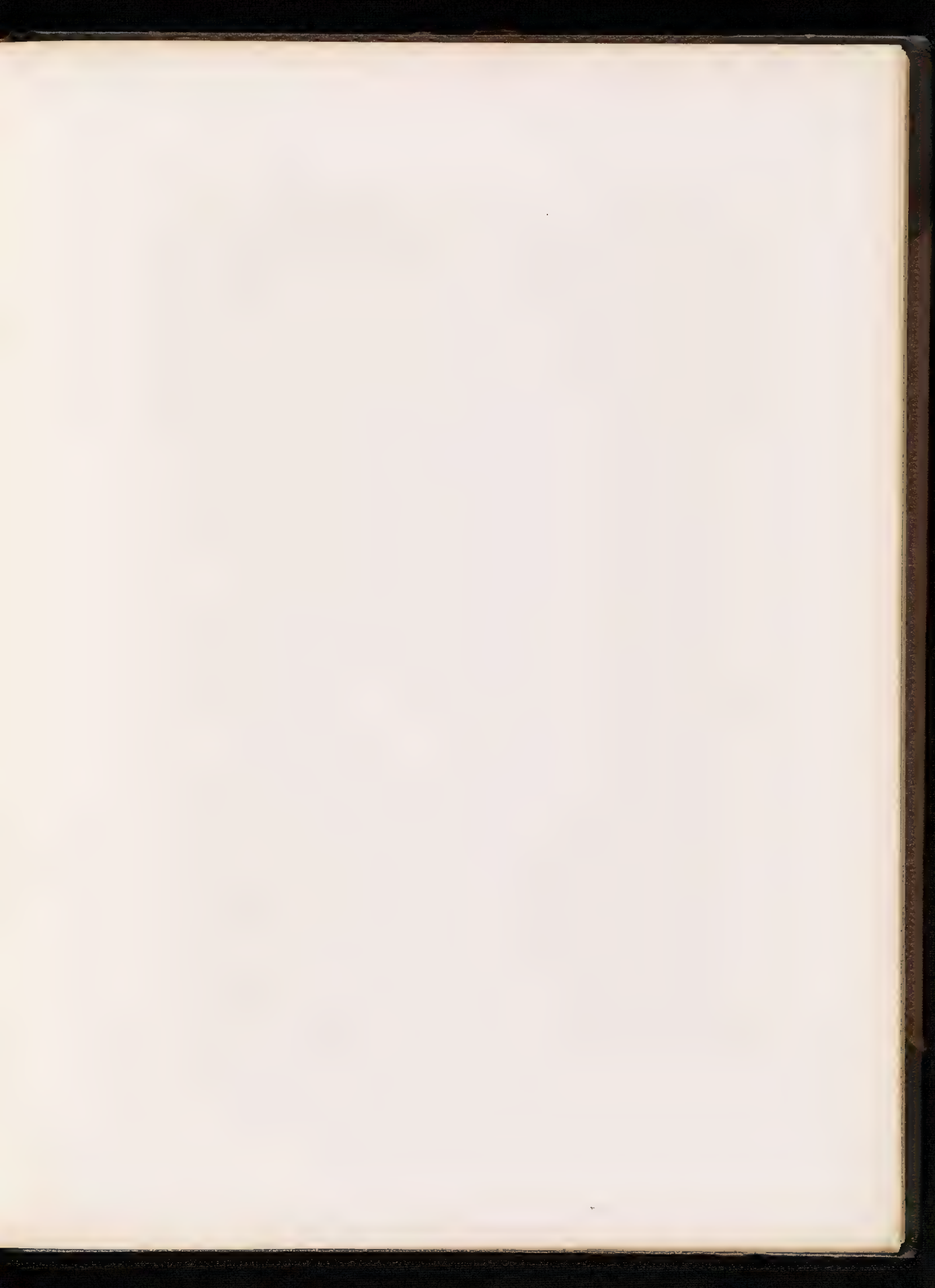
GOUPIL & Co., *Gravure.*



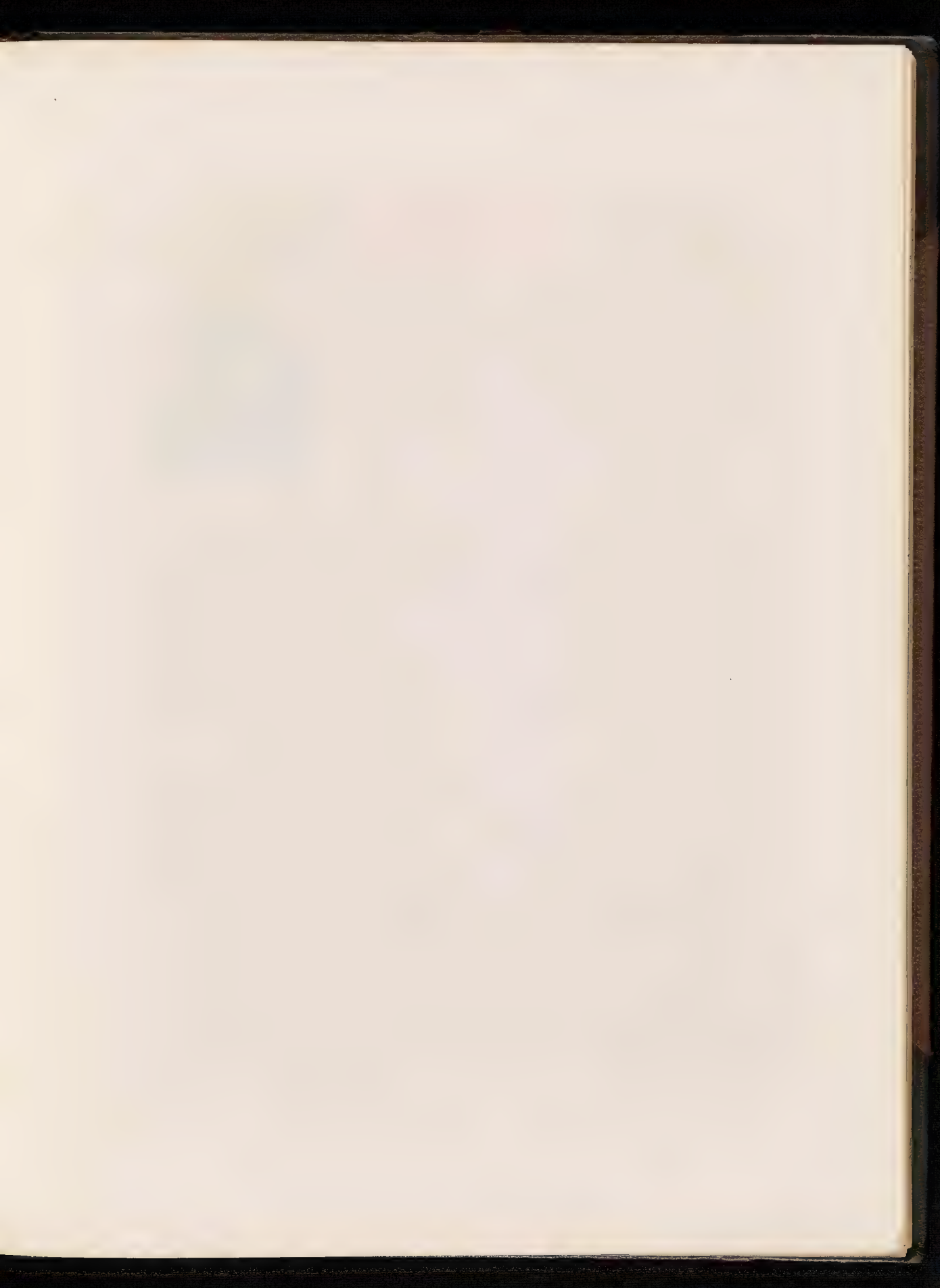
UITE merry at the expense of the poor "blind-man," is this party of fun-loving girls and gallants. Time and again, as he has triumphantly grasped a bonnet or some soft lady's-wrap, he has been piqued to find that he has in his arms only a dummy, prepared for his deception, instead of the glowing form of one of his fair tormentors; and as his countenance falls, the merry jeers grow more lavish and tantalizing. But do not waste your sympathy;—give him time and the blind-man will have his revenge. What lively memories this scene awakens! Who has not at some time in his life participated in the rollicking mirth of this old, old game!

"Blindman's-buff" is one of those ancient, universal amusements, whose origin is concealed in the remote ages of antiquity. It was known among the ancient Greeks and Romans, and has been, and continues to be, played among most of the peoples of modern Europe. Of course it figures under many different names. The Ostrogoths are supposed by some authorities to have introduced the game into Italy, where it is called *giuoco della cieca*, or play of the blind. In the Suio-Gothic, it is called *blind-boc* (blind goat); in German, *blind-kuhe* (blind cow); in French, *colin-maillard* (equivalent to Colin the buffoon). It is said that in his famous campaign against Austria, the Swedish hero, Gustavus Adolphus, used to amuse himself in private in playing at blindman's-buff with his colonels.

The accomplished painter of our picture was a pupil of Picot. He received in 1873 a medal of the third class. *Blindman's-Buff* was exhibited in the Salon of 1879.







HERODIAS.

BENJAMIN CONSTANT, *Pinx.*

GOUPIL & Co., *Gravure.*



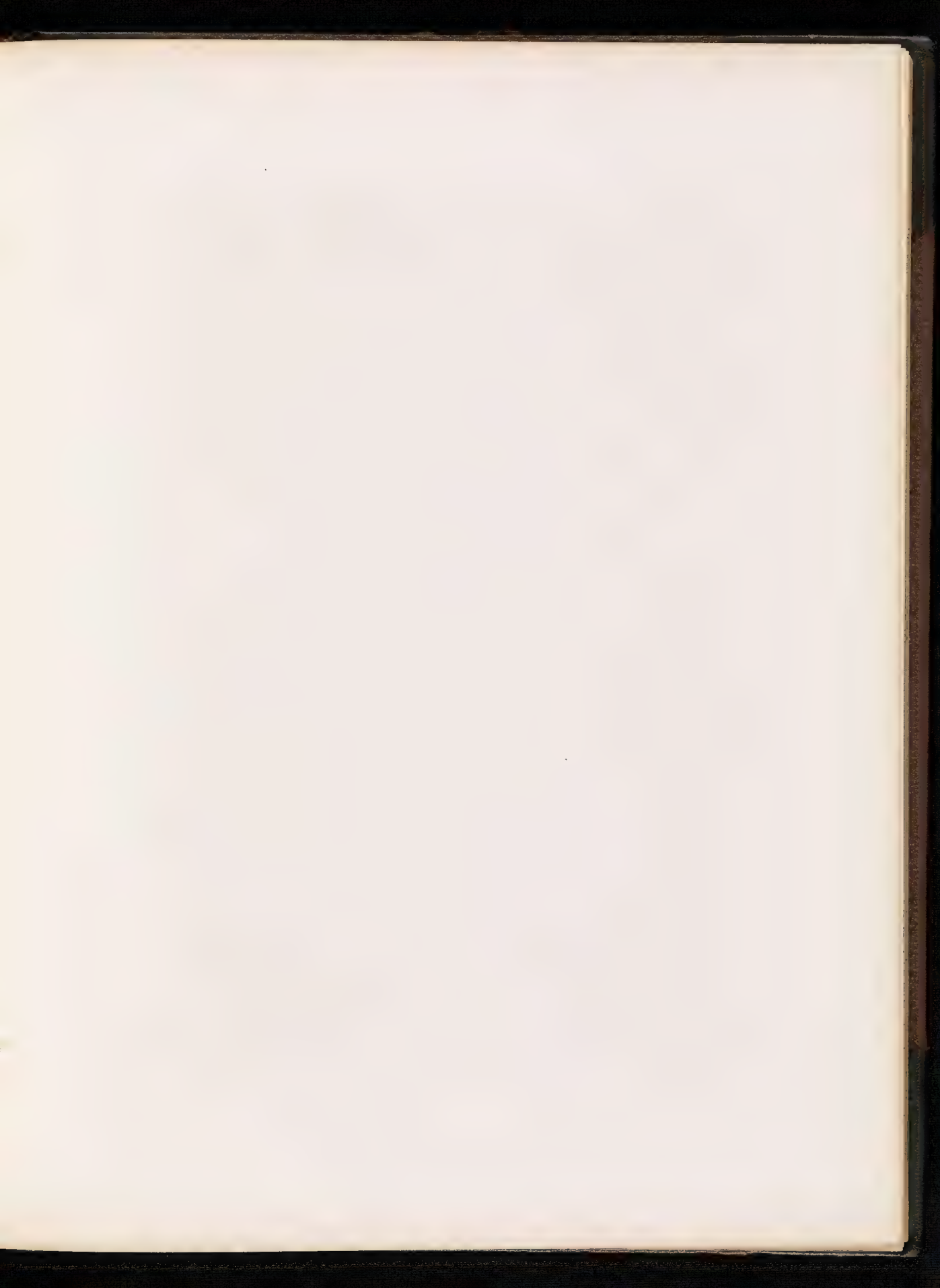
HERODIAS was the wife of Herod Philip, half-brother of Herod Antipas, Tetrarch of Galilee, when the latter met her and avowed for her a guilty love. Herodias so fully reciprocated this passion that, in defiance of the Jewish law, she procured a divorce from Philip and became the wife of Antipas. The scandal of this act was aggravated by the fact that Herod Antipas was already married to a daughter of the King of Aretas, who, upon the advent of the new wife, indignantly quitted Herod and returned to her father, who avenged his daughter's insult by a successful attack upon the territories of Herod.

But this scandal would doubtless have faded from remembrance, and Herodias herself have been unknown to later ages, were it not for the dark tragedy that is associated with her illicit marriage. When John, the Messiah's forerunner, appeared, rebuking sin, and calling all men to repentance, he spared not the guilty occupants of the throne. Undeterred by fear of royal wrath he told Herod plainly, "It is not lawful for thee to have thy brother's wife." Sin is intolerant: it will outrage humanity, trample upon law, and defy Heaven;—but it will not endure reproof. The vengeful nature of Herodias was stirred by the Prophet's censure and she resolved upon his death. Her husband shared her resentment, but was restrained from the instant execution of his murderous design partly by a remnant of religious or superstitious awe, and partly by fear of the people who recognized John as God's prophet. He, however, seized John and cast him into prison. Meanwhile the vindictive Herodias nursed her bloody purpose, and was prompt to take advantage of an unexpected occasion for its accomplishment.

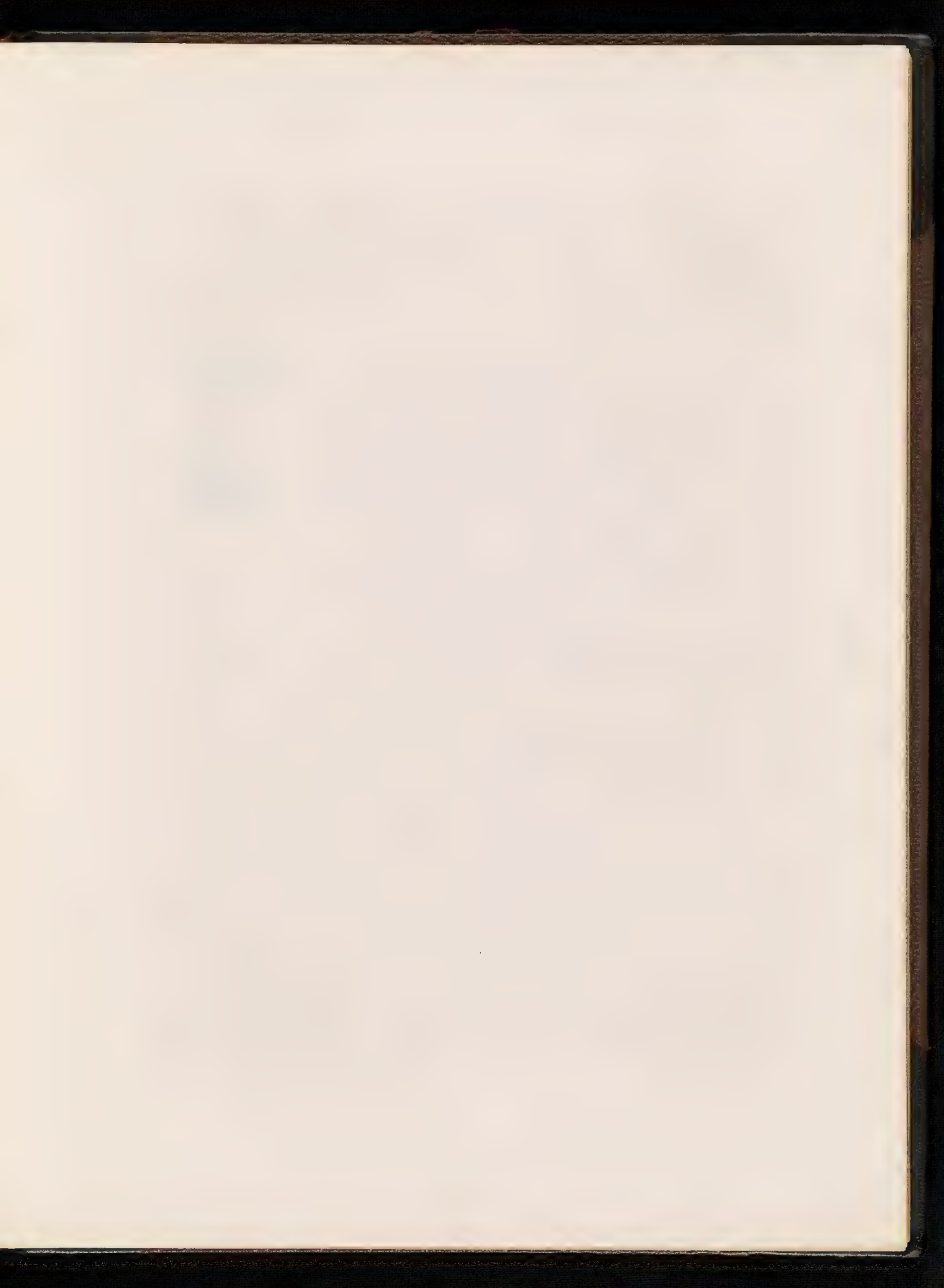
At a great feast given by her husband on his birth-day, Salome, Herodias's daughter, came in and danced one of those dreamy, voluptuous, Eastern dances, with such rare grace, that the King, inflamed with wine, rashly promised to accord her any gift that she might demand of him, even to the half of his kingdom. Before availing herself of this extravagant offer, the maiden sought the advice of her mother. To her question, "What shall I ask?"—the quick answer came,—"The head of John the Baptist." And so, worthy daughter of such a mother, Salome, with no apparent trace of reluctance, returned to the King and said, "I will that thou give me, in a charger, the head of John the Baptist." The King, unscrupulous as he was, recoiled from this sanguinary request; yet "for his oath's sake, and for their sakes which sat with him, he would not reject her." The Prophet, therefore, was instantly beheaded, the head placed in a charger and given to the damsel who brought it to her mother.

The mother's portrait, as conceived by our artist, is before us. "Behold the picture! Is it like?" Truly here is a woman formed for voluptuous dalliance, yet crafty as sin and remorseless as the grave. In her present mood, her face is as impassive as that of the sphynx. Her thoughts are deeply engrossed with things not present, and her eyes are fixed on vacancy;—but what tiger-like passion lurks in those dark deep eyes, and those sensuous lips! The picture was exhibited in the Salon of 1881.

M. Constant was born in Paris in 1845, and was a pupil of Cabanel. Although still young he has attained high eminence in his profession and received several medals and the Cross of the Legion of Honor.







GIVE US BARABBAS!

CHARLES-LOUIS MÜLLER, *Pinx.*

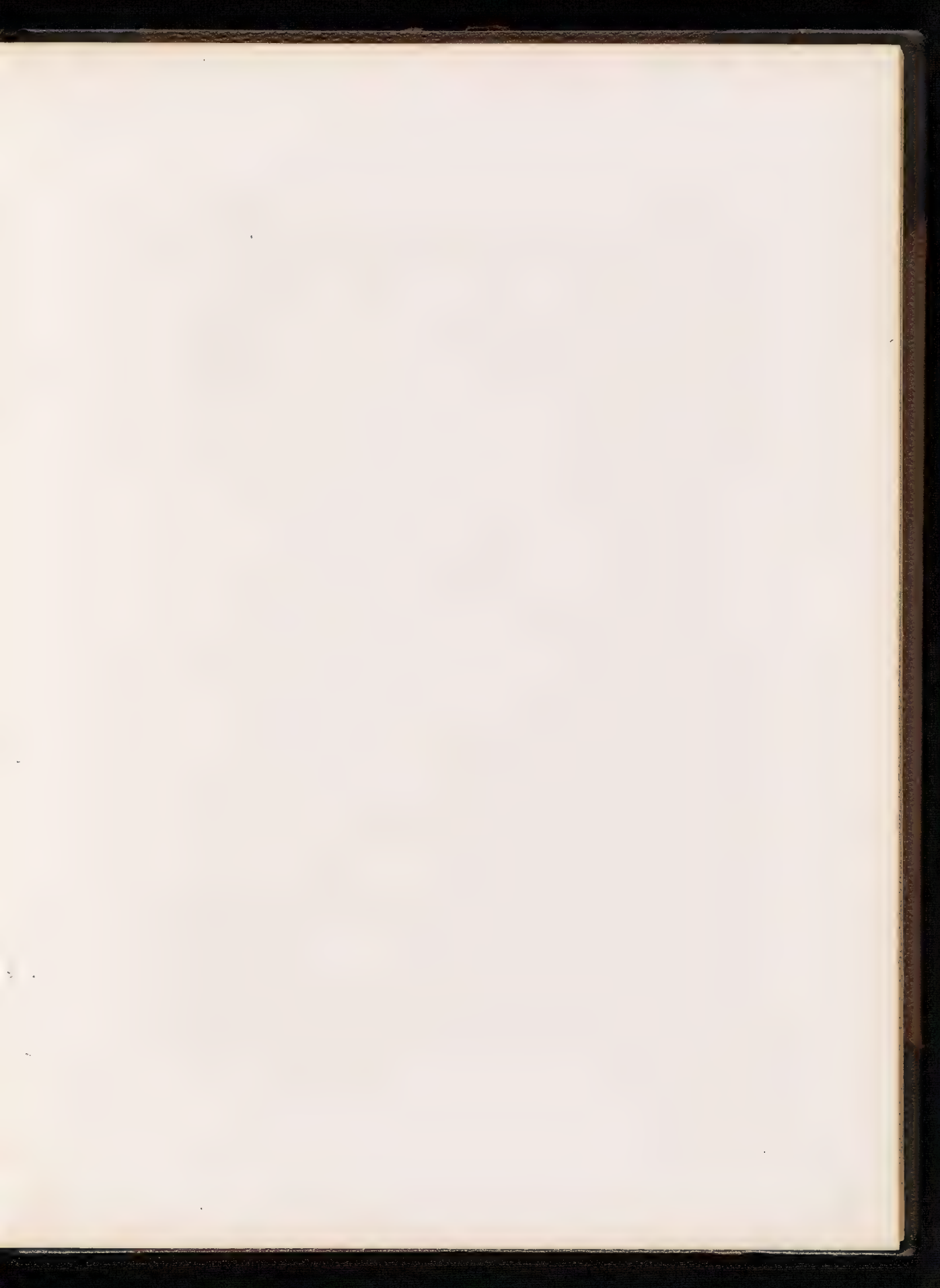
GOUPIL & Co., *Gravure.*



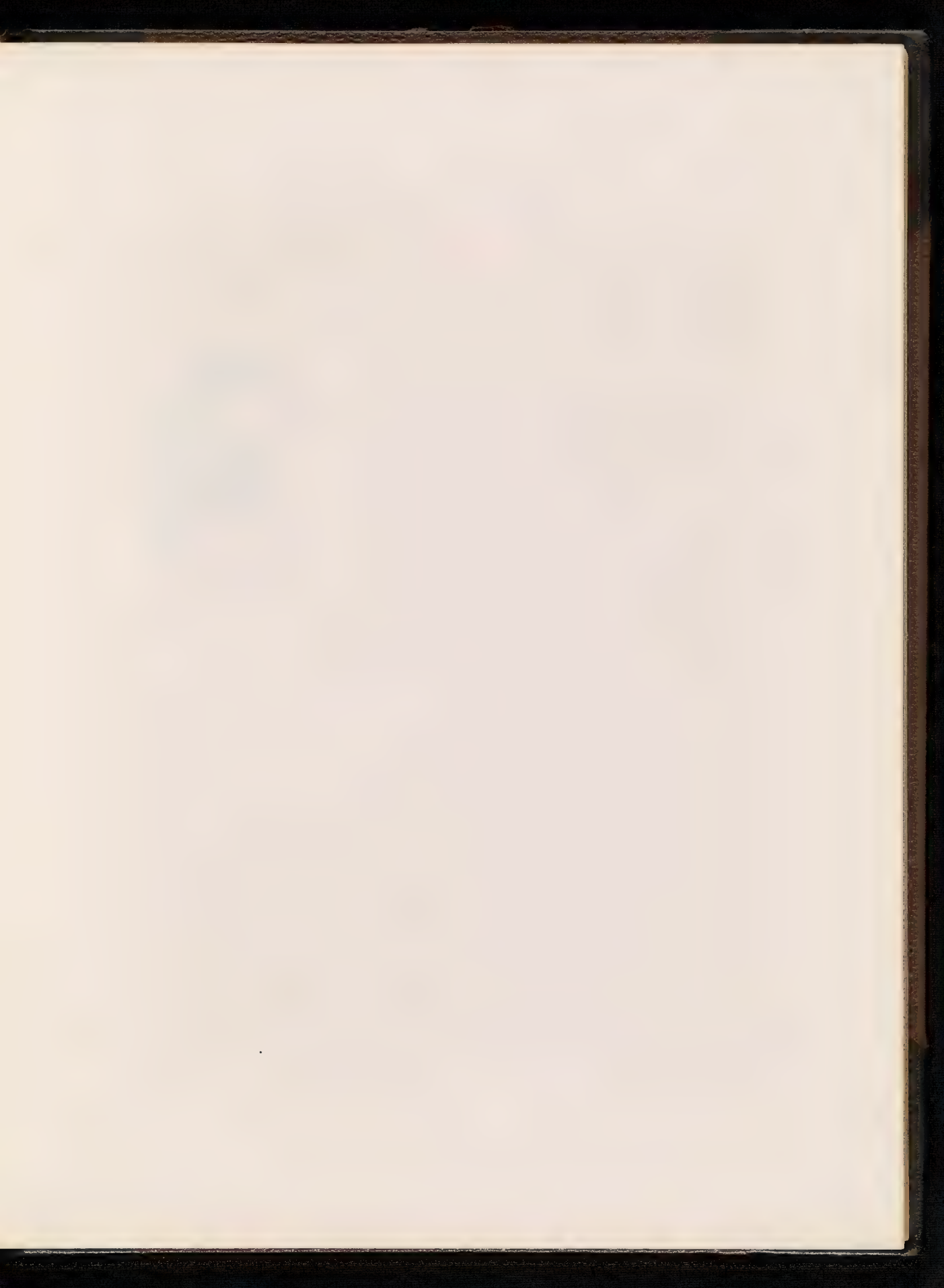
THIS is a scene in the world's most terrible and august drama. Who is not familiar with its painful details? The rulers of the Jews had resolved on the death of Christ, and had passed sentence upon him after a form of trial in which both law and justice were insulted; but, being a subject people, they lacked authority to inflict capital punishment; and so they brought their victim to Pontius Pilate, the Roman Governor, with a false charge of treason against Rome. When Pilate, after examining the prisoner, "found no fault in him at all," and was minded to let him go, his blood-thirsty accusers, hypocritically feigning zeal for a hated ruler, cried out, "If thou let this man go, thou art not Cæsar's friend!" It was customary at the feast of the Passover, for the Roman Governor to release some Jewish prisoner, as an act of grace, and Pilate therefore proposed to release Jesus in accordance with this precedent; but, to his surprise, the proposal was greeted with fierce cries of "Away with him! Crucify him!—not this man, but Barabbas!" Barabbas was a robber and a murderer; and yet the frantic crowd vociferated their preference for him, mingled with imprecations on Christ, as though the ignominious death of a pure and holy benefactor and the liberty of a murderous desperado, were the two greatest boons in life.

In addition to its direct historic purpose, this picture of M. Müller's may be regarded as symbolizing those critical choices between good and evil that are constantly being submitted to human hearts. As Christ stands for all that is good and beneficent and holy in life, so Barabbas typifies the base, the lawless and the malevolent. In this motley crowd that have spurned Christ and madly affirmed their preference for Barabbas, we discern the various classes of society and phases of human passion: Ambition and pride are represented by the chief priests and the Pharisees; the spirit of lawlessness and crime by the wretch with uplifted hands who stands screaming behind Barabbas; the gay women in the throng are types of voluptuous excess, and the improvised Bacchus, in the right foreground stands, of course, for the maddening pleasures of the cup. Every one who delivers himself up to the dominion of a selfish and sinful passion, joins himself to this mad throng who reject Incarnate Virtue and make choice of Barabbas. The ominous presence of the prison in the background, points its own moral.

M. Charles-Louis Müller is one of the most illustrious of living French painters. Nearly all his pictures are historical, and none of them perhaps is better known than the immense and thrilling canvas entitled *The Roll-Call of Victims in the Reign of Terror*. M. Müller was born in 1815. He has received the highest medals, is Officer of the Legion of Honor, and Member of the Institute. *Give us Barabbas* was exhibited in the Salon of 1878.







PLACE DE LA CONCORDE, PARIS.

JOSEPH DE NITTIS, *Pinx.*

GOUPIL & Co., *Gravure.*



CONSPICUOUS among the beautiful features of the world's most beautiful city, is the Place de la Concorde. A painful historic interest attaches to the site, from the fact that here was erected the guillotine on which perished Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, Philippe-Égalité and other victims of the Revolution. But no trace of this remains; nought but objects of beauty and superb vistas now greet the eye on this splendid and spacious area. We view the scene from the south. Directly back of us (and, of course, not shown in the picture), is the river Seine, which forms the southern boundary of the Place, and is crossed at this point by the Bridge of Concord (Pont de la Concorde). The two stately buildings which form the northern boundary are the palaces of the Ministry of Marine and the Garde-Meuble. On the east (the right of the picture) is the Garden of the Tuileries, and on the west, the Champs-Élysées. At the northern and southern ends are two large and beautiful bronze fountains. That on the south (in the foreground of the picture) is dedicated to River Navigation, and that on the north to Maritime Navigation. The obelisk which rises in the centre of the Place was brought from Luxor, in Egypt, and was erected here in 1836. It is eighty feet high, weighs 50,000 pounds, and is mounted on a solid block of Brittany granite thirteen feet high and six feet wide. At the angles of the Place, are eight pavilions surmounted by colossal statues representing the cities of Lyons, Marseilles, Bordeaux, Nantes, Rouen, Brest, Lille and Strasbourg. We spoke of the superb vistas. Standing in the centre of the Place and looking northward the eye is arrested by the front façade of the beautiful church of the Madeleine, a Grecian edifice of white marble, whose outline dimly appears in the picture. Looking southward, across the Seine, at the end of the bridge (which is directly opposite the street at the foot of which stands the Madeleine) the view terminates with another splendid Grecian edifice of white marble,—the Corps Legislatif. Turning now to the east the eye ranges through the beautiful Garden of the Tuileries, with its fountains, statues, and noble trees, till it pauses before the western front of the Palace of the Tuileries. Westward the view is, perhaps, the finest of all; the eye sweeps through the Champs-Élysées, then along the broad Avenue des Champs-Élysées to the Grand Arc de Triomphe de l'Étoile, and, piercing that, away beyond, over the Avenue of the Grande Armée until the vision loses itself in the distance.

The artist has presented the scene on a wet day—just after a shower. The view is eminently faithful and characteristic. The picture was first exhibited at the Salon of 1875. M. de Nittis was born at Barletta, Italy, and was a pupil of Gérôme. He received a Salon medal of the third class in 1876; a medal of the first class at the Universal Exposition of 1878; and the Cross of the Legion of Honor in 1878.

of the throne, on the left, stands Authority, holding a flag, that of Country. At the right, on the steps of the temple, a casqued figure, Force, reclines. Her elbow rests upon a lion, and she watches over a nude infant at her side, the image of Innocence. Finally, to emphasize the signification and destination of his work, M. Baudry has introduced, with great decorative effect, the figure of a magistrate wearing the red robe and the ermine of a President of the Court of Cassation. This personage, who mingles the tangible with the imaginary, the human with the symbolical, is of a proud *tournure*. Raising his cap, he seems to bow before Law and to salute her as one should salute the beneficent goddess. . . This magistrate, with the dominante of his red robe mingling with the ethereal ensemble of the composition, completes it in a happy manner; the more so, as it is painted as a portrait, thus reminding the offenders against Law, that however lofty the place of her habitation, she has, in the all-fours of social existence, impeccable agents charged with the oversight and execution of her decrees." All the critics concur in the lofty strain of eulogy adopted by M. Montrosier. Referring to this new triumph of M. Baudry, in connection with his famous decorations of the Opera House, M. Merson says: "We may expect everything from a man who never sleeps on his laurels, nor allows himself to be made torpid by triumph. . . The ceiling of M. Baudry is one of those noble works which make the glory and legitimate the pride of a school."



COUNTRY. (Salon of 1881.)
FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY GEORGES BERTRAND

The Medal of Honor for sculpture was not at once conferred, as neither of the two favorites of the Jury, M. Allar and M. Gautherin, had the requisite number of votes; but ultimately it was awarded to M. André-Joseph Allar for his marble group, the *Death of Alceste*. "By its qualities of impassible correctness,"—says M. Vachon,—“by the merits of the composition learnedly elaborated, in which nothing shocks nor surprises the spectator, the “Death of Alceste” justifies fully the choice of a Jury who were only embarrassed in their judgment by a work conceived in the same spirit of moderation,—the *Paradise Lost* of M. Gautherin.” Concerning the latter work, Mr. Forbes-Robertson says: “Adam is seated, and Eve [at his feet] leans her elbows on his legs, while he places his hands on her arm and shoulder lovingly and consolingly. The grouping is remarkably happy.”

Another work prominently considered in connection with the Medal of Honor, was *The Defense of Paris*, by M. Barrias,—a large female figure wearing a turret-crown, holding a sword in one hand and a flag in the other. At her feet is a soldier, wounded, but preparing to fire. It was designed for erection at the round-point of Courbevoie.

The Prize of the Salon was awarded to M. Alfred Boucher for his plaster group entitled *Filial Love*, which represents the Roman daughter whose filial piety impelled her to nourish from her own breasts her

imprisoned and starving father. (See sketch on p. 39.) The father, an aged man, is seated, while the daughter, standing, leans over him partly supporting herself by her hand placed on his shoulder. The work is simply and delicately conceived. Precisely the same subject was treated by another sculptor, H. Lemaire, in a manner somewhat more elaborate.

A first medal was conferred upon Jean-Léon Gérôme, for his group in plaster, *Anacreon, Bacchus and Love*. "The old poet," says M. Vachon, "stands draped majestically in his long robe as priest of Venus, holding in his arms the two children, whom he regards with a paternal smile, full of roguishness and gaiety. It is the work of an artist divided between the brush and the chisel. The predilection for the picturesque, in the translation of a complex idea, at once philosophical and poetic, marks it more than the research and the regard for form and beauty." (See sketch on p. 40.)

The *Saint John*, in marble, also procured for its author, Jean Dampet, a first medal. The subject is represented as a child, kneeling. It is severe, simple, and elevated in character, and thoroughly original. It was much admired.

Two notable works in plaster, by young men of brilliant promise, were the *François Villon*, of François Etcheto, and *Before the Age of Stone*, by E. N. J. Carlier. The former shows the poet as he describes himself in the last verse of his "Petit Testament." It is most sympathetic in conception and admirable in execution, and won for the author a medal of the third class. Of the second work (see sketch on p. 40), M. Vachon says: "A primitive man, one of those rude ancestors who have served



A BEARER OF DISPATCHES. (Salon of 1881.)
FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY ALPHONSE DE NEUVILLE.



DEATH OF RICHARD CŒUR DE LION. (Salon of 1881.)
FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY ADOLPHE-É.-E. STEINHEIL.

as types of Hercules and of Antæus, is in conflict with a wolf, which he seizes vigorously by the throat with one hand, while with the other he breaks the animal's jaw. The composition, of a very energetic character, is yet neither overwrought nor commonplace. It attaches itself by its noble manner to the best traditions of the French school; and the execution presents qualities of frankness and liberty in which we recognize a well-conducted artistic education and a serious science." Both M. Etcheto and M. Carlier received from the State one of the Travelling Purses awarded for the first time at this Salon.

A group by M. Gustave Doré, entitled

Christianity, was generally admitted to be the best work in sculpture that this fertile artist had produced. It represents a nun, or sister of charity, amidst the fire and smoke of a besieged city carrying a sick companion to a place of safety. The work was much admired for its vivid expression and vigorous execution.

The *Wrecker*, a statue in bronze by Pierre-Marie Ogé, is an able presentation of one of a wild race of men inhabiting the rocky coast of Brittany where shipwrecks are frequent. They subsist not only upon the spoils of vessels accidentally cast upon their shores, but are accused of luring ships to their destruction by treacherous lights. The subject is treated with signal success by M. Ogé. The expression, and the action of this brawny coastman as he is about to fling his grappling iron are admirable. (See sketch on p. 38.)



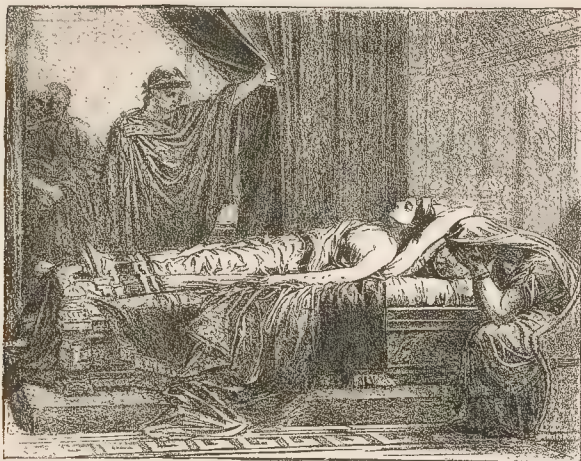
A BATTERY (Salon of 1881.)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY EUGÈNE CHAPERON.

At least one more work of sculpture must be mentioned, viz., *Lioness Changing her Home*, by M. Auguste-Nicolas Cain,—a work which for profound knowledge of physiological character, and sculptural forms of animal nature, as well as for its powerful lines and broad execution, is a masterpiece.

No first medals were awarded in the section of painting.

Among the recipients of second medals was M. Georges Bertrand, whose contribution, entitled *Country* (see sketch on p. 41), won golden opinions and was marked by several prominent critics for the Prize of the Salon; but, as we have seen, that prize was adjudged to a work of sculpture. Mr. Forbes-Robertson thus speaks of M. Bertrand's picture: "His *Country* is a large canvas crowded with soldiers, two of whom lead down a hill a wounded horse on which sits a wounded officer, who is kept with difficulty in his saddle. One of his mounted comrades tries gently to relieve him of the regimental flag he has defended so well, but he presses it to his bosom with the tenacity of a death-grasp, and lies fainting back in his saddle. Those who remember the Valasquez-like power of drawing and force of color which characterized the lamented Henri Regnault, will have a very good idea of the qualities which make this work, in my opinion, one of the most notable in the exhibition." M. Bertrand is a young man.



DEATH OF AGRIPPINA. (Salon of 1881.)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY JOSEPH-FORTUNÉ LAYRAUD.

souvenirs by the recital of the various episodes which signalized it. Incontestably a new school of painters of soldiers was born from our disasters. It was founded immediately after those terrible events which were fraught with such surprise, such cruel deception, and brought with them such bitter lessons. It is well that some of us should profit by all these sufferings, and that so much blood should not be poured out in vain. Our school of military painting has been fortified and rejuvenated by the spectacle of our defeats, and from past disasters it has won its present victories. . . This new school has not followed the traditions left by our former painters of great battles,—celebrators of victories for the most part,—whose chief aim appeared to be to assemble, in vast compositions of doubtful reality, as many triumphant Frenchmen and of discomfited enemies as their canvases could contain. It is more sincere, more concerned with truth, more exact, and more humane. It endeavors to tell that which it has seen, omitting nothing and adding nothing thereto. It essays the history of military facts after the documents that it has preserved and the information it has gathered. It narrates the war rather than the battle, and is less occupied with interesting us in the event than in the man. It applies to painting those processes of rigorous observation and precise research that are employed in the literature of our time. In a word, to borrow an expression which, though inaccurate, is generally accepted, it has become that which M. Zola wishes the Republic to become—*naturalistic*."

M. Detaille's contribution, *The Distribution of Flags*, is an immense canvas (about thirty feet long, the largest in the exhibition), most of the figures being larger than life. Several passages are ex-

He studied under MM. Yvon, Barrias, and Bonnat. Besides a Salon second medal, he received from the State, on this occasion, one of the Travelling Purses.

The famous military painters whose absence from the last Salon was so conspicuous, were all represented this year. "Military painting," says M. Gustave Gœtschy, "holds an important place in the Salon of this year. It is a fact curious to note, that the farther we recede from that time of never-to-be-forgotten miseries witnessed by the war of 1870, the larger grows the number of artists who have resolved to perpetuate its



AUTOMEDON. (Salon of 1881.)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY EDMOND-GEORGES GRANDJEAN.

ceptionally able and effective; but the work is unequal. It was executed on a commission from the State. A French critic says of it: "This very important picture is at the present hour, in spite of some light defects, a work of high and powerful artistic interest. It will soon become one of the most interesting and authentic historic documents of the times."

M. de Neuville contributed *The Cemetery of Saint Privat*, and *A Bearer of Dispatches*. The subjects are both derived from the Franco-Prussian war. Of the former picture, which is a souvenir of a heroic defence by the French against overwhelming odds, one critic remarks: "It will remain the worthy pendant of 'The Last Cartridges.' Never has more poignant emotion been obtained by truer means." In the second picture (see sketch on p. 42), is figured a French soldier who, disguised as a peasant and seeking to convey dispatches into Metz, is seized by the German patrols, and rudely searched. Evidence enough to warrant his death is already discovered. The doomed man knows that he has but a few minutes to live. Calm and courageous, however, he is a type of patriotism that every Frenchman will behold with emotion. The almost brutal sternness of his captors is not softened by the artist. MM. Detaille and de Neuville were both advanced, this year, to the grade of Officer of the Legion of Honor.

M. Léon Couturier was represented by *The Story* (a wounded soldier relating his adventure to a group of comrades); M. Berne-Bellecour by *The Attack on the Chateau of Montbéliard*; M. Protais by *The Flag and the Army*, a large work executed for a chamber of the Ministry of War; and M. Eugène Chaperon by *A Battery* (see sketch on p. 43.) In the latter work we perceive a battery taking position in a village street. The equipage and all the evolutions are according to the rules of war.

Some of the men are loading and pointing the guns; an officer, at his post of combat, calmly directs the movements; while the commander, standing at the door of the house, interrogates the people of the place and informs himself accurately concerning the position that he has just occupied. Already the enemy, having detected the presence of the battery, has opened fire upon it, the effect of which is seen in the horse in the foreground which lies in the agonies of death. The sureness of hand with which the personages are put in place, and the truth and variety of their attitudes, denote an observing and resolute mind, well versed in all that pertains to the military trade.

Among the works devoted to historic subjects none excited more remark than Paul-Joseph Blanc's *The Triumph of Clovis*, a large frieze designed for the decoration of the Pantheon. It is in two compartments. In the first, Clovis is seen in procession with his chief associates, following Faith, who elevates the chalice surmounted by the rayed Host. In the second compartment are ecclesiastics, martyrs,



EROS. (Salon of 1881.)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY ÉDOUARD ROSSET-GRANGER.

saints and neophytes. The latter section was regarded as the most successful, and yet it evoked numerous strictures for the reason that the actors in the scene are portraits of contemporaries, some of whom, it was insisted, are very improperly exhibited in a guise so inconsistent with their actual professions. But the artist has many authoritative precedents for his course, and is absolved from censure by the best critics. The first figure on the right of the picture, that of Aurelianus (see sketch on p. 37), is a portrait of M. Gambetta; the third figure (Saint Avitus), wearing a bishop's mitre and turning the leaves of a book, is a portrait of M. Antonin Proust; the monk at his side (Saint Wast) is the artist's father; the sixth figure (Saint Volusianus), in profile, with hands crossed behind, is M. Coquelin, Sr.; Galactorius, the sitting figure with a sword in his hand, is a portrait of M. Clémenceau; the man who supports him with his arms, is M. Paul Bert; the man in the background wearing a cap and carrying a staff surmounted with a cross, is M. Édouard Pasteur; the soldier with a spear who bends over Galactorius, is M. Lockray; the soldier whose head is covered by the two spear-points is M. Antoine Mercié, the sculptor; and the figure on the extreme left is the painter, M. Blanc, himself. Of the figures in the first compartment, that of Faith is a portrait of Mme. Blanc; Mme. Edmond Adam appears in Saint Clothilde; and MM. Aurelien Blanc and Eloi Beral, and Dr. Duval, figure respectively as a geni, a soldier, and Saint Hilaire. Intrinsically, the work is learned and well-balanced, and shows in many respects the qualities of a master.



EN ROUTE FOR THE TEMPLE OF CERES. (Salon of 1881.)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY L. ALMA TADEMA.



DECEMBER. (Salon of 1881.)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY FRANÇOIS-ÉMILE MICHEL.

Samson and Delilah, by Léon-François Comerre, challenged attention among works of the historical class. The hero is studied with care after good models, and the Delilah bears a physiognomy in keeping with her treachery. Although the remainder of the composition did not escape criticism, the work was regarded by the Jury as of sufficient excellence to entitle the artist to a second class medal.

The Death of Agrippina is the subject of two pictures by different artists. One of these (that by J. A. Rixens), depicts the act of assassination; the other (by Joseph-Fortuné Layraud), presents a



A PATH IN THE WOOD. (Salon of 1881.)
FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAWING BY MAXIME
LALANNE.

scene after that act (see sketch on p. 44). In the latter picture Nero, having commanded the murder of his mother, is exhibited as gazing upon her corpse. The artist has shown great moderation in his treatment of the subject, for history records that Nero's inspection of his mother's body was grossly indecent and unnatural.

The Death of Richard Cœur de Lion, by Adolphe-Edouard Steinheil (see sketch on p. 42), illustrates the following passage from Martin's history: "He [Richard] commanded to be brought before him Bertrand de Goudon, who had wounded him, to whom he said: 'What wrong had I done thee? Wherefore hast thou killed me? Thou hast killed my father and my two brothers with thine own hand, and now thou wouldst kill me also! Take upon me the vengeance that thou wouldst; I will suffer willingly all the torments thou canst imagine, provided that thou thyself wilt die,—thou who hast caused so many and such great evils in the world. I pardon thee for my death.'" The work displays

much archeological erudition in the furniture and costumes, and imparts a truthful impression of the scene.

Among other works in this class that should not be overlooked are: *The Conquerors of the Bastille*, by François Flameng (who won the Prize of the Salon in 1879); *Tribunal under the Terror*, by Georges Cain; and *Herculaneum*, by Hector Leroux. The latter presents a scene at the destruction of the city A. D. 79 by an eruption of Vesuvius. A company of priestesses have fled, carrying with them the sacred vessels. Once out of danger they repose a moment and survey the city and its temples which disappear under the rising tide of lava. "The group of these women," says M. G. Schéfer, "is graceful and touching: they are alarmed, but not wild with terror, and it is this that pleases us. The priestesses of M. Leroux exhibit in exact measure the emotion which the disaster that they witness should occasion them.



THE HEATH OF KERRENIC. (Salon of 1881.)
FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY CAMILLE BERNIER.

Among the ancients death was not regarded with terror. Moreover, the contempt of death was never so universal as at this epoch of history."

Among the allegorical and mythological subjects, Alma-Tadema's *En Route for the Temple of Ceres—Spring*, occupied a prominent place (see sketch on p. 46). We quote M. Saint-Juirs: "In the foreground are a couple of lovers. The shepherd is Greek, the auburn-haired shepherdess is English, and



OLD WILLOWS AT WISSANT (Salon of 1881.)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY ÉMILE-ADELARD BRETON.

wears lightly one of those pretty costumes that the Tanagra statuettes have revealed to us. A long *cortège* which unrolls in the vast perspective follows the heroes of the fête. . . Ceres will be well-fêted. The execution of this canvas does great honor to M. Alma-Tadema. The figures are imbued with a free and joyous motion, and there are some exquisite details in the sunlit landscape which decorates the procession of shepherds and shepherdesses."

The *Eros* of Edouard Rosset-Granger (see sketch on p. 45), illustrates some lines of G. Dubufe: "Seated at the edge of a wood, on an ancient altar to which lovers are wont to come, Eros, at the decline of day, accompanies his songs on a mock violin. The music causes the birds to sing and human hearts to suffer. All creatures hasten to the spot." The pleasing conception is realized with much spirit, and with rich effects of color. The government showed its appreciation of the work by awarding to the artist one of the Travelling Purses. M. Rosset-Granger was a pupil of Cabanel, of Dubufe, and of Mazerolle.

Edmond-Georges Grandjean displays unusual vigor in his *Automedon*, the charioteer of Achilles. The horses are superbly designed and are charged with a mettle befitting steeds which draw the chariot of so great a hero (see sketch on p. 44). The picture received Honorable Mention.

In allegorical subjects the nude plays a prominent part. We observe a large number of Fountains (or Springs), a swarm of Nymphs, and a lot of Auroras, without counting the Loves, the Dreams, the Sleeps, and other symbols more or less transparent. Henner's *La Source*; J. N. H. Aussandon's *Nymph at the Tomb of Chrot*; J. Lefevre's *Ondine*; E. Benner's *Repose*; and W. A. Bouguereau's charming *Aurora*, are among those which assert their claim to notice.

Apropos of the symbolic uses of the nude female form, M. Saint-Juirs pleasantly observes: "As the figure alone is not sufficiently intelligible, it is usually rendered more intelligible by means of some significant accessories. Behold a nude woman:

"If she has some reeds at her feet she will be a Spring, or Fountain.

"If she is relieved against a background sown with stars, she will be Night.







DECEPTION.

ALFRED STEVENS, *Pinx.*

GOUPIL & Co., *Gravure.*



AY it not be fairly questioned whether any gratification that can be derived from deception or treachery, is not overbalanced by the discomfort, the sense of insecurity, the "suspicion" which "haunts the guilty mind," the loss of self-respect, and the lashings of conscience in lonely hours—all which evils naturally follow in the train of duplicity?

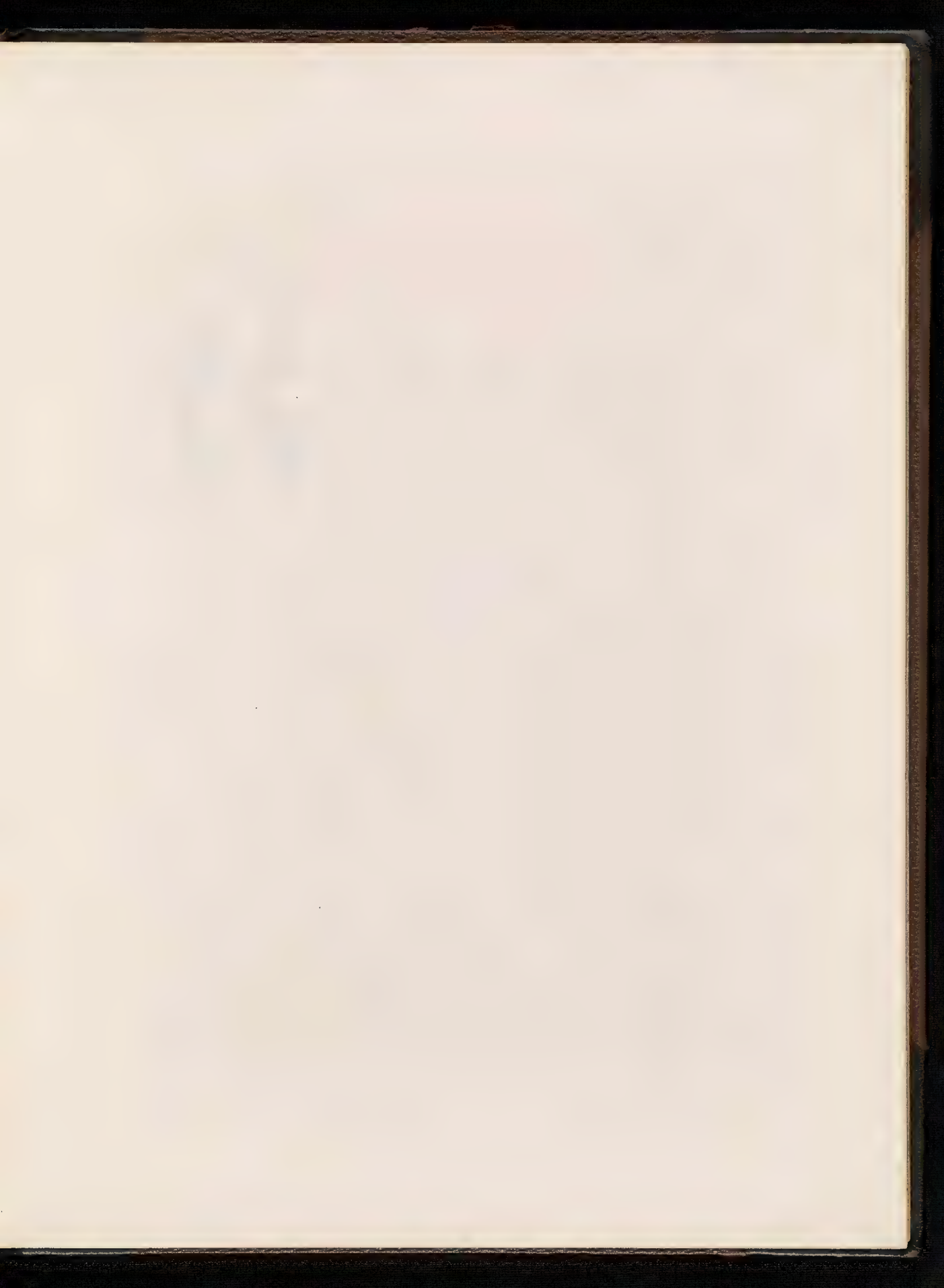
M. Stevens's deeply-studied picture both asks and answers this question. Its story might be that of a proud beauty—a queen of society—who has gained some momentary triumph at the expense of truth and sincerity, and who now, when the excitement of the pleasure has subsided, is compelled to count the cost. If she could retrace her steps,—if she could but recall the act whose alluring promise was as false as "dead-sea apples,"—which tempt the eye, but turn to ashes on the lips,—oh! how gladly she would do so. But that is impossible; and already she feels the sting that lies concealed in every illicit pleasure. Perhaps her duplicity has entailed consequences that threaten to cast a stain on the honor of a fair name and a blight on the happiness of a family. Whatever the precise nature of her deception, nothing can be more evident than that it has miserably failed to promote her happiness. As we look upon her troubled face, and mark the desperate gesture of the hand that crushes some ill-omened missive, we feel like saying,—Oh! lady fair, your short-lived triumph, your fleeting pleasure, has cost you dear!

M. Stevens is famous as a painter of the elegancies of fashionable life. In the perfect rendition of rich textures, of furniture and of *bric-à-brac*, he has few equals. Of his skill in this respect the beautiful draperies in our picture are an excellent example. How faithfully these superb fabrics are represented, and how tasteful is their arrangement! M. Stevens, who is a Belgian, studied under Navez in Belgium, and under Rocqueplan in Paris, so that he represents both schools. He has obtained many honors, including a first medal at Brussels in 1851; a third medal at the (Paris) Salon of 1853; and a second medal at the Salon of 1855; and a first medal at the Universal Exposition (Paris) in 1867. He was made Chevalier of the Legion of Honor in 1863, Officer in 1867, and Commander in 1878. He has also been made successively a Chevalier and Commander of the Order of Leopold.





THE LADY OF THE LAKELANDS



"THE MOST BEAUTIFUL TO THE MOST VALIANT."

ALFRED GUÉS, *Peint.*

GOUPIL & Co., *Gravure.*



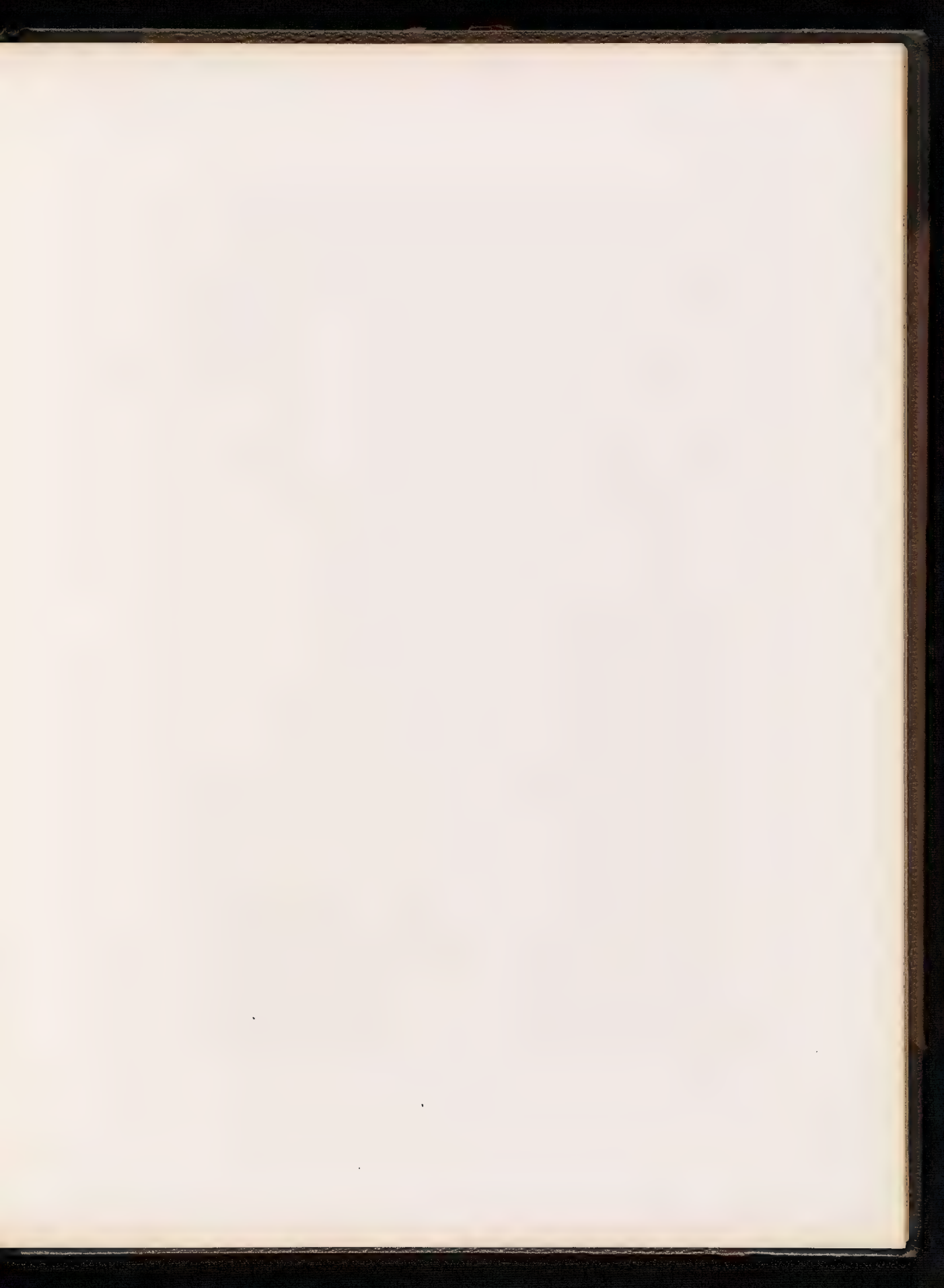
NOTWITHSTANDING the age of chivalry has departed nevermore to return, the poetry, the romance, the legendary lore, to which it gave birth and in which the valorous deeds of knighthood are enshrined, will never cease to captivate the fancy and to stir the blood of noble-minded men and women. When will the tales of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table lose their charm? or when will a romance like "Ivanhoe" fail to kindle generous souls?—never, so long as men are courageous and strong, and women are beautiful and pure.

The institution of knighthood, in the chivalrous sense, was an event of the middle ages, and grew out of the disturbed condition of society and the necessity for the weak to be protected by the strong. The feudal barons were at this time mostly marauding robbers, who were particularly given to plundering their neighbors of their women and their wealth. The Church, suffering largely from their predatory excursions, turned the warlike spirit of the age to its advantage, and, by introducing the religious element into the investiture of knighthood imparted to the ceremony a solemnity which created a special bond of attachment between the two. "The latent spirit of respect for woman, which existed in the middle ages, was made a powerful element in the foundation of the new order. The Virgin Mary, became the special tutelary divinity of knighthood, and by parity of reasoning, the sex was added to the Church in the esteem of the order, as being under its protection. This deference to woman and the Church became thereafter the chief impelling motive, under whose impulse the knights of the middle ages were incited to deeds requiring the greatest daring, self-denial, and tenacity of purpose."

The knights were, naturally, objects of interest and admiration to the ladies, who were proud to bestow upon them tokens of regard, such as penons, colors (or "favors"), and the like; and these tokens were powerful incentives to valor, on the part of the knights, who would transfer to the objects of their romantic devotion, the glory of their prowess. It is this sentiment that Cervantes immortally burlesqued in the persons of Don Quixote and Dulcinea del Toboso.

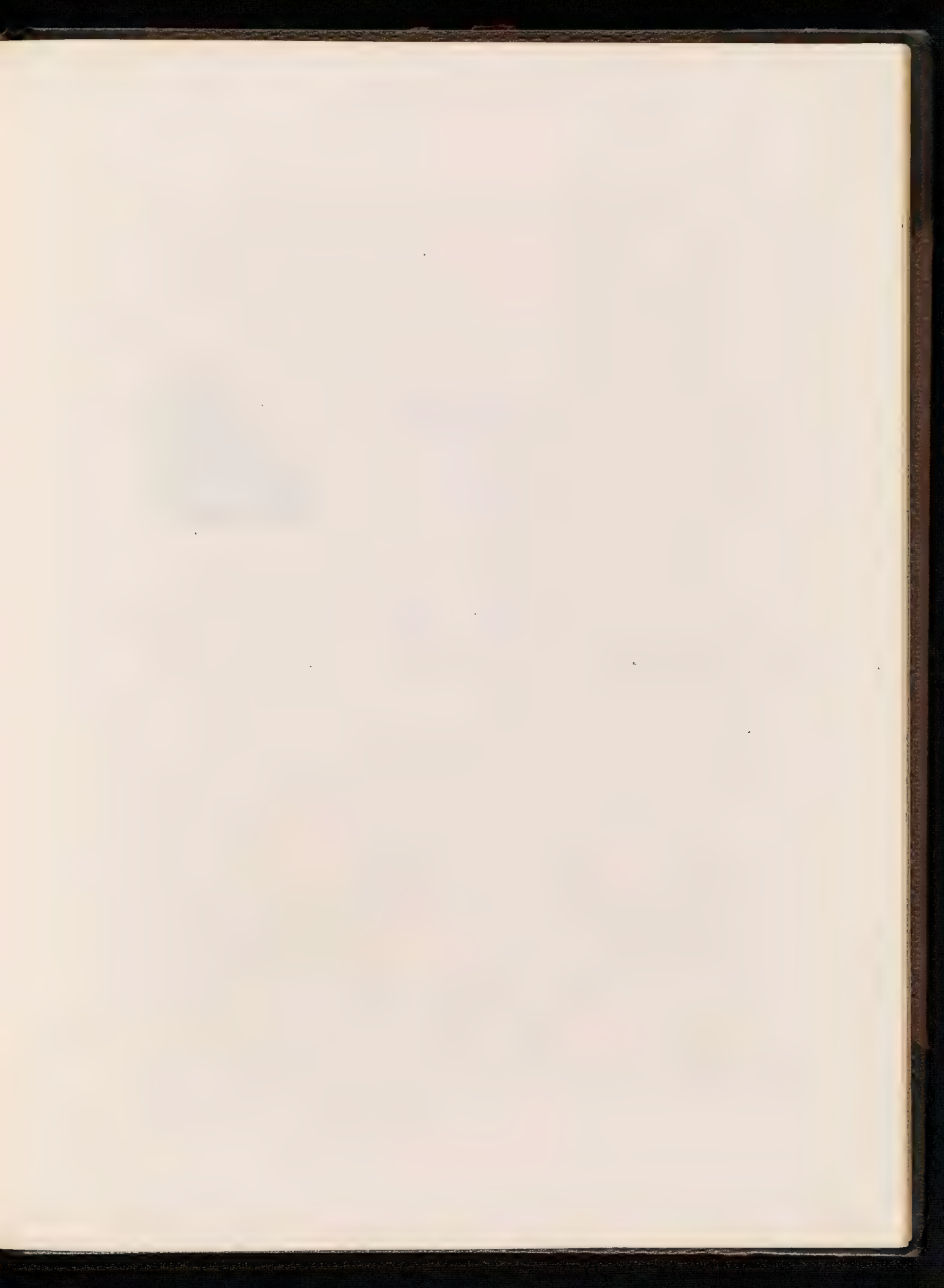
Tournaments were devised to afford the knights an opportunity of exhibiting their valor and skill in arms before the lovely fair of whose honor and beauty they were the proud champions. The title of our picture—"The Most Beautiful to the Most Valiant,"—was a favorite motto of knights contending in the lists in the sixteenth century. The prize of the tournament was bestowed upon the knight to whom it was adjudged, by a lady chosen for her preëminent charms, and styled the lady of the tournament, or the "queen of beauty." This act of presentation is the subject of M. Gués, interesting picture. The "lady of the tournament," richly arrayed, has risen from her throne, and holds in her hands the prizes she is to confer on the advancing hero, who will kneel at her feet, in token of the homage due to the virtue and beauty of her sex.

In this refined, serious, and carefully studied picture M. Gués betrays marked "pre-raphaelite" affinities. The work was exhibited in the Salon of 1881.





THE WOMEN OF THE VILLAGE



ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER.

HENRI LEROLLE, *Peintre*.

GOUPIL & Co, *Graveurs*.



EVENING is at hand. The sun has nearly set, leaving behind him that beautiful, mysterious, cloud-reflected light which we call twilight. It is the narrow boundary between day and night, when Nature becomes hushed, and composes herself to rest. And the sensitive soul of man is influenced by this quiet period; relaxing the busy toils of the day, he yields to thought and reverie. What indefinable power there is in a subdued landscape at this magical hour!—then may the lover of nature reap

“The harvest of a quiet eye.”

How simple the bit of nature placed before us in this picture! A group of bare trees; a broad, unruffled river; a few cattle being driven to the farm-yard; and two peasant women trudging silently homeward in the gathering dusk. Every element of the simple composition is homely and commonplace: yet, it brings us under a sweet, subtle spell; it appeals to the heart and kindles brooding thoughts within the brain. It partakes of the sentiment of Gray's beautiful stanzas:

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

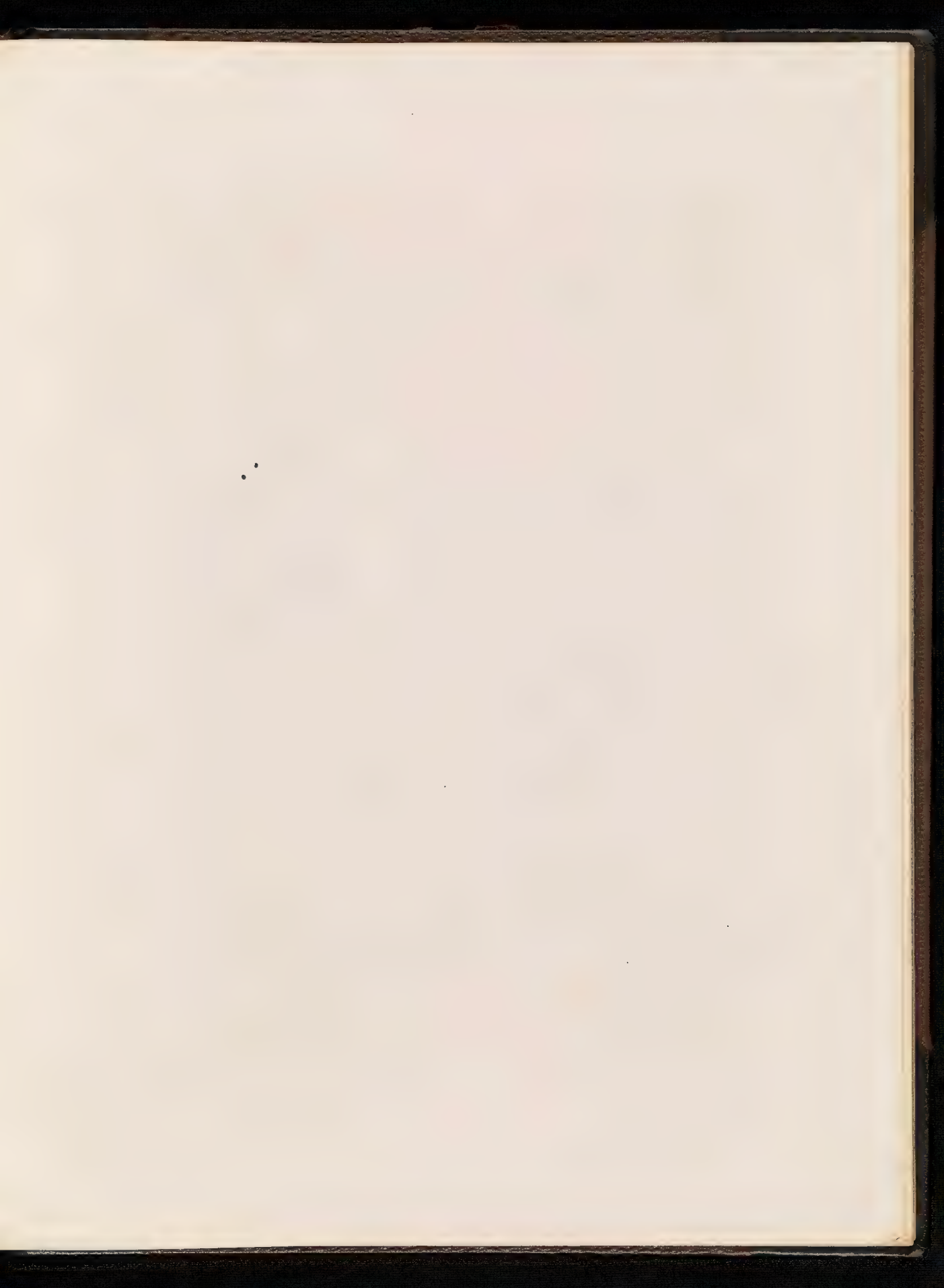
It has a mute voice to tell of the toils and cares, and likewise of the quiet, peaceful lot of earth's lowly ones; and thus too, it makes us feel the hollowness of the pomp and pride of life, for such a scene is

Meek Nature's evening comment on the shows
That for oblivion take their daily birth
From all the fuming vanities of earth.

M. Lerolle, whose picture proves his intimate and loving intercourse with Nature, was a pupil of Lamothe. He received a medal of the third class in 1879, and one of the first class in 1880. The present picture was exhibited at the Salon of 1881.







SUMMER EVENING.

JAN VAN BEERS. *Pinx.*

GOUPIL & Co., *Gravure.*

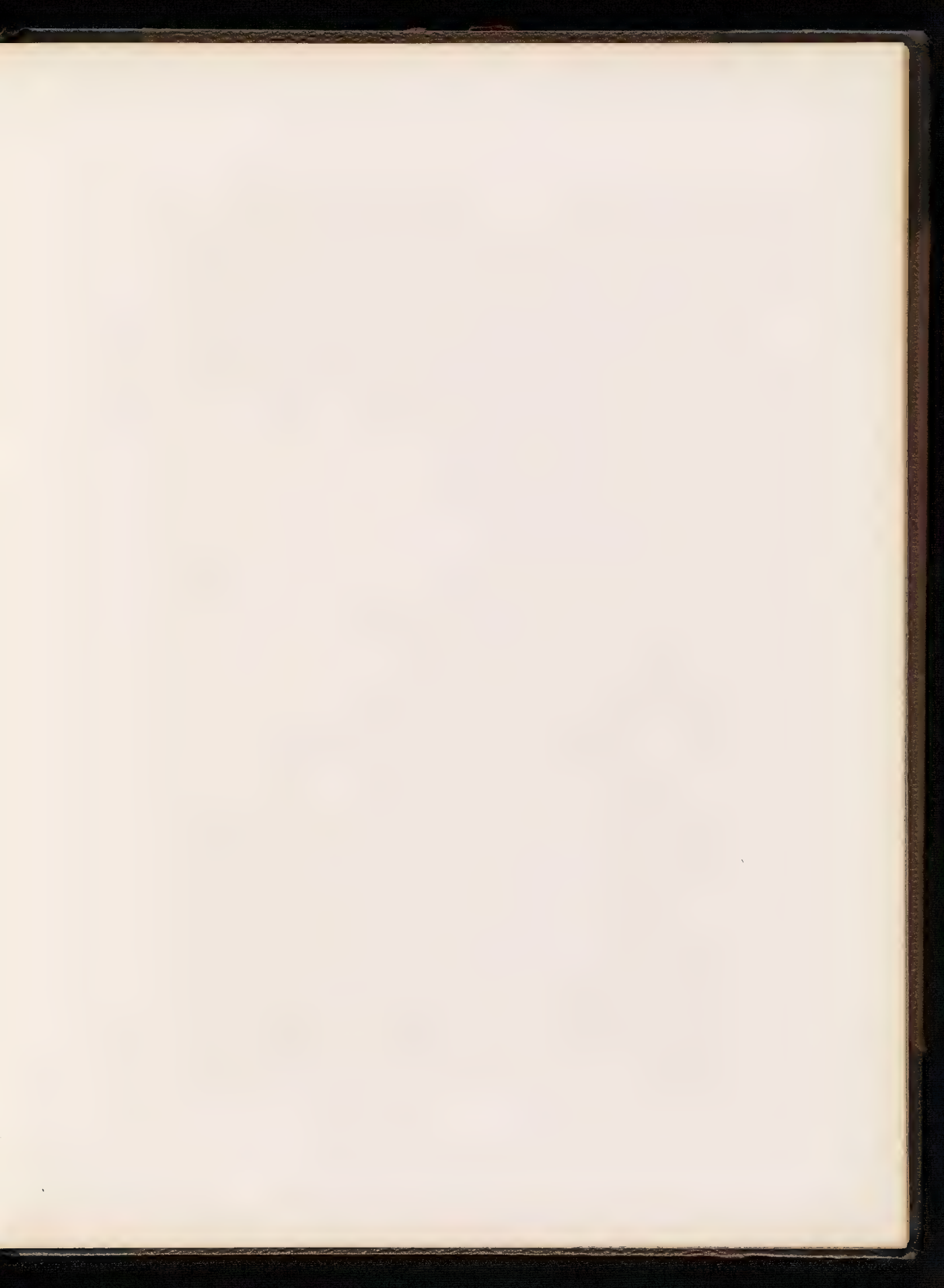


ONCEALED from the outer world, this beautiful solitude, with its massy walls of verdure, might well be one of nature's temples; and it requires but a slight stretch of the imagination to people it with dryads, fauns and satyrs drawn hither by the strains of the flageolet played by the now headless faun. But we are summarily re-called from the realm of mythologic fancies to the realities of modern life by the elegant and conventional young lady, who is the central attraction of the picture, and by her fashionable equipage. And yet, if we mark her expression, this pensive beauty is in thorough mental accord with her sylvan surroundings. She may not be one of those who find "sermons in stones," but doubtless she detects "tongues in trees," and can interpret the leafy whisperings that are wafted to her upon the summer breeze. After all, though fashions change, men change but little. Human sentiments and passions are to-day pretty much what they were ages ago, when, in the current belief, the forests were peopled by the fantastic creatures of our mythology. The heart is natural, and its impulses are as lasting as mortality will permit; whereas fashion is transitory and evanescent. Our heroine is for the time oblivious of fashion, having surrendered herself to the genius of the spot; and here, brooding and dreamy as the summer eve,

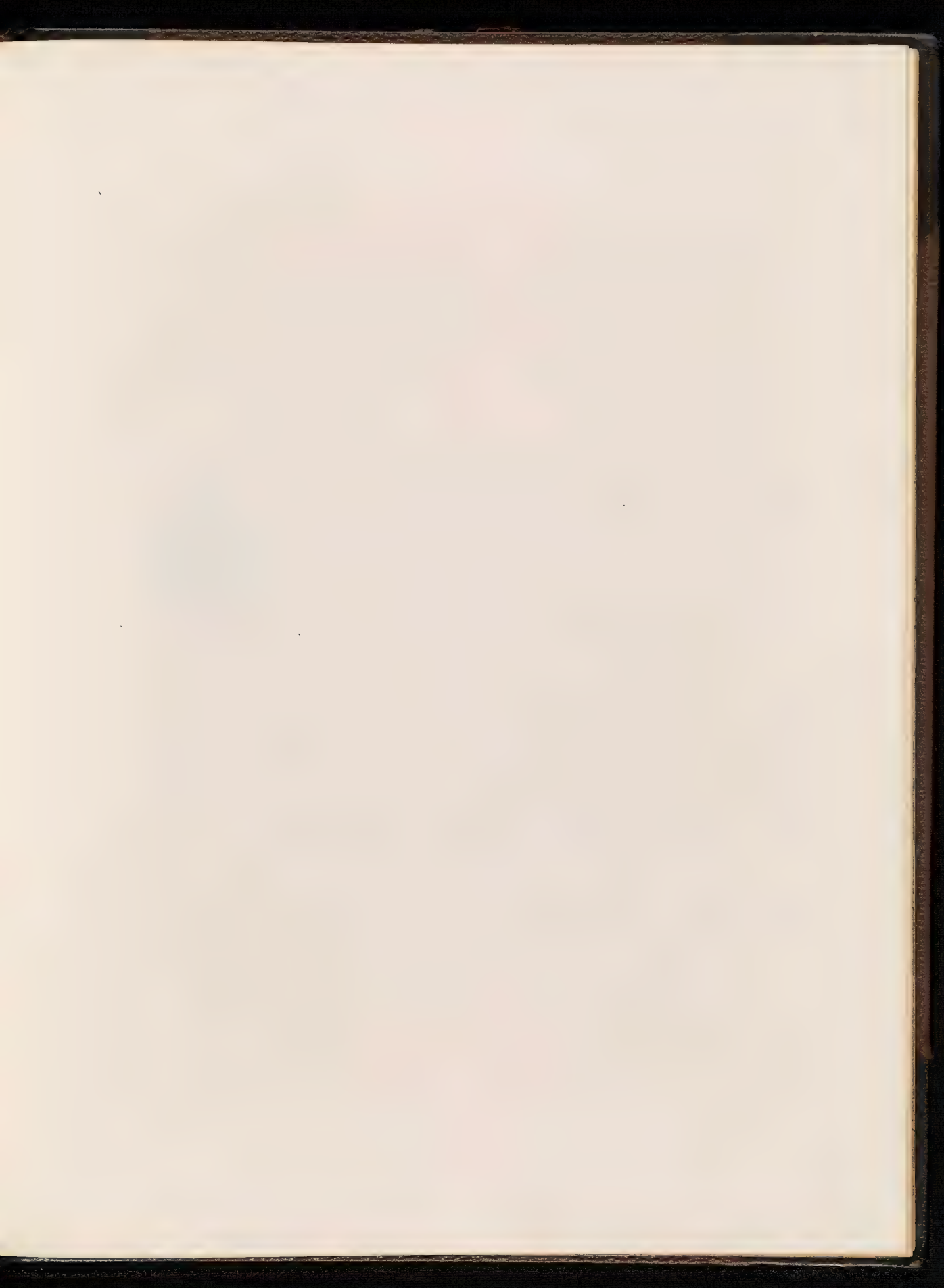
"to the sessions of sweet silent thought,
She summons up remembrance of things past."

It is natural to associate pensive, isolated maidens with thoughts of love. *Apropos* of this fancy, has our artist, by the introduction of the headless figure, intended a gentle satire upon the unreasoning god and his equally irrational votaries? Possibly.

Jan Van Beers is a Belgian painter of rising fame. *Summer Evening* was exhibited in the Salon of 1880.







IN THE CORNER OF A GARDEN.

ANTONIO CASANOVA, *Pinx.*

GOUPIL & Co., *Gravure.*



SORT of informal confession is here in progress. Where does M. Casanova get the models for his monks? They are coarse but consummate types of the human animal;—good-natured and jolly; hearty feeders; heavy sleepers; and strangers to nerves and dyspepsia. But they are not wholly “of the earth, earthy,”—for in that case they would elicit far less interest than they do. Take, for example, the reverend Confessor now before us: how much of speculation there is in his small merry eyes, and what abundance of shrewd and homely wit,—what keen relish of fun and appetite for gossip is expressed in his coarse features. Though we may be struck by the incongruity between the man and his calling, yet is he the more interesting by reason of the incongruity.

Our jolly mendicant friar has been the rounds, receiving donations from the faithful; and these donations, done up in a knotted kerchief, together with the old umbrella, give his reverence quite the appearance of a tramp. The pretty little Spanish donna had something on her mind or her heart, and so, after bestowing an offering on the friar she begs him to tarry to hear her tale, and to give her some ghostly counsel. Who could refuse such a request? Certainly not our curious and good-natured friar: and accordingly they retire to the corner of the garden for privacy. The confession doesn't appear to be of a painful nature, but that it is highly interesting no one in his senses can doubt, after a glance at the friar. What luxury of absorbing zest is betrayed by the inclination of his head; his face, which is one broad, comprehensive smile;—his hands clasped as in ecstasy; and even his upturned toes! Ah! it is a rare secret.

The delicate grace of the beautiful, high-bred girl is in striking contrast with the burly, rough-clad monk; yet the figures are finely harmonized by a present bond of sympathy. This masterly work was exhibited at the Salon of 1881.

M. Casanova was born at Tortosa, Spain, and was a pupil of MM. Lorenzale and F. Madrazo.

"If she is detached from a rosy sky, she will be Aurora.

"Is the sky grey? then she will become Twilight.

"I know a statue which has served by turns,—thanks to some insignificant changes in the accessories,—as Abundance, Industry, Progress, France, Peace, Maternity, and the Bourse. Finally it was sold under the title of *The Republic of San Salvador*."

One of the French critics begins his comments on the landscapes in this Salon with a lamentation. "Where," he demands, "are the successors of Diaz, of Corot, of Theodore Rousseau, of Jules Dupré, of Courbet, of Daubigny?" But if these masters are not represented by their equals, that is not saying that this Salon did not contain some choice examples of a department of painting which the French have carried to a high degree of perfection. Among many canvases worthy of note we can cite only: *Hay Harvest*, by Julien Dupré (which was honored with a second-class medal); *Morning Effect at the Pond of Mortefontaine*, by P. E. Péraire; *The Heath of Kerrenic*, by Camille Bernier; *Woodcutter's Hut*, by C. E. Dameron; *December*, by François-Emile Michel; and *Old Willows at Wissant*, by E. A. Breton.

M. Bernier's *Heath* (see sketch on p. 47), "shows the artist," says M. Merson, "painting with his habitual talent that which he loves and which he knows." Some large, pointed trees on the right and in the background; and in the foreground a stretch of soil sown with wild flowers, furze, and rocks, are



DEPARTURE OF THE FISHERWOMEN. (Salon of 1881.)
FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY EUGÈNE FEYTAUD.

the sole contents of this clear landscape; yet it has the interest of nature itself. M. Bernier, who was a pupil of L. Fleury, received Salon medals in 1868 and 1869, the cross of the Legion of Honor in 1872, and a medal of the second-class at the Universal Exposition of 1878.

The *December* of M. Michel (sketch on p. 46), shows a reedy pond, bordered by skeleton trees, the loneliness of the scene being relieved only by the presence of a few heron. The expanse of luminous sky, with its reflection in the water, affords an exquisite light, while the sentiment which pervades the picture excites a sympathetic feeling in the beholder.

A Path in the Wood, by Maxime Lalanne (see sketch on p. 47), is a piece of nature full of

beauty and repose. We have here the quiet of the forest without its gloom; for the warm, rich sunlight penetrates the shadows and, broken into countless reflections, gives an indescribable charm to the scene. The original is a crayon drawing. M. Lalanne is also a successful engraver. As painter and draughtsman, he received a medal of the third class in 1873, and the cross of the Legion of Honor in 1875; as engraver, he received medals in 1866 and 1874.

Émile-Adélaïde Breton's *Old Willows at Wissant* (see sketch on p. 48) is a pleasing study. No tree is more picturesque than the willow; and a row of old, gnarled willows growing beside a stream and bending over it by the force of affinity, not only delights an artist's eye, but has charms for every lover



TOWERS AT THE SABLES-D'OLONNES. (Salon of 1881.)
FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY HENRY LOUIS SCOTT.

of nature. Who is not happily reminded by this picture of some lovely country walk, bordered part way by just such a line of fine old willows? The writer's mind is carried fondly back by this simple scene to a spot redolent with the blithe memories of boyhood. While this work of M. Breton's is, strictly speaking, merely a study, the felicitous choice of the point of view, the angle of the line of trees, and the pleasant suggestiveness of the curving shore, and the group of farm-houses vaguely seen in the background, give it much of the feeling and value of a composed picture. M. E.-A. Breton is a brother of the still more celebrated Jules-Adolphe Breton, of whom he was also a pupil. He received Salon medals in 1866, 1867 and 1868, and a medal of the first class at the Universal Exposition of 1878. In the latter year he was made Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

"The Sea," says M. de Veyran, "has in all times inspired the souls of artists, who have sought to reproduce on the canvas the impressions that they received in presence of this magnificent spectacle. They have seen it by turns calm or terrible, under the sombre aspect of a stormy day, or sparkling with the light of the rising sun, or colored with the thousand fires of the sunset, varied unceasingly and presenting to the view a multitude of tableaux. The artist has but to choose. Sometimes, more touched by an effect of light, or by a picturesque site, he contents himself with depicting it without emotion, with the fidelity of a photograph; or, making the sea secondary in importance, he represents marine landscapes, cliffs, shores, sailors, and fishermen. He knows the technics of the craft, it must be

confessed; he knows how to seize the movement of the waves, and is not ignorant of the details of a ship—its masts, its sails, its rigging, its forms; he knows how to paint it going 'under the wind,' and 'against the wind;' he represents admirably what is called the 'furniture' of marine painting. But whatever his talent as a painter, he will not be able to move us unless he is himself moved at the sight of the ocean's splendid beauties: he will never be a marine painter. He will follow the track of the naturalistic painters of Holland,—Backhuysen and Van der Velde, without ever rising into the ideal. He will not seize the mysterious poetry of the sea; he will not possess that science of infinite horizons, of grand expanses of water and of sky, where the sun and the light expand themselves upon the waves: all this will escape him. It is related that when Joseph Vernet saw the ocean for the first time, his soul overflowed with enthusiasm. He seized his crayon, and continued to draw till overcome by exhaustion. Then he sailed for Italy. Standing in the bow of the vessel, he could not withdraw his eyes from the spectacle of the sea; he experienced a species of intoxication of genius, which revealed to him his true vocation—that of a painter of marine."

Among the pictures in this Salon that betray the true marine feeling the following should not pass unobserved: *After the Tempest*, by Emmanuel Lansyer; *A Vessel on the Coast*, by Théo. Broutelles; *Alerte* (representing a party of fishermen going to the relief of a vessel in distress), by Ludovic Lépic; *Gatherer of Wreckage*, by Émile Vernier; *The Bark of Goddebi*, by Maurice Courant; *The Scheldt at Antwerp*, by P. J. Clays; *Mackerel Fishers*, by Théophile Deyrolle; *The Old Port of Marseilles*, by J. B. Olive, and the contributions more particularly mentioned below.

It has been justly observed that a great difficulty in marine painting is to give to the sea, to the atmosphere, that true color, that brilliant light, which not only serves to illuminate the objects that it surrounds, but which is itself something,—a subject that the artist ought to express. Among the good marines in the present Salon, in which the light is a conspicuous motive, we may name the *Sunset* of Auguste Allongé and *Towers at Sables-d'Olonne*, by Henri-Louis Scott. The former (see sketch on p. 56) shows a bend of sea beach with some large boulders in the foreground in strong relief against the sinking sun. In the middle distance, on the left, is a line of hills sloping down to the water. The greater part of the canvas is filled with a sky lit up with the magnificent hues of the sun, whose orb is just disappearing below the watery horizon. The calm sea, flaming like a mirror completes the glory of this splendid sunset. "Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun."



PART OF THE CANAL AT TREPORT. (Salon of 1881.)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY EUGÈNE GRANDSIRE.

In M. Scott's picture (see sketch on p. 50) we behold a long pier stretching straight out into the sea, and on its farther end is a lighthouse. On the left of the pier, advancing toward us, are several men and women, hauling into port, by means of a rope, a small schooner. The sky is filled with massive, cumulous clouds, some of which are ablaze with sunset fires, while others are dark and lowering. Against the latter, the horizon line is sharply drawn by the brilliant surface of the sea. The subject is treated with admirable taste. The scene is one of moving interest, and the effects of chiaroscuro are broad and delightful.

The *Departure of the Fishermen*, by Eugène Feyen (see sketch on p. 49), may be classed with the marines, though it is essentially *genre* in motive. It represents a number of women streaming out from some neighboring village, with their baskets, in which they daily gather oysters for a livelihood. Having reached the scene of their toil, they prepare for work by shortening their skirts, so that they may be able to wade through the shallow waters of the beach without needlessly wetting their garments. One of the women has thrown herself down for a moment's rest before proceeding to work. Another, having tossed her basket in advance, steps rather indolently down after it; while a third lends a helping hand to a comrade. The string of humble toilers stretches away till it loses itself in the distant haze. The scene is admirably composed, is full of the homely sentiment of the subject, and of a sympathy for the sea. This picture, together with *Oyster Fishing*, exhibited at the same time, procured for the artist the Cross of the Legion of Honor. He had already received a medal in 1860, and a second-class medal in 1880.

Eugène Grandsire's *Part of the Canal at Tréport* (sketch on p. 51) is full of quiet charm:—a scene associated with human toil, yet presided over by the spirit of repose. There is something in the picture that attests its truthfulness, and also the sympathetic spirit of the artist, who, we are sure, was touched not only by the poetry of nature, but also by "the still, sad music of humanity." This black-and-white sketch quite fails, of course, to express the delicacy of color and handling which are so marked in the original. M. Grandsire was made Chevalier of the Legion of Honor in 1874. He studied under MM. Noël and J. Dupré. Turning to figures and portraits, M. Madrazo's *Moor of Sus* merits attention. (See sketch on p. 53.) A thorough knowledge of race characteristics,—mental and moral as well as physical,—is evinced in the portraiture of this Moor. The accessories, including the African landscape, are all faithfully studied. The warm colors of the original must, however, be supplied by the imagination in order to form a correct impression of this canvas. The artist, who is a Spaniard, was born in 1841, and studied under Fortuny. He was awarded a medal of the first-class at the Universal Exposition of 1878, and is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.



MARGUERITE IN PRISON. (Salon of 1881.)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY BENJAMIN ULMANN

Carolus Duran's *A Future Doge* was one of the successes of the Salon. It is a child in the rich Venetian costume of the sixteenth century. The *naïveté* of the face and attitude pleases every eye. In color, the picture is a study of red on red, and is suggestive of the quality of Velasquez. Another pleasing delineation of juvenile character is the *Portrait of Mlle. Guerde*, by Gustave Courtois. (See sketch on p. 54.) This little girl sits on the edge of a library table, where some loving hands may be supposed to have placed her. Behind her is a vase of flowers, and she is surrounded by books. Her dress is quite modern, but tasteful. Sitting nearly in profile, she turns her head towards us with an expression of pleased interest very sweet and childlike. M. Courtois was a pupil of Gérôme. He received a third-class medal in 1878, and one of the second class in 1880.

Mme. Judic in the Character of La Roussette, by Jules-Émile Saintin, has a two-fold interest—as a portrait and as the conception of a character. The merry, roguish expression of the eyes and the mouth are irresistibly moving; even the clasped fingers are expressive. The attitude is one of unconscious ease. (See sketch on p. 55.)

The *Portrait of M. Alphonse de Neuville*, by Ernest Ange Duez, while faithful as a portrait, was not regarded as equal in pictorial excellence to the best works of the painter. It presents M. de Neuville in his studio, standing before an easel regarding thoughtfully a picture on which he is engaged. The attitude is easy, and the expression characteristic. (See sketch on p. 54.)

Edouard Manet exhibited two portraits—*Henri Rochefort* and *M. Pertuiset*—which are "remarkable for their art-quality and vigor, and worthy of ranking with the two painted by Léon Bonnat (*Léon Cogniet* and *Mme. la Comtesse P.*)" Of M. Bonnat, Mr. Forbes-Robertson says: "For downright power of pigment and force of projection the artist stands almost alone. His '*Léon Cogniet*' is a specimen of iconography which even Velasquez never surpassed." The contributions of M.



PORTRAIT OF MINE HOST. (Salon of 1881.)
FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY LOUIS-GEORGES BRILLOUIN.

Manet secured for him a medal of the second class. This success is the more notable from the fact that at former Salons (prior to 1867), some or all of his pictures had been refused by the Jury. M.



A MOOR OF SUS. (Salon of 1881.)
FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY RICARDO DE MADRAZO.

Manet's artistic merits and demerits have been the subject of warm discussion. He is a realist who appears to have no preference for beauty, and whose taste, indeed, sometimes leans to the side of ugliness. There subsists a strong sympathy between him and M. Zola, the novelist; and, with some qualifications, M. Manet may be said to be in art what M. Zola is in literature: but M. Zola is the greater of the two.

A propos of portraits, the following observations will be read with interest:

Says M. Eugène Guillaume, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*: "Observe how few portraits there are which are interesting by virtue of their composition. This is a common remark, and we encounter it even in the foreign press. The objects which immediately surround us,—the books, the tools, the instruments of work or of thought; flowers, a carpet, a characteristic detail which aids in locating the scene and gives a key to the tastes and dominant habit of the original,—these have been banished



PORTRAIT OF ALPHONSE DE NEUVILLE. (Salon of 1881.)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY ERNEST ANGE DIZ.



PORTRAIT OF M^{lle}. GUERDE. (Salon of 1881.)

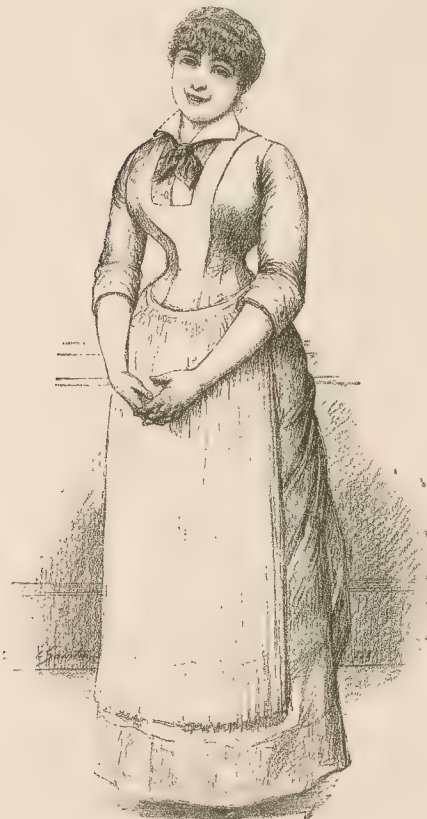
FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY GUSTAVE COURTOIS.

by the artists. Yes, the tradition of composed portraits is lost. Under that tradition French art had a brilliant period in the last century. The manner of presenting a personage, of posing him, of animating his visage, of putting him in action, of interesting by means of the accessories which surrounded him, had reached a sort of perfection. To-day the penury of the arrangements is extreme."

Per contra, M. Charles Tardieu (in *L'Art*) says: "Should we regret the loss of the tradition of composed portraits to which French art owes a glorious epoch? Perhaps. . . If the tradition is lost, is not that due to the fact that, having arrived at a sort of perfection, it had said its last word, and no longer possessed vitality enough to inspire a new and original work? If accessory is banished from portraiture, is it not because of the abuse that was made of it when the tradition began to wear out, and, in consequence, to systematize itself, seeking in the excess of its principle the means of reacting against its exhaustion?"

"It was a painter, and a great painter,—Sir Joshua Reynolds,—who erected accessory into a

dogma. Had he to portray a great navigator, he was careful to trace on the wall the map of his explorations and to place on a table a compass, or some professional instrument. Was his subject a great physician, a skull replaced the compass, and the public was edified. But in the end we were fatigued with a process which in the hands of less skilful artists bordered on puerility. Disdaining the commentaries of accessory,—which, moreover, must not be confounded with composition,—portraitists have attached themselves by preference to character, which they strive to express in the physiognomy and the attitude, seeking interest in the natural, in the manifestation of the interior life, and in obtaining by the execution the desired simplicity of the *mise en scène*. The public taste has followed them, and it is in this path that the French school of portrait painting has obtained its chief successes."



LA ROUSSETTE. (Salon of 1881.)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY JULES-ÉMILE SAINTIN.

It is not probable, however, that a principle that has so long been applied with excellent effects, will be generally abandoned. The reaction will direct attention to the abuse of accessory in portraits, and what is truly good in both systems will no doubt be retained by judicious painters.

"It is assuredly *genre* painting," says Daniel Bernard, "which obtains the most success, not only at the Salon of 1881, but in all the Salons possible and imaginable. In order to be understood it does not demand a long effort of intelligence, nor serious studies. For the most part it amuses like a Vaudeville,—it diverts like an operetta. The great majority of visitors at the Exposition will not confess that they feel for grand art an indifference that is very close to contempt,—so close, indeed, that the indifference and the contempt are identical. This is easily perceptible to one who regards with what speed the elegant gentlemen and the young girls in brigand hats, pass before the immense 'machines' ordered by the State. A machine for making pins, or fresh *novilles*, interests them more. Poor grand classic art! thou art sick as the Turkish credit, as unfashionable as the armoires of the First Empire, as forsaken as a man once rich who has no longer a sou! It is *genre* painting that is the heir of the dowager called Academy, and that dissipates in wild orgies of color and of fancy the ancestral traditions."

This half-earnest and half-playful deliverance is, of course, to be received in a spirit kindred to that which prompted it. As to the simple fact that *genre* pictures are vastly the most popular, there is no question; but it is equally undeniable that many lovers of art relish no less keenly subjects of a more ideal and elevated character. Our space will restrict us to the mere mention of a few of the many *genre* pictures that merit remark. We cite: *Portia: The Casket Scene*, by Alexandre Cabanel; *The Mendicant*, by Jules Bastien-Lepage; *La Becquet*, by Charles Monginot; *La Pere*

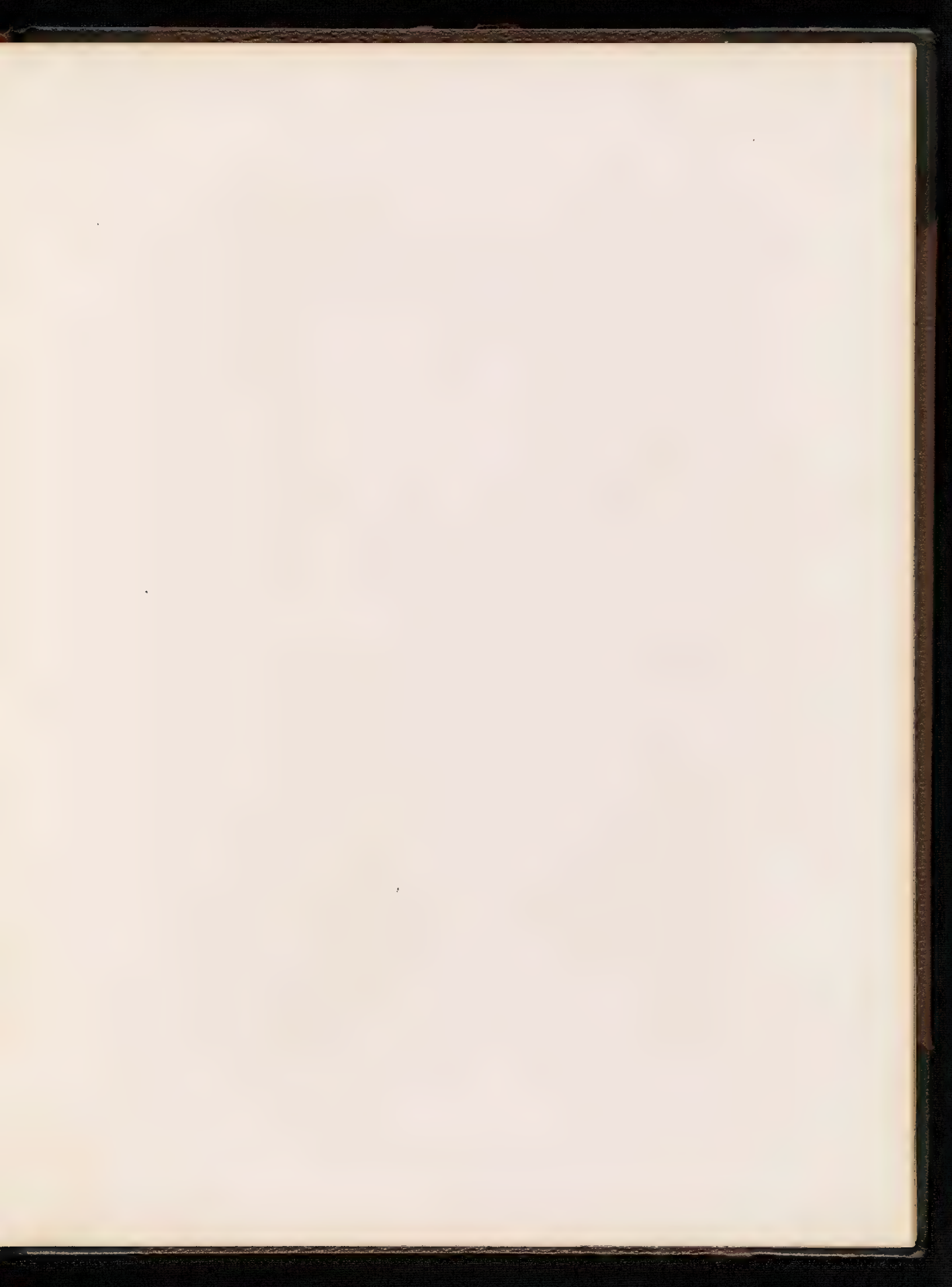
Mazure, by Georges Haquette; *The Children's Class*, by Jean Geoffroy; *Fine Weather*, by Ferdinand Heilbuth; *In the Corner of a Garden*, by Antonio Casanova; *Marguerite in Prison*, by Benjamin Ulmann; and *The Portrait of Mine Host*, by Louis-Georges Brillouin. The last named work is thoroughly characteristic of the artist, and is excellent to a rare degree. (See sketch on p. 53). The scene is an episode in the life of Lantara, who, at one time a domestic, and afterwards an artist, was a devoted student of nature and a true Bohemian. Having, with a party of friends, as impecunious as himself, ran up a score at the inn, he settles the bill by painting the portrait of "mine host." The landlord stands very complacently for his picture: as well he may, for he knows the talent of his unthrifty customer and feels sure that he has made a shrewd and profitable arrangement with him. Some of the guests stand round and watch the artist with absorbed interest as he dashes off his work; his friends, meanwhile, availing themselves freely of the good cheer which costs them so little. M. Brillouin studied under MM. Drolling and Cabot. He received medals in 1865, 1869 and 1870.

Goethe's heroine receives an appreciative delineation in B. Ulmann's *Marguerite*. (See sketch on p. 52.) Eternally fresh in interest is this profoundly moving type of betrayed innocence, of sin, of suffering, of penitence. The pale face of the sufferer is turned from the dungeon of her despair, towards heaven; and the light that falls upon it from above foretokens the happy release that her spirit is soon to enjoy. In technic the work exhibits a masterly solidity and assurance. M. Ulmann, though German in name, is a Frenchman, being of Alsatian birth. He won the Prize of Rome in 1859, and subsequently received several Salon medals, and the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

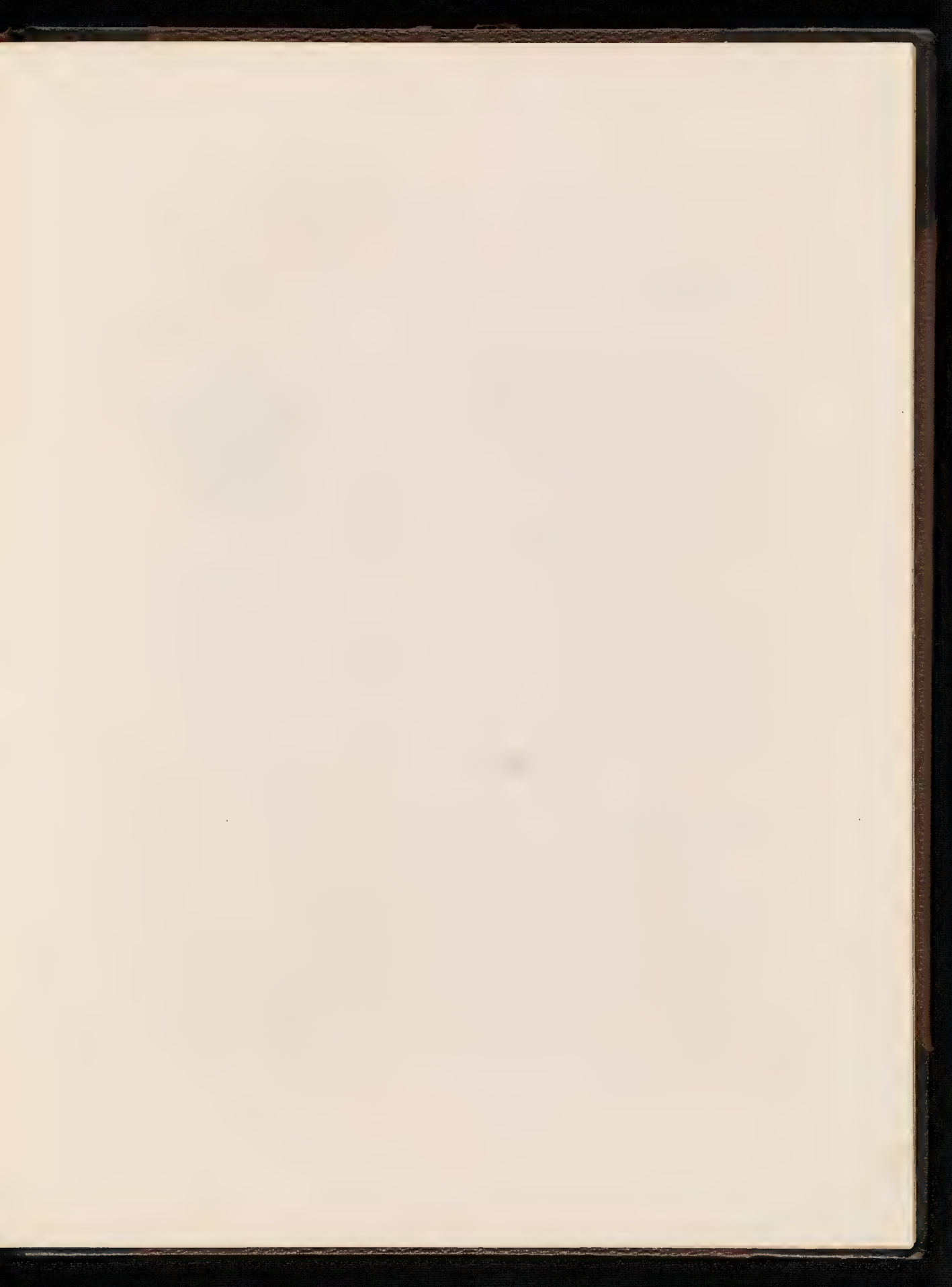


SUNSET. (Salon of 1881)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY AUGUSTE ALLONGÉ.







A STREET IN CAPRI.

JEAN BENNER, *Pinx.*

GOUPIL & Co., *Gravure*



IBRALTAR-like in its conformation is the historic island of Capri. Like the mountain range which forms the southern boundary of the bay of Naples, and of which it is, in fact, only a continuation, Capri consists wholly of limestone, and is girt almost all round with precipitous cliffs of rock rising abruptly from the sea, and in many places attaining a great elevation. The western portion of the island is much the highest, rising to an altitude of 1600 feet above the sea. The eastern end also forms an abrupt hill, with precipitous cliffs towards the mainland; but between the two is a depression, or saddle, of moderate height, whereon stands the modern town of Capri.

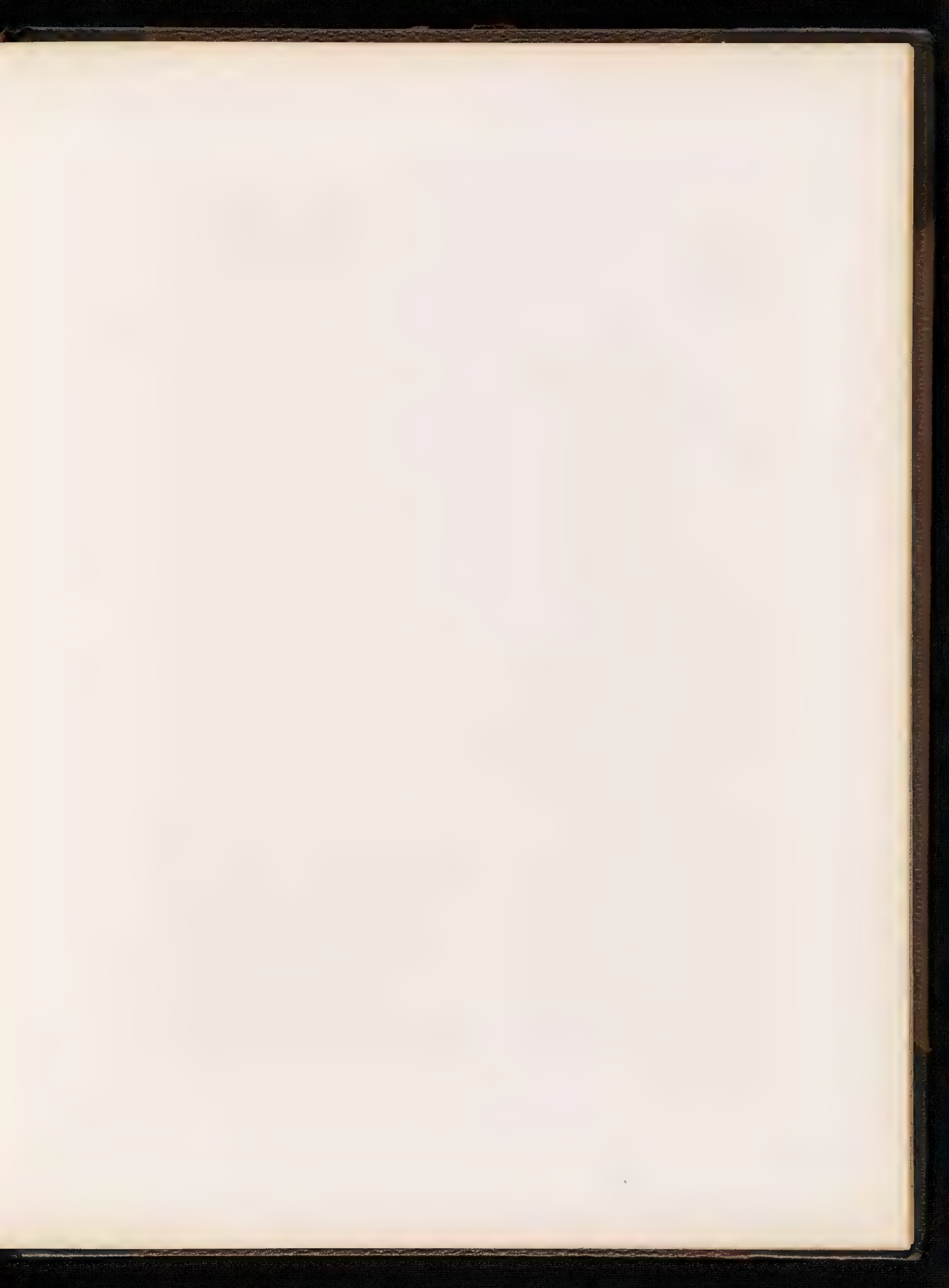
The only landing-places are two little coves on either side of this.

Little is known of the history of Capri prior to the time of the Emperor Augustus, who, having taken a fancy to the island, obtained possession of it as a part of the imperial domain, in exchange for the wealthier island of Ænaria. Capri, however, owes its chief celebrity to the Emperor Tiberius, who, in A. D. 27, made it his permanent residence. Here, secured alike from observation and danger by the inaccessible character of the spot, Tiberius abandoned himself to those gross debaucheries which, added to his cruelties, have made his memory eternally detestable. The remains of several of the twelve sumptuous villas that he erected on the island are still visible. This island was also the scene of the banishment and death of two Roman Empresses. One of these was Lucilla, widow of the Emperor Lucius Verus and sister of Commodus; the other was Crispina, wife of the Emperor Commodus, of whose vengeance both women were the victims.

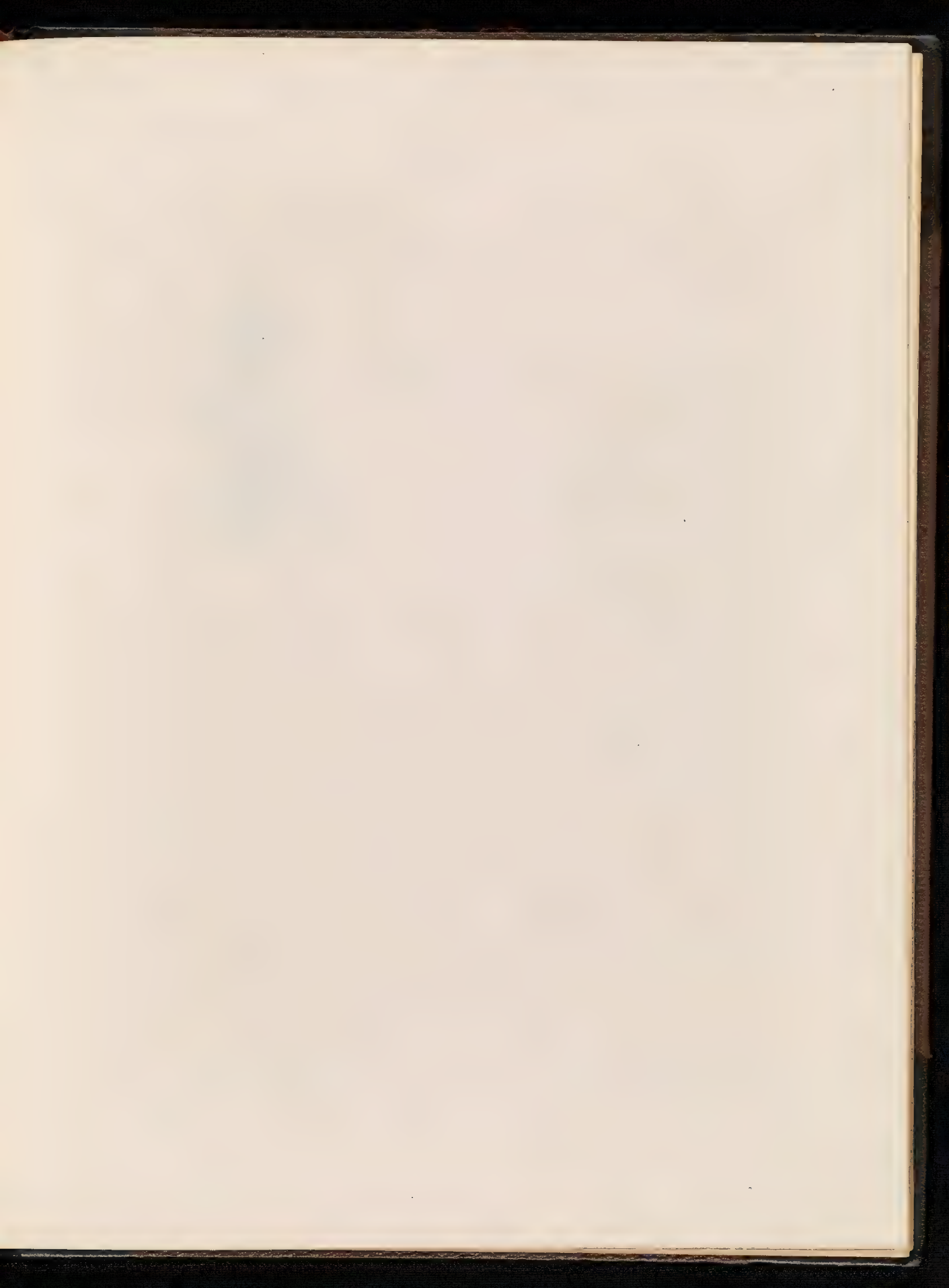
Capri is well known to modern travellers by the "Blue Grotto," a wonderful cavern to the west of the town, entered from the sea by a narrow opening about three feet high. Inside, however, it is of magnificent proportions, and of marvellous beauty, the rich blue color being produced by the reflection and refraction of the sun's rays through the water.

M. Benner's picture agreeably suggests the picturesqueness of the Caprian scenery. The palm tree and the warm sunlight, witness to a semi-tropical climate; while the narrow streets and solid walls of rock, tell of cool shadows. The charm of pose so often remarked in the Italian peasantry, is exemplified in the comely girl who advances towards us, carrying a vase on her head. In Italy the dwellings of the poor are not comfortable, and here, as on the mainland, the people spend much of their life out of doors,—as we are reminded by the girl knitting, and the old woman seated, by the roadside.

M. Benner is a native of Mulhouse, Alsace, and studied under Pils. In 1872 he received a medal of the second class. *A Street in Capri* was exhibited in the Salon of 1880.







UNMASKING.

EDOUARD RICHTER, *Pinx.*

GOUPIL & Co., *Gravure.*



TYROLESE hunter, Charles Frank, is the hero of Alfred de Musset's dramatic poem, "The Cup and the Lips." He is a bitter misanthrope. A bastard son, with tastes and ambitions above his humble lot, he is a prey to brooding cynicism, cursing his destiny and spurning all the pleasures within his grasp. Suddenly deserting his native village he travels far, until at last he sinks exhausted by a forest path and sleeps. At early morn he is rudely accosted by a cavalier accompanied by a beautiful lady. He defies the knight and slays him in combat. He then attaches himself to the lady, Belcolore, who professes for him the deepest love, while he is intoxicated by her charms. Finally he breaks

from this voluptuous dalliance, and goes to the wars, where his valor and disdain of death win for him proud laurels. He returns an officer and a hero, but still a wretched misanthrope.

To test the sincerity of his military friends, he causes it to be reported that he was killed in a duel, and brings into his house a bier with all the trappings of death, while he disguises himself as a monk. He interrupts the eulogies of his comrades, and so adroitly parades the defects and even the crimes of the supposed dead, that finally those who came to mourn and to laud, burst into execrations, and then the cynic suddenly exposes himself, and with pitiless disdain bids them begone. When he is thus left alone, Belcolore, who has heard of his return and come to seek him, enters and throws herself down beside the bier. The seeming monk familiarly claims an acquaintance with her, which she contemptuously ignores. He begins then to make cool proposals for her love, which she scorns. He reminds her that the dead are dead, and throws a profusion of gold upon the bier. She remains passive. He confesses to her that he is of an unhappy and exacting disposition, but in so saying he throws another purse on the coffin. Belcolore begins to betray an interest. He informs her that he has an ulcer on his mouth, that he is thin and squint-eyed. She shudders. He throws a superb bracelet on the bier, while he informs her that his teeth are broken, and that he has lost his eyebrows and his hair. She utters an exclamation of horror. He casts a splendid necklace on the coffin, and recites yet other personal defects, until she interrupts him with a shuddering appeal. "If you are going away," he says, "return my gifts." But she goes not, and when she has consented thus to sell her love, Frank suddenly tears the cover away and discloses the empty coffin. He then removes his mask and says to the horror-stricken girl:

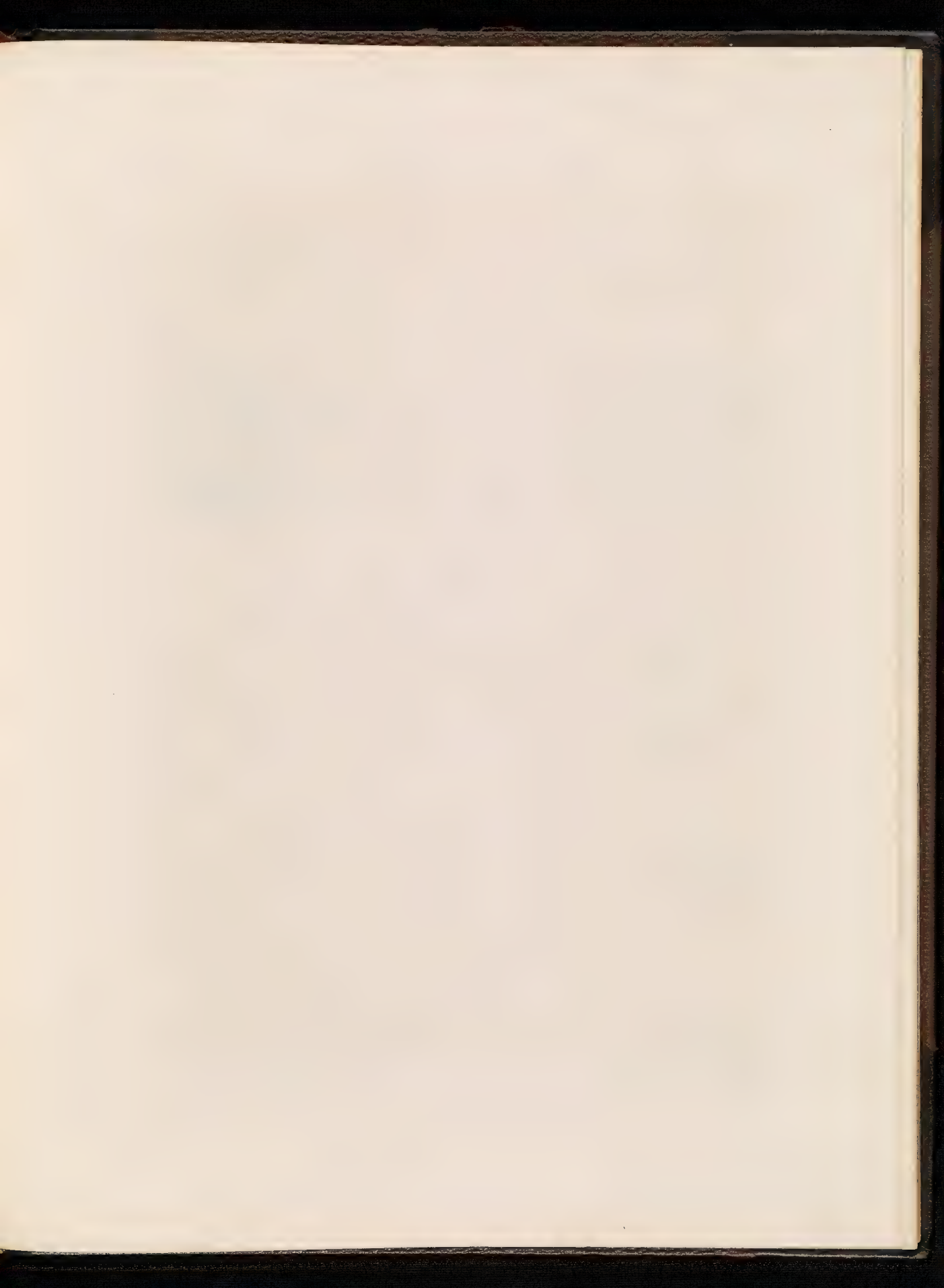
Begone, prostitute, thine hour is now come!

Begone, speak not! return no more!

This is the startling climax illustrated in the picture. The figures are disposed with dramatic propriety, and the thrilling impress of the scene is deepened by the mysteries of chiaroscuro. The picture was exposed at the Salon of 1879. M. Richter studied under MM. E. Hébert and Bonnat.







HOT-HOUSE FLOWER.

MME. ALIX ÉNAULT, *Pinx.*

GOUPIL & Co., *Gravure.*



NOT far to seek is the poetic significance of this picture. We have, in fact, presented to view, *two* conservatories adjoining, each devoted to the cultivation of beautiful and fragrant flowers. As flowers of the vegetable kingdom are screened by the conservatory from chilling winds and blighting frosts, and surrounded with every influence favorable to their growth and perfect development,—so, in the genial shelter of a true and well ordered home the far more precious flowers of humanity are protected from the rude shocks of adversity and the withering contaminations of vice, and fitted to adorn and sweeten the varied relations of life.

Such is the general suggestion of the picture. Yet, we take it, the artist has meant to give a somewhat narrower meaning to her work. Her heroine is to be put in contrast with other maidens of less tender nurture, just as hot-house plants are contrasted with the products of the open-air garden—it is a contrast between the positive and the superlative, so to speak. The garden flower enjoys the constant care of the gardener, but the fresh winds, the frequent showers, and the nightly dews to which it is exposed, constitute a discipline that imparts to it a certain independence and vigor. The hot-house plant, on the other hand, though peculiarly splendid in its beauty, is apt to be, through the excessive tenderness of its culture, comparatively delicate and perishable. And so is it with the human hot-house plant. Though it bloom with transcendent loveliness amidst the shelter provided for it by Love and Affluence, it is too liable to droop and perish if exposed to the shocks to which every human life is made liable by “the whirligig of time.”

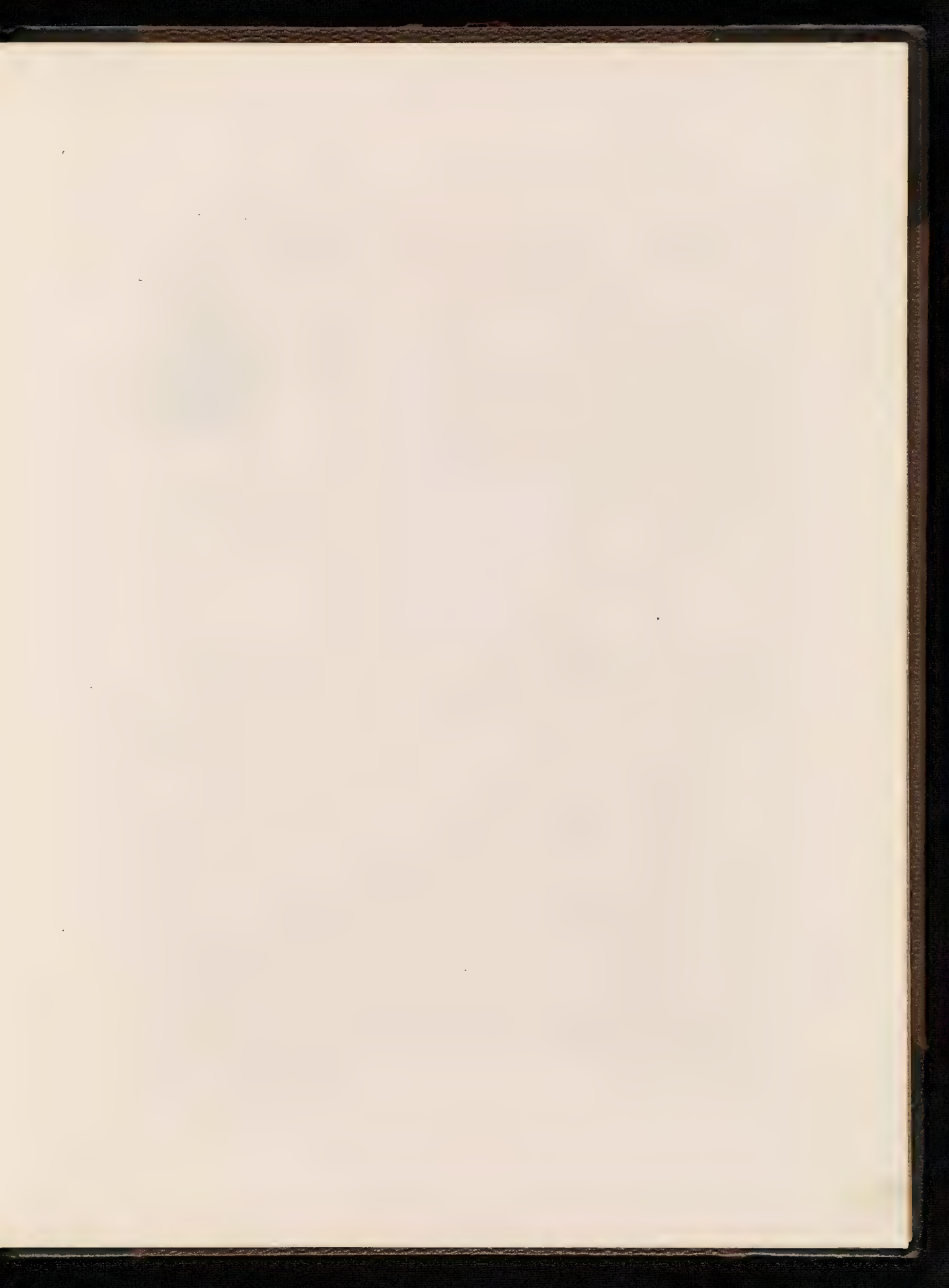
The analogies between the human and the vegetable flora might be traced with interest. Applied to Eve's fair daughters, how apt are such similes as “lovely as a rose,” “fair as a lily,” “delicate as a violet,” “sweet as mignonette.” Then, too, the resemblances of character are equally manifest. Like their human antitypes, flowers have, respectively, the characteristics of stateliness, of ostentation, of sweetness, of ingenuousness, of vivacity, of sobriety, of simplicity, of modesty, etc. Again, some flowers, of each kingdom, are destined to favor and admiration, while full many another

“is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

Mme. Énault's “Hot-House Flower” is a very lovely one, possessing one signal advantage over the real flower: her beauty will not fade. She is, moreover, of a very sweet type of beauty; though indulged, she is apparently not spoiled; but, on the contrary, appears to be unaffected and amiable. In the otherwise excellent translation of the picture, we miss, of course, the hues of the flowers, and of the draperies, which add so much to its charms. The original was exhibited at the Salon of 1882. Mme. Énault is a Parisian, and was a pupil of M. Florent Willems.







DIVERSION OF AN ASSYRIAN KING.

FREDERICK A. BRIDGEMAN, *Pinx.*

GOUPIL & Co., *Gravure.*



SINCE the very dawn of history the bow and arrow have been prominent as implements of warfare and of the chase. Although employed by the rudest savages, they have also been in favor among highly civilized nations, both in the East and in the West. There are numerous allusions to the bow and arrow in Holy Writ; and when Xerxes invaded Greece and approached the pass of Thermopylæ, Leonidas and his brave comrades were told that such was the number of the foe that "their arrows would darken the face of the sun." "So much the better," rejoined the hero, "for then we shall fight in the shade!" In mediæval history and romance the bow and arrow figure prominently: witness, William Tell shooting the apple from his son's head; and Robin Hood and his Merrie Men of the long bow. Of Robin's Mistress Drayton says:

With bow and quiver arm'd, she wandered here and there
Amongst the forest wild; Diana never knew
Such pleasures, nor such harts as Mariana slew.

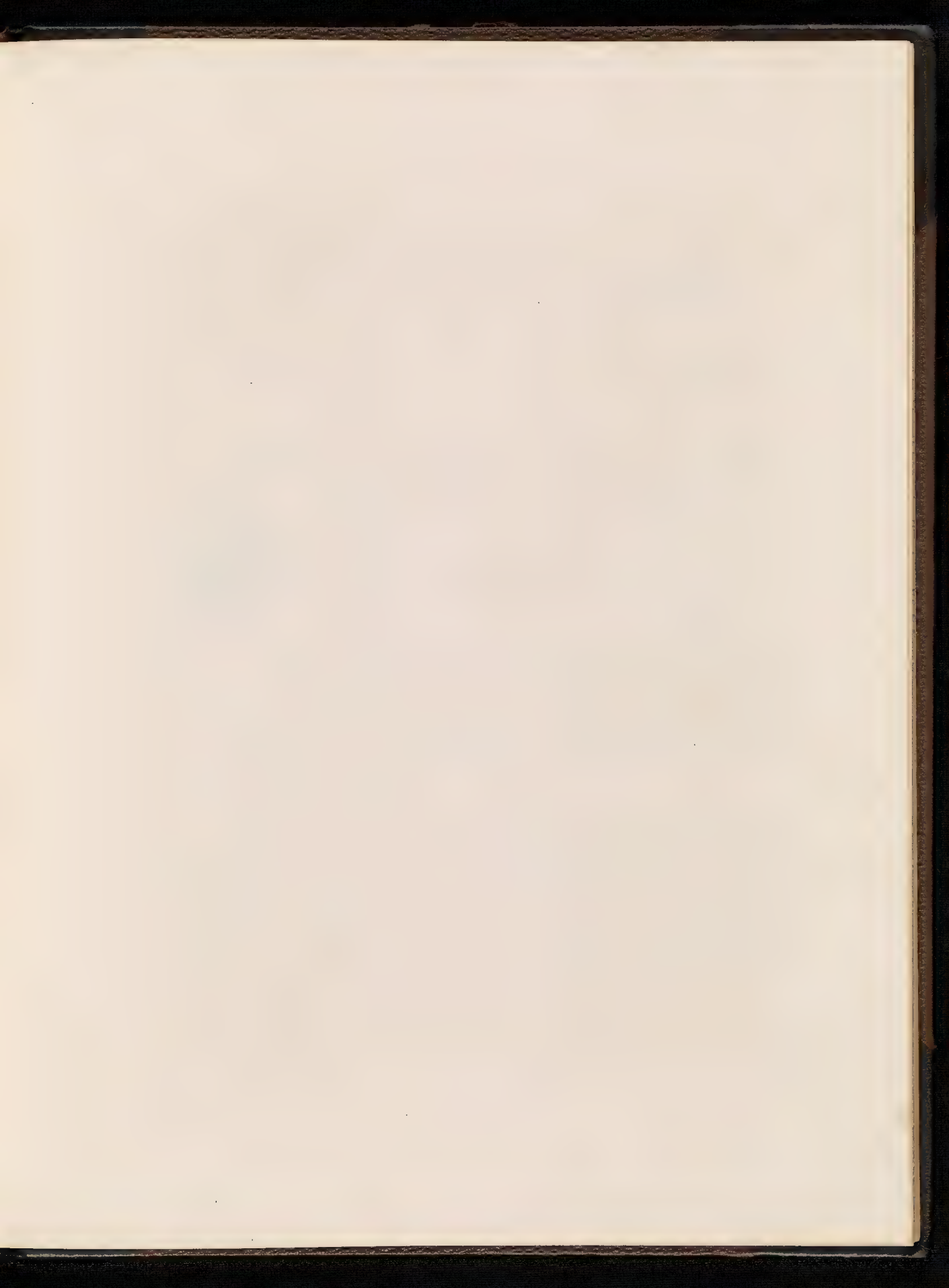
Among the ancient sovereigns who indulged in archery as a pastime, none is so conspicuous as the vile Emperor Commodus. He slew tens of thousands of wild beasts with the bow and arrow, and was so dexterous that one day, at a show, observing a panther spring upon an unhappy wretch destined to fight him, Commodus shot and killed the beast with an arrow without hurting the man. Commodus stood behind a screen of net-work when shooting wild beasts, thus protecting his person from all risk of danger.

In the Assyrian King of our picture we behold, perhaps, another Commodus, though let us hope, without the vices of the Roman. Braver than Commodus, the Assyrian faces his ferocious prey; but, to guard against possible mishaps, a half dozen stalwart spearmen are in readiness to assist their master: The odds are heavy against the royal beast who stands in such majestic pose, roaring defiance at his enemy before making his terrible onset. In the gallery of the theatre the royal family, the courtiers, and the privileged subjects are admiring witnesses of the King's skill and bravery. The King himself has so truly the semblance of an Assyrian, that we can almost fancy him one of the figures from an ancient bas-relief invested with life. The composition of the picture is equally distinguished by knowledge and taste. The drawing is excellent, and the painting is in rather a subdued key of color.

Mr. Bridgeman was born in Alabama in 1847. He began his professional work as an engraver with the American Bank Note Company, New York, studying in his leisure hours in the Art Schools of Brooklyn. In 1866 he went to Paris and became a pupil of Gérôme. He has since sojourned for purposes of study, in the Pyrenees, Brittany, Algiers, Nubia, and Egypt. He resides at Paris. In 1877 he received a Salon medal of the third class; and in 1878, at the Universal Exposition, he received a second class medal and the order of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.



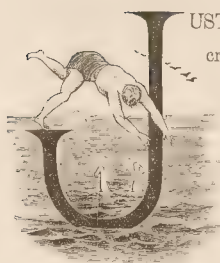




LAVATORY OF THE RESERVES, CHERBOURG.

ALBERT AUBLET, *Pinx.*

GOUPIL & Co., *Gravure.*



JUSTICE to the military life demands that at least one thing be placed to its credit, viz., the system, the neatness, and the cleanliness, promoted and exacted by the discipline of the camp and the barracks. Men who were never neat and cleanly elsewhere, become so, of necessity in the army. Their tents, or their quarters, their arms and accoutrements, their personal apparel, are all subjected to regular and rigid inspections; and as a careful regard to these matters becomes associated with the qualities of a soldier, an emulous observance of them is provoked among all who wish to stand well in their calling. Of course these remarks apply to troops in regular quarters. In the rapid changes and the vicissitudes of a campaign, these regulations are relaxed, it being assumed that the proper habits acquired by the men in the orderly quiet of the barracks or the camp, will be practised by them to a reasonable extent in the bustle of active service. Nor is the strict attention paid by army regulations to the personal habits of the soldiers, a mere matter of form, or even of good appearance. It has a most important hygienic object. Laxity in matters of cleanliness, of camp, or tent, or person, where large numbers of men are brought into closest contact, would soon be productive of sickness and pestilence.

The scene of M. Aublet's picture is the Barracks at Cherbourg, France. The men are at their regular morning ablutions in a large apartment fitted up with an ample basin of fresh water. However reluctantly some of the men may have begun the habit of taking a good wash before breakfast, they have apparently become reconciled to it. Evidently to most of these men the act is a pleasant one. They go at it heartily, and do it thoroughly, being not sparing of the soap. Who can doubt that they will all feel the better for it?—fresher, more elastic, and more healthful.

M. Aublet has obviously studied his subject with closest care, and has succeeded well in imparting variety of attitude and expression to so many men engaged in a similar act. The picture was exhibited at the Salon of 1879. M. Aublet was a pupil of MM. Jacquand and Gérôme. He received a medal of the third class in 1880.



RABBIS. (Salon of 1882.)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY ÉDOUARD MOYSE.

THE SALON OF 1882.

THE first Salon organized and directed by the artists themselves (that of 1881), showed a notable decrease in the number of works admitted, and seemed to indicate a purpose on the part of the new management to exercise a salutary rigor of discrimination in this particular, to the end of securing a higher standard of excellence in the exhibits. It is true that there were numerous strictures upon the judgments of the Jury, but much that otherwise might have been severely condemned was condoned by the somewhat sudden change of administration; it was felt that some errors would inevitably attend the experimental stage of the new regime, and it was generally conceded that, all things considered, the first exhibition under the control of the Society of French Artists was a hopeful success.

The Salon of 1880, it will be remembered, was the largest on record, the whole number of exhibits being 7,289. In 1881 the number was reduced to 4,959, a decrease of 2,330. In 1882, however, the number took a decided rise, reaching an aggregate of 5,652, or 693 in excess of the previous year. The exhibits were divided as follows: Paintings, 2,722; Sculptures, 886; Drawings, 1,328; Engravings on medals and precious stones, 51; Architectural designs, 154; Engravings, Etchings, and Lithographs, 471; Public Monuments, 40. The latter class (Public Monuments) includes statues, busts, mural paintings, frescoes, etc., executed for churches and public buildings.

The Medal of Honor in the department of painting was awarded to M. Puvis de Chavannes for his large decorative work, *Young Picards exercising with the Lance*, a sketch of which he exhibited in 1880. M. Eugène Montrosier thus speaks of the finished work: "The precision of the design; the anatomical rectitude; the variety of the scenes represented; the amplitude of the conception; the contrast offered by the rustic and familiar side and the epic side; the animated lines of a Virgilesque landscape; the extent of the receding horizon; the calm serenity of the atmosphere, make of this page a composition quite superior. It is,—how shall we express it?—at once vehement and discreet; it attracts and it

softens; it is august and it is simple. We accept it without discussion." The work was destined for the Museum of Amiens.

Another work by M. Puvis de Chavannes, also much remarked, was, *Mild Country* ("Doux Pays,")—a beautiful conception of Arcadian life, such as poets love to dream of.

The only other Medal of Honor awarded was bestowed on the English etcher, Charles Albert Waltner, for two fine etchings after Rembrandt.

The Prize of the Salon was awarded to M. L.-G. Longpied for his plaster group, *Immortality*. It represents a dying young man, of beautiful form, supported by an angel,—the genius of immortality,—who holds in one hand a tablet on which a number of names are inscribed. The group illustrates the lines:

Happy the elect of the gods who early falls,
If he see thee near him, holy Immortality,—
If thy lips but touch him with a kiss sublime,
And if thy arms do bear him to posterity!

Apropos of Medals of Honor we quote the following remark of M. Jules Conte, in "L'Illustration": "The vote taken for the Medal of Honor in the class of sculpture, has it not shown us six competitors, each of whom has some serious title to this supreme recompense? This is

a remarkable fact which attests the superiority of our sculptors to our painters: in a Salon which is not notably better than those of preceding years, six artists have exposed works sufficiently marked to suggest a claim to exceptional distinction. The originality of each of them is well accentuated, moreover, and we need but to study these contributions in order to obtain an almost complete view of the diverse tendencies of our school." The sculptors referred to, with their several contributions, are as follows: M. Alfred Lançon, represented by *The Age of Iron*; M. Barrias, represented by *The Defence of Saint-Quentin*; M. Chapu, by *The Genius of Immortality*; M. Mercié, by *Even Though! (Quand Meme!)*; M. Falguière, by *Diana*; M. Idrac, by the *Salamambo*.

First Medals were conferred upon the following sculptors: Jean Baptiste Hugues, for his *Edipus at Colonna* (plaster); Louis-Georges Longpied, for his *Fisherman Drawing in his Net the Head of Orpheus*; Hector Lemaire, for his statue, *Morning* (plaster); and Auguste Paris, for his *Time and Song* (plaster). In the last named work (see sketch on p. 58), Time, a venerable bearded figure, is represented sitting on a low seat. One of his arms hangs by his side, while with the other he clasps the form of a young maiden who is energetically singing. One of her arms is outstretched in dramatic action; the other supports a scroll of music upon which her eyes are fixed, her



TIME AND SONG. (Salon of 1882.)
FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL
SCULPTURE BY AUGUSTE PARIS



THE STAFF OF AGE. (Salon of 1882.)
FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL
SCULPTURE BY JEAN ESCOÜLA.



SERENITY. (Salon of 1882.)
FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL SCULPTURE BY LOUIS-AUGUSTE HIOLIN.

latter work represents a young mother cutting bread for her two little children, who stand beside her looking up in eager expectation. While instinct with the tender feeling pertaining to the subject, there is in this group a largeness and elevation that entirely removes it from the commonplace. The model was purchased by the government. M. Albert Lefevre was the first winner of the Grand Prize of Florence, offered by the art-journal, *L'Art*.

Serenity, a marble statue by Louis-Auguste Hiolin (see sketch on p. 59), was designed for the decoration of a tomb. Whatever be the agitations, the vicissitudes, the joys or the sorrows of life, these emotions all subside in the tomb. There at least all is quiet and serene. Of the most perturbed and tempest-tossed of earth's sons, when they have been laid in the grave, it may be said, "After life's fitful fever they sleep well." The pious care of loving survivors has converted cemeteries into beautiful gardens, sanctuaries whose quieting, restful influence is in strong contrast with the turmoil and contention of the outer world. *Serenity* therefore may be said to preside over those hallowed precincts, and M. Hiolin's simple, dignified embodiment of this quality, will fulfil a grateful ministry by its peaceful features and patient attitude.

elbow resting on one of Time's wings. Time's scythe lies on the ground at his feet, and his face wears an absorbed, introspective expression. The sentiment of the work appears to be, that even remorseless Time can be beguiled and his flight arrested by the divine enchantment of Song.

The Staff of Age (plaster), by Jean Escoula, which was rewarded by a second class medal, evinces a close study of nature, and is even realistic in treatment. (See sketch on p. 58.) An aged peasant woman of tottering step, is carefully and tenderly assisted by a young girl, who looks up into her face with a regard that gives assurance that the aid is most willingly and lovingly rendered. The group is ennobled by its sincerity and its purity of sentiment.

Of a high order of merit is the bronze bust of the painter *Jean Paul Laurens*, by Auguste Rodin; and another bust not unworthy of mention in the same connection, is that of the celebrated painter *Paul Baudry*, by the equally illustrious sculptor Paul Dubois. The bronze statuette *L'Acquiolo*, by the Neapolitan sculptor Vincenzo Gemito, and the group in plaster, *Bread*, by Louis-Étienne Albert-Lefevre, were ranked by the best critics among the choicest plastic products of the year. The



ENDYMION HUNTING. (Salon of 1882.)
FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL SCULPTURE BY JEAN GEORGESCO.



THE VIRGIN. (Salon of 1882.)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY A. SÉON.

preciation of the signal ability of these works by promoting M. Cain to the grade of Officer of the Legion of Honor.

No medals of the first class were awarded for paintings. While it does not follow from this that none of the exhibits were worthy of that recompense, we are left to infer that in the estimation of the Jury the exhibitors whose works would properly claim this reward had already been placed "Hors Concours" by previous medals.

M. Xavier-Alphonse Monchablon contributed an *Annunciation*, a decorative work in the form of a perpendicular panel. At the top, among the clouds, is Jehovah; below Him some celestial beings, and in the lower plane, the angel and Mary. The latter stands erect, with inclined head, and arms slightly outstretched from below the elbow. Rays of light from the emblematic Dove

Very different is Jean Georgesco's *Endymion Hunting* (see sketch on p. 59). Here all is vigor and activity. Endymion, the hero of numerous myths, is variously described by the poets as a king, a shepherd, and a poet. In art he has been most frequently treated as a shepherd, the most notable pictorial presentation of the subject being Girodet-Trioson's celebrated painting in the Louvre. Endymion is chiefly known as the beloved of Selena (or Luna) the goddess of the moon, who caused him to sleep that she might lavish her caresses upon him. M. Georgesco, conceiving his hero as a hunter, has depicted him in the act of hurling the spear at the game he is pursuing. The figure is well modelled and full of life and motion.

Numerous other works in this class challenge notice, but we can only mention the two contributions of Auguste Cain, viz., *Lion and Lioness Disputing the Carcass of a Boar* and *Rhinoceros Attacked by Tigers*. The administration attested its ap-



THE DUET. (Salon of 1882.)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY H.-J. BURGERS.

cover her with glory. The figures of Mary and the angel are exceptionally fine, but the upper part of the composition has not escaped criticism.

The *Virgin* (it might be called "Holy Family") of A. Séon (see sketch on p. 60), is characterized by simplicity and dignity, and expresses a religious feeling akin to that which we are accustomed to find in the sacred paintings of an earlier epoch. The artist was a pupil of MM. Puvis de Chavannes and Lehmann, yet in this work we perceive in the Virgin's pure, sweet face, and unconscious queenliness of pose, a reminiscence of the Umbrian school, while in the holy children are discernible the traits that we admire in the winning infantile delineations of Murillo.

Two artists not given to the choice of religious subjects have treated this year the gravest of sacred themes, viz., the burial of Christ. Benjamin Constant, the brilliant painter of the rich scenes of the Orient, contributes a *Christ at the Sepulchre*, which is not only excellent in composition but full of appropriate dignity and pathos.



THE POET AND THE FOUNTAIN. (Salon of 1882)
FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY EUGÈNE
ROMAIN THIRION.



GENERAL DAUMESNIL AT VINCENNES (Salon of 1882.)
FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY GASTON
MÉLINGUE.

The secular and fashionable Carolus Duran has gratified a taste for novelty by producing an *Entombment* which is becomingly grave in character, and sufficiently striking in some of its passages to prove at least the brilliant versatility of the author.

It is always pleasant to record the advent of a young man of exceptional talent. Speaking of *The Return of the Prodigal Son*, by Paul-Émile Mangéant, the French critic, Eugène Montrosier, says: "We find here a little of the sobriety of M. Cazin, with I know not what of touching and pathetic seduction. The young artist draws very near to the text of Christ's parable. We have under our eyes, in a green campagna, the buildings of the farm. On the left the plow turns up the soil, and here and there are indications of the healthy labors of the fields. The prodigal, attenuated by hunger and fatigue, anxious concerning the reception that he will have, has fallen upon his knees at the edge of a ditch. Coming from the house, the father, full of compassion, and inclined to pardon, advances slowly towards the son whom he had believed forever lost. One step

more and he will open his arms, and his heart will re-warm the heart of the wanderer who has so much sinned and so much suffered. We salute here a happy *début*, a promise of fruits for the future." M. Mangeant was a pupil of Gérôme.

The same subject (*The Prodigal Son*) was treated by Émile Friant whose work received Honorable Mention and was purchased by the State. M. Friant was, at the time he painted the picture, only nineteen years old. He was born in Alsace, but when that province was annexed to Germany he removed to Nancy in order to retain his French citizenship.

Another work by a young artist may appropriately be mentioned, viz., *Sacred and Profane Music*, by G. Dubufe. It is a diptych, the large size of which would alone serve to make it an object of remark. One wing (the left) is devoted to Profane Music, and is largely occupied with voluptuous, dancing figures; the right wing reveals angels engaged in worshipful song, and a woman with a radiant nimbus (probably St. Cecilia) playing an organ. In a narrow, central compartment is a seated female figure in an attitude of listening. Some of the details of this work evince decided

talent; but as a whole it lacks the strength and ele-

vation that are demanded in epic themes. M. G. Dubufe, who is about twenty-five years old, studied with his father (E. Dubufe) and A. J. Mazerolle.

Of the historic class there are not a few choice examples in the present Salon. One of the most interesting canvasses in the Salon, and by far the largest (it comprises over seven hundred square feet of surface), is Alfred-Philippe Roll's *July 14th*, 1880. MM. Detaille and Roll were commissioned by the government to paint the celebrated Fête at Longchamps. M. Detaille's picture (also of immense proportions) was exhibited in 1881. It was entitled *The Distribution of Flags*, and gave the military side of the festival.



TWILIGHT. (Salon of 1882.)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY WILLIAM-ADOLPHE BOGUEFRAU



AT THE SEASHORE. (Salon of 1882.)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY JULES ÉMILE SAINTIN.

M. Roll has given the popular side, and has made a much more effective picture. The scene is in the Place de la Republic, near the Bastille. The stir and bustle and the picturesque confusion peculiar to a popular demonstration are successfully represented. In the background are the statue of liberty, flag poles, and trophies of flags, while in the middle distance troops are marching by. On the left, on a raised platform, a band of music is playing; in the foreground are flower-



THE MAN WHO PURSUES FORTUNE AND THE MAN WHO AWAITS HER IN HIS BED. (Salon of 1882.)
FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY PAUL NANTEUIL

women and some men and women dancing with perhaps a little too much freedom. Some gamins run to and fro selling knick-knacks and knots of ribbon; on the right, a mingled throng of ladies and gentlemen and artisans are on tip-toe to get a view of the procession, while some boys scale a scaffolding for the same purpose; all is life and motion, light and color.

Of Tony Robert-Fleury's *Vauban giving the Plans of the Fortifications of Belfort*, a French critic says: "It is a beautiful page of history worthy of Belfort, which awaits it, and worthy of the beautiful past of a painter who counts masterpieces among his productions." Among other notable works were *The Last Moments of Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico*, by Jean-Paul Laurens; *Preaching of St. John*



HUNTRESSES. (Salon of 1882.)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY ÉDOUARD-HENRI AVRIL.

Chrysostom, by Joseph Wencker (a large canvas which, in the words of one of the critics, "witnesses to a grand effort towards the height of historic painting: It is a happy debut); *Vitellius Drawn through the Streets of Rome*, by Georges Rochgrasse (rewarded by a third-class medal); *Arrest of a Vendean Leader*, by Julien Leblant; and *The Day after a Victory, at the Alhambra*, by Benjamin Constant. M. Laurens's *Maximilian* is remarkable on several ac-



COUCOU! (Salon of 1882).
FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY CAMILLE
BELLANGER.

toric painting be forever destroyed by the black coat and pantaloons? . . . How will painters of the next century treat the great scenes of contemporary history? . . . This pictorial problem must be attempted and resolved; for, after all, the end of our century will be as good to study as its commencement, and tragical subjects have not failed, and will not fail. There is but one way to turn the difficulty, and that is not within the reach of every one.

It is that which M. Laurens has employed, viz., to cause the costume to be forgotten by the force of the situation and the energy of the expression. The *Maximilian* then is a decisive work, not only because it is moving, but because it is a model for those who will have enough audacity of mind and of hand to attempt modern history. Behold the road. Unhappily it is rugged: in following it, honor alone will be the recompense."

In *General Daumesnil at Vincennes* (see sketch on p. 61), by Gaston Mélingue, a worthy subject receives effective treatment. This brave French general lost a leg at the

counts. We quote M. Gaston Schéfer: "On the 19th of June, 1867, Maximilian, confined in a cell of the Capucin Couvent at Queretaro, saw the door of his prison open. A Mexican officer came to announce that his last moment was at hand. Maximilian bade adieu to the Abbé Soria, and loosing himself from the despairing grasp of his servant, went out with a firm step to the place of execution. The scene is of extreme simplicity. A citizen in black frock coat, a priest, a servant, a soldier. It is little, but it is all. This gentleman so correct is a man who walks to death, this *bourgeois* is an emperor, an emperor of the nineteenth century, without crown and without robe. Nevertheless he is great; for in this unique moment, in the hour of all weakness, he is strong: he consoles the consoler. He is about to die, and he is firmer than those who are to live. . . M. Laurens has given to this scene the austere energy of tragedy and has achieved great effects by the depth of the emotion." *Apropos* of the costumes, M. Schéfer adds: "This frock coat has astonished the public,—not that it was not well painted, but in a historic picture this prosaic garment has surprised it. What does this signify?

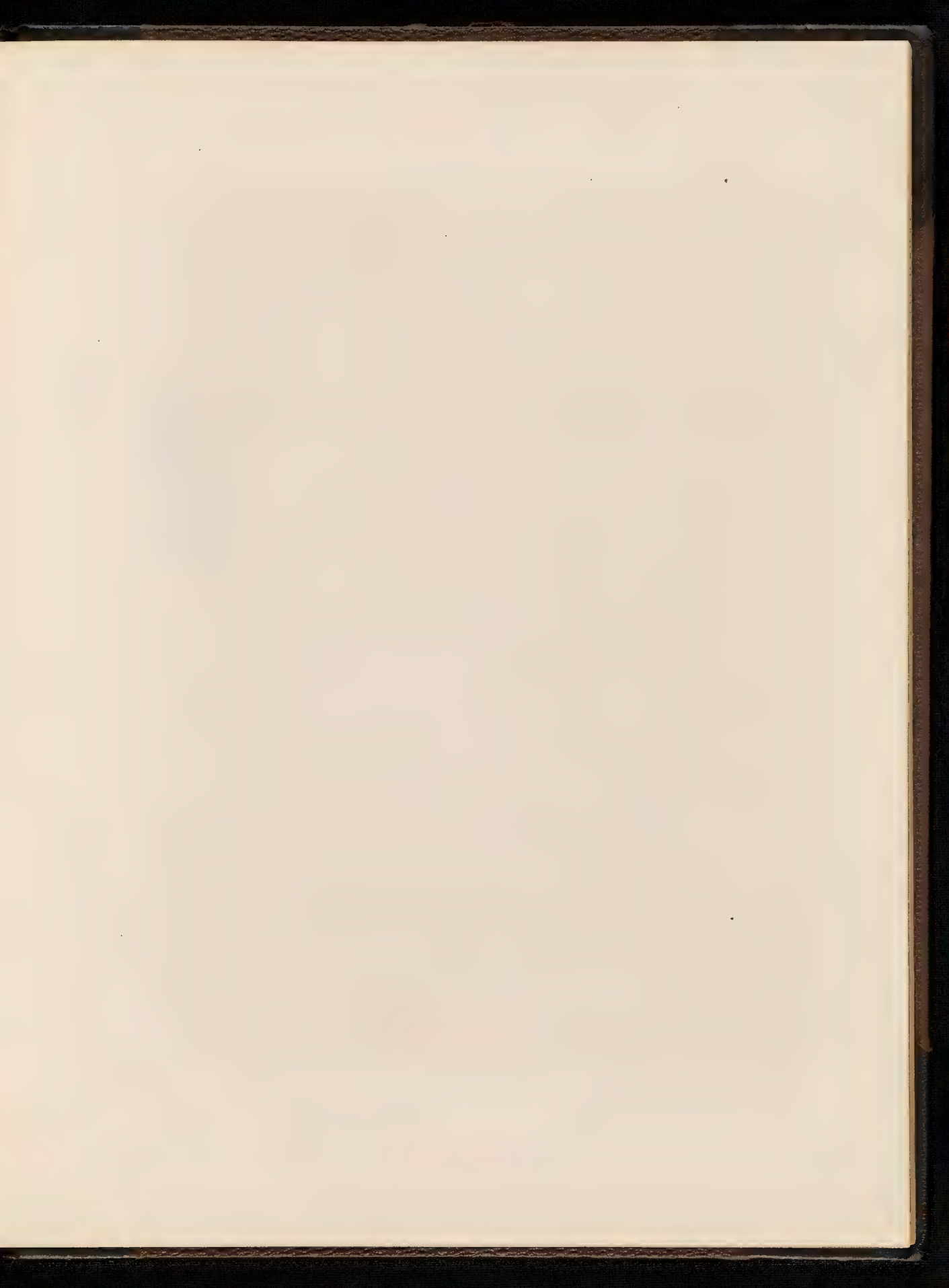
Are galoon and embroidery indispensable, and will his-



SUNDAY AFTERNOON - ALSACE. (Salon of 1882)
FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY MARTIN FEUERSTEIN.







METAMORPHOSIS OF CHRISTOPHER SLY.

CHESTER LOOMIS, *Pinx.*

GOUPIL & Co., *Gravure.*



CHRISTOPHER SLY, as we meet him in the prologue to Shakspeare's "Taming of the Shrew," is an ignorant tinker, who having drowned his senses in ale and fallen asleep upon the ground, is thus discovered by a lord and his train, who are returning from the chase. We quote:

Lord. What's here? one dead,
or drunk? See, doth he breathe?

2 Hunter. He breathes, my lord:
were he not warmed with ale,
This were a bed but cold to sleep
so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies! . . .
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.
What think you if he were conveyed to bed,
Wrapped in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himself?

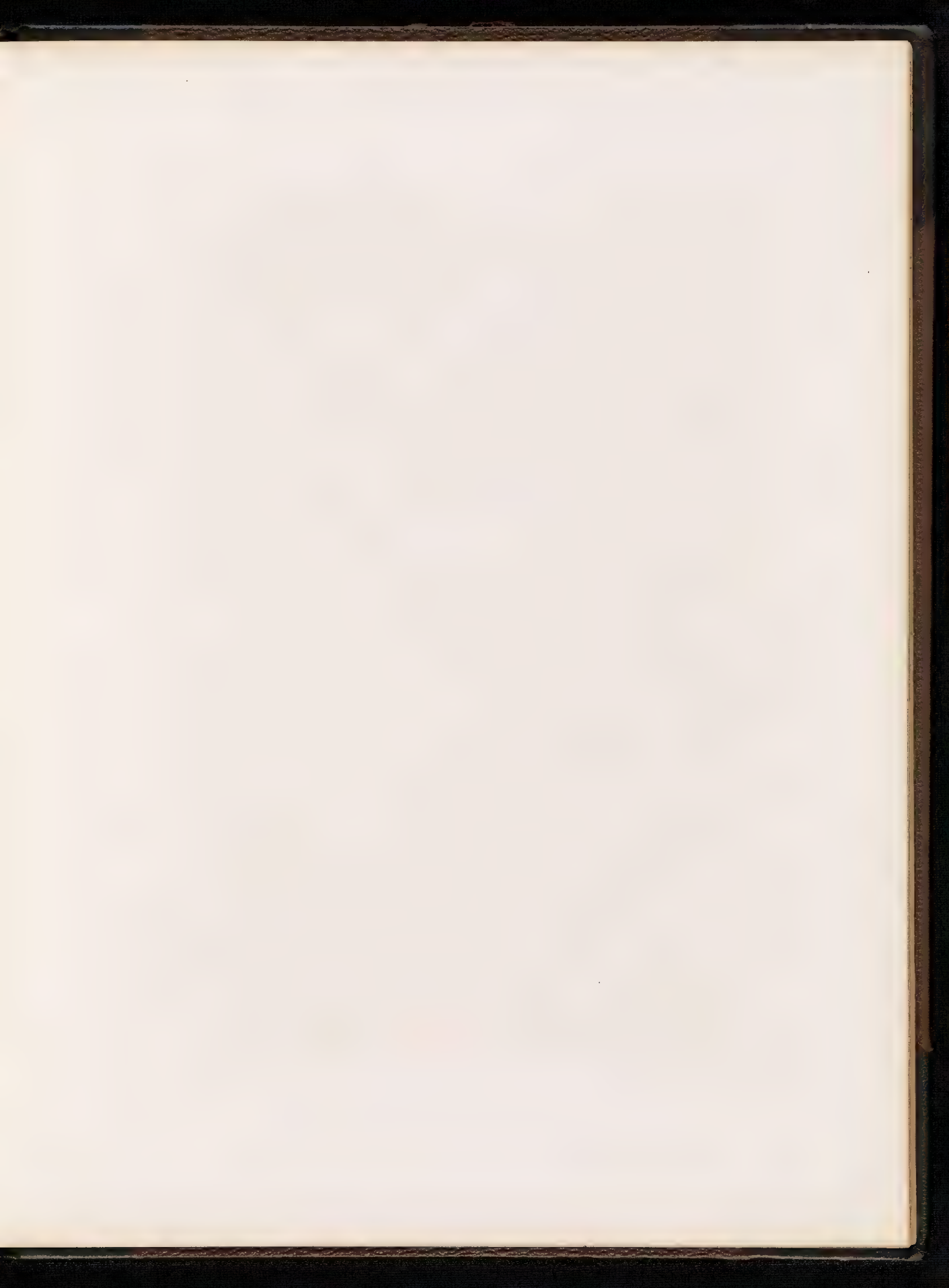
1 Hunter. Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

Lord. . . . Then take him up and manage the jest:—
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:
Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters,
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet:

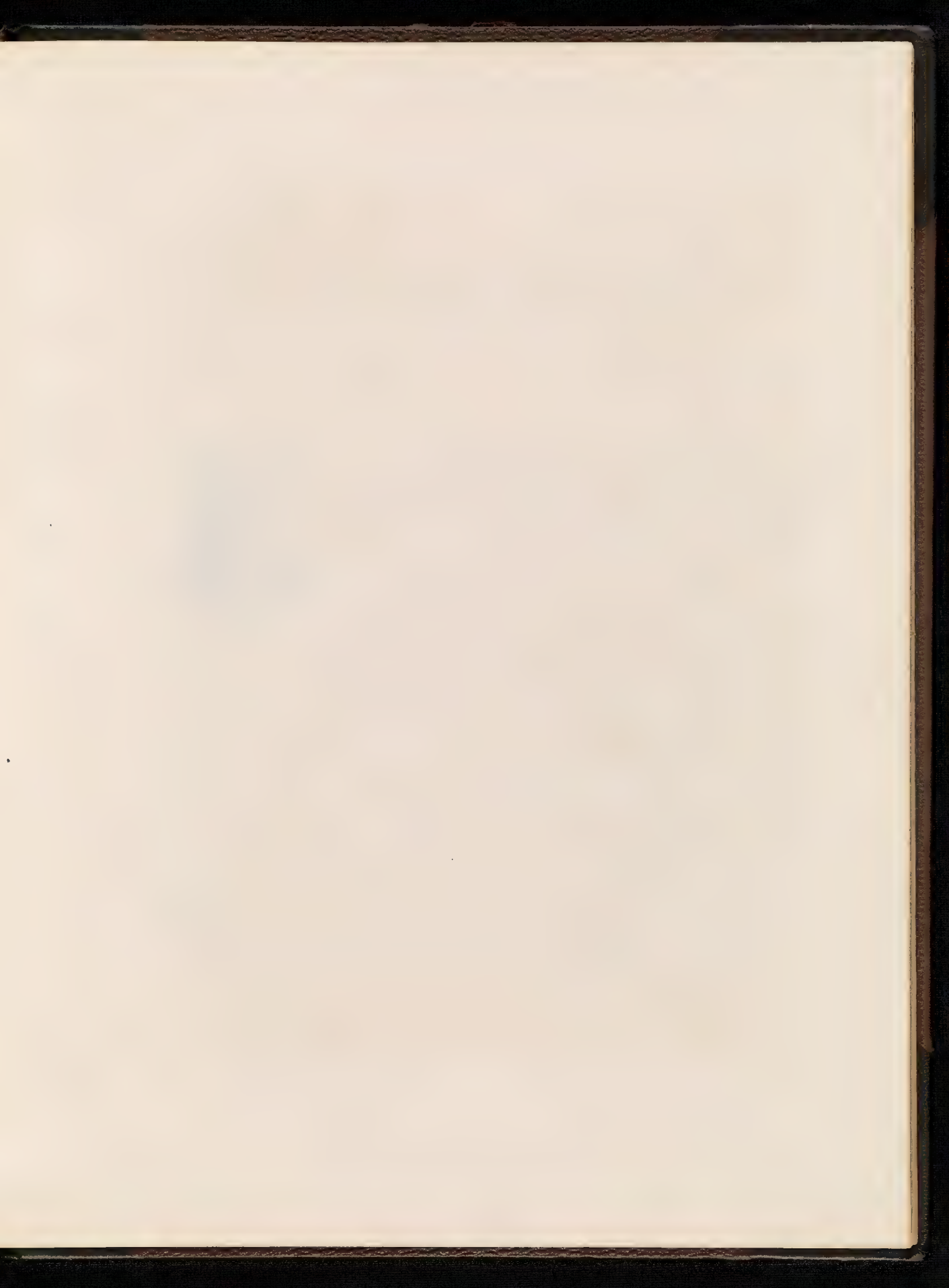
Procure me music ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,
And, with a low submissive reverence,
Say,—*What is it your honor will command?*
Let one attend him with a silver bason,
Full of rose water, and bestrewed with flowers;
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
And say,—*Will't please your lordship cool your hands?*
Some one be ready with a costly suit,
And ask him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease:
Persuade him that he hath been lunatic:
And when he says he is—, say, that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do and do it kindly, gentle sirs;
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty.

"Behold the picture! Is it like?" The expression of tickled bewilderment on the hind's face, is perfect; and scarcely less admirable is the blending of obsequiousness and mirth in the bearing of the skilfully grouped attendants. The details are worked out with learning and taste and form an admirable *ensemble*.

The picture was exhibited at the Salon of 1880. Mr. Loomis is an American, and studied with M. Bonnat.







AN AFTERNOON AT SEVILLE.

JOSÉ JIMENEZ-ARANDA, *Pinx.*

GOUPIL & Co., *Gravure.*



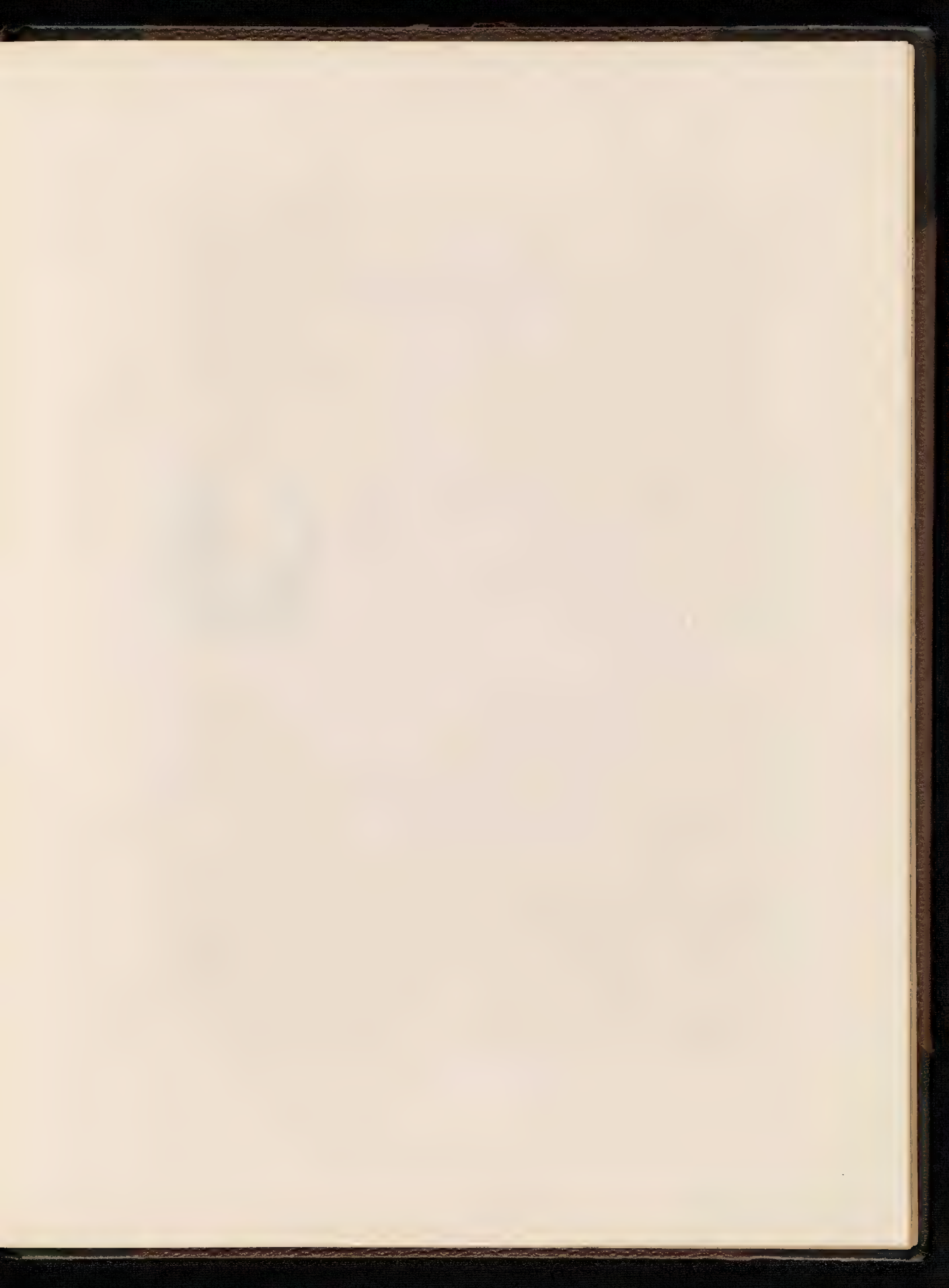
SEVILLE is an ancient city, known to the Phœnicians as Hispal, and to the Romans as Hispalis, which name was corrupted by the Moors into Ishbilliah, from which the modern name of Sevilla is supposed to be derived. In the height of its prosperity, under the Moors, the city attained a population of about 400,000. From the period of its conquest by Ferdinand III. of Castile, to the time of Charles V. it was the capital of Spain. Held by the Moors for five centuries and entirely rebuilt by them, Seville was long a purely Moorish city, and the old Moorish houses, which time has but little impaired, are still the best houses to be seen. The narrow, tortuous streets that kept out the sun, with their wide, spacious mansions, with ample courts and gardens, so perfectly suited to the climate, are, however, gradually yielding to broad straight streets, with small, hot houses open to the blaze of noon.

Our picture favors us with an interior view of one of the old-time mansions. The shadowy openings seen through the arches, the dark verdure of the plants, and the fountain, which, though invisible to us, no doubt cools the air and soothes the ear with its murmurous flow, are all peculiarly suggestive of comfort in a land exposed to a burning sun. The party here assembled, have without premeditation divided into several groups. In the background we observe a cluster of elderly persons, the chief of whom is a priest, who, inspired by the genial beverage that he sips, secures the rapt attention of his companions. In the right foreground two gentlemen are lost in the deep strategy of chess, while two others overlook the game with almost equal absorption. The officer seated on the left, however, is conscious of a stronger attraction elsewhere, as is evident from the wistful gaze that he turns towards the group of donnas at the edge of the court, who, all else forgetting, yield themselves to the luxury of the latest gossip. The picture bears the impress of reality, and is no doubt a faithful transcript of a phase of polite life in Seville at the present day.

M. Jimenez-Aranda is himself a native of Seville. The picture appeared at the Salon of 1881.



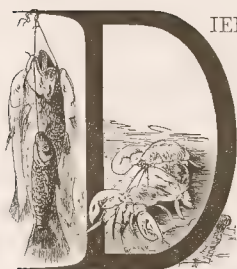




THE FISH-WOMAN OF DIEPPE.

GEORGES HAQUETTE, *Pinx.*

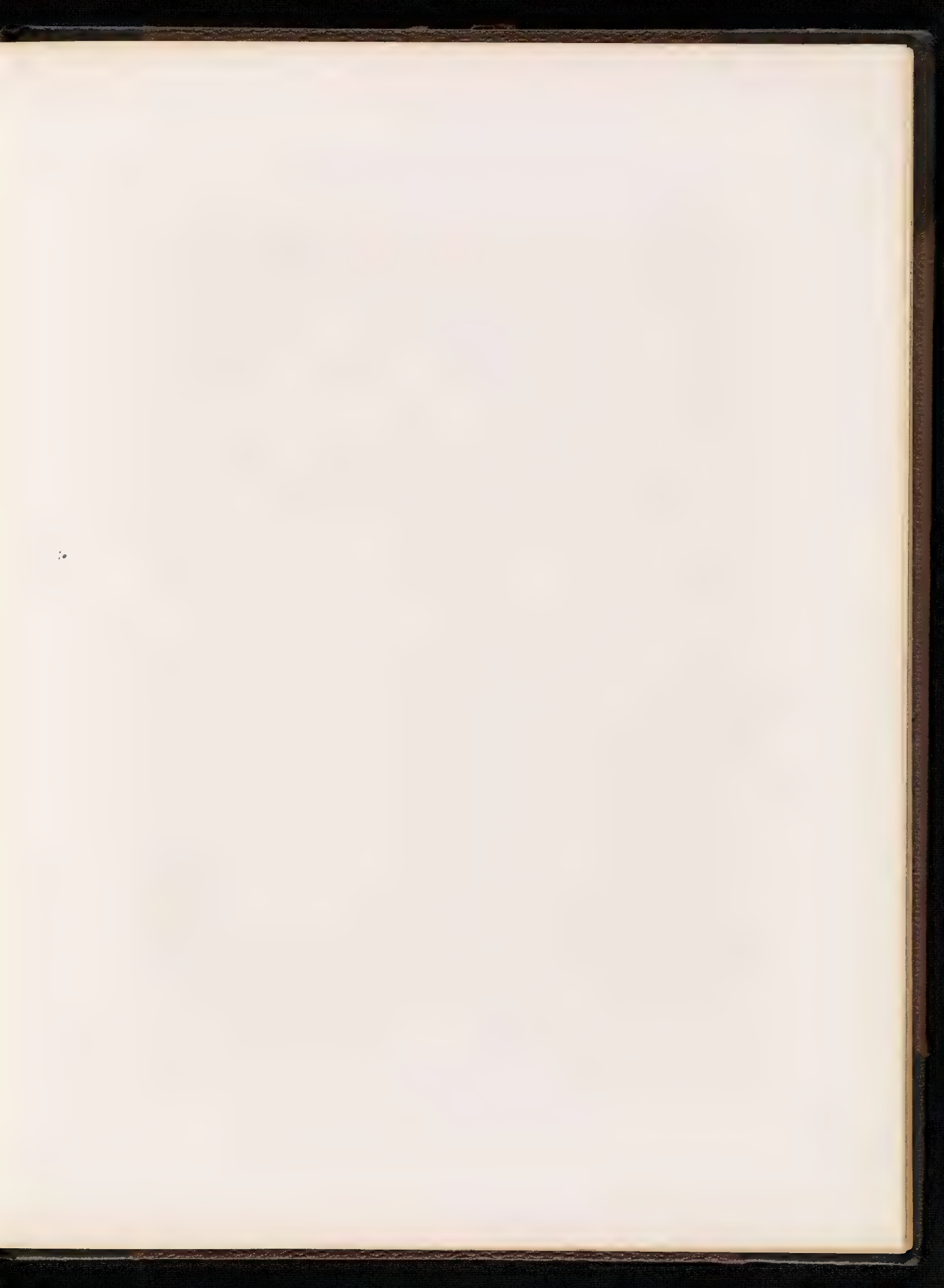
GOUPIL & Co., *Gravure.*



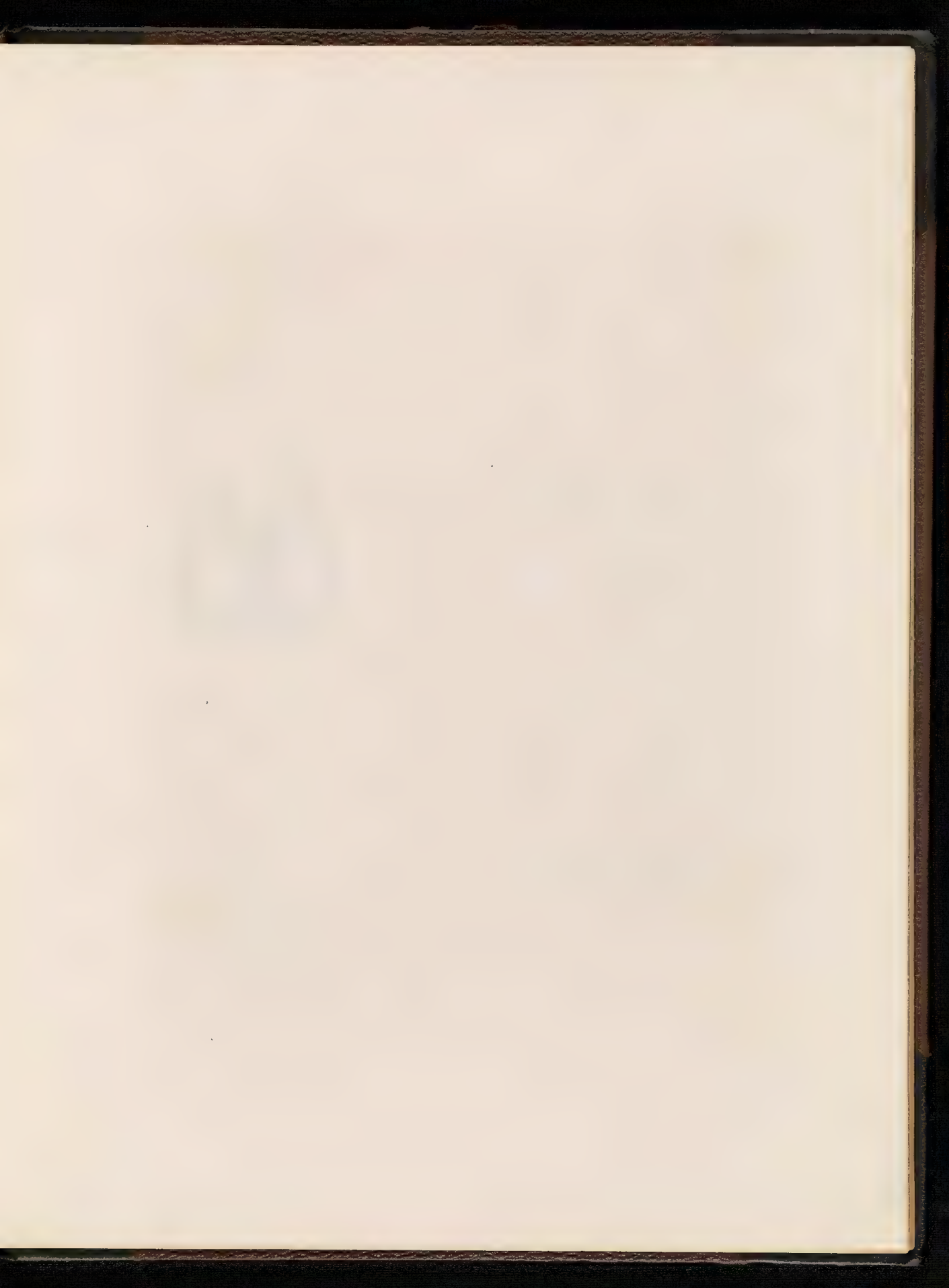
DIEPPE is one of the principal French ports of entry. Its wall and castle are interesting relics of its ancient life; but to the majority of visitors at present, the town is chiefly attractive as a watering-place. Marine and *genre* painters have, however, discovered a rich quarry in the fishing suburb of Pollet,—a little village, with no pretensions to beauty, but antiquated in appearance, and exceedingly interesting from the fact that the inhabitants differ in manners, language and costume from the rest of Upper Normandy and are supposed to be descendants of those Saxons who settled on the French coast during the period of the Merovingian kings. Among these quaint people, living and looking like their ancestors of centuries ago, artists find abundant and precious material for their studies.

Among those who have thus profited, is M. Haquette, whose "Fish-woman" is now before us: or, rather, we are before *her*, for the scene is so faithfully presented that but a very slight effort of the imagination is required to persuade us that we are marketing in Dieppe, and that we have paused at this woman's stall. And, indulging this fancy, we can almost detect the odor of brine in the atmosphere, not to mention the smell of the fish, which, we hasten to add, are quite fresh. The voice of the frank, good-natured woman, who has just replied to our demands, seems yet to vibrate in the air, and the gesture with which she indicates the fish she has commended can hardly fail to bring us to a favorable decision.

In this picture M. Haquette rivals the best Dutch painters in their own peculiar domain. It would be a success as a work of *genre* merely; but the presence of the woman, so life-like and expressive, gives it a higher value and a deeper interest. The original was exhibited at the Salon of 1880, when it procured for the artist a medal of the third class. M. Haquette was a pupil of MM. A. Millet and Cabanel.







A CLOUD.

Mlle. JEANNE RONGIER, *Pinx.*

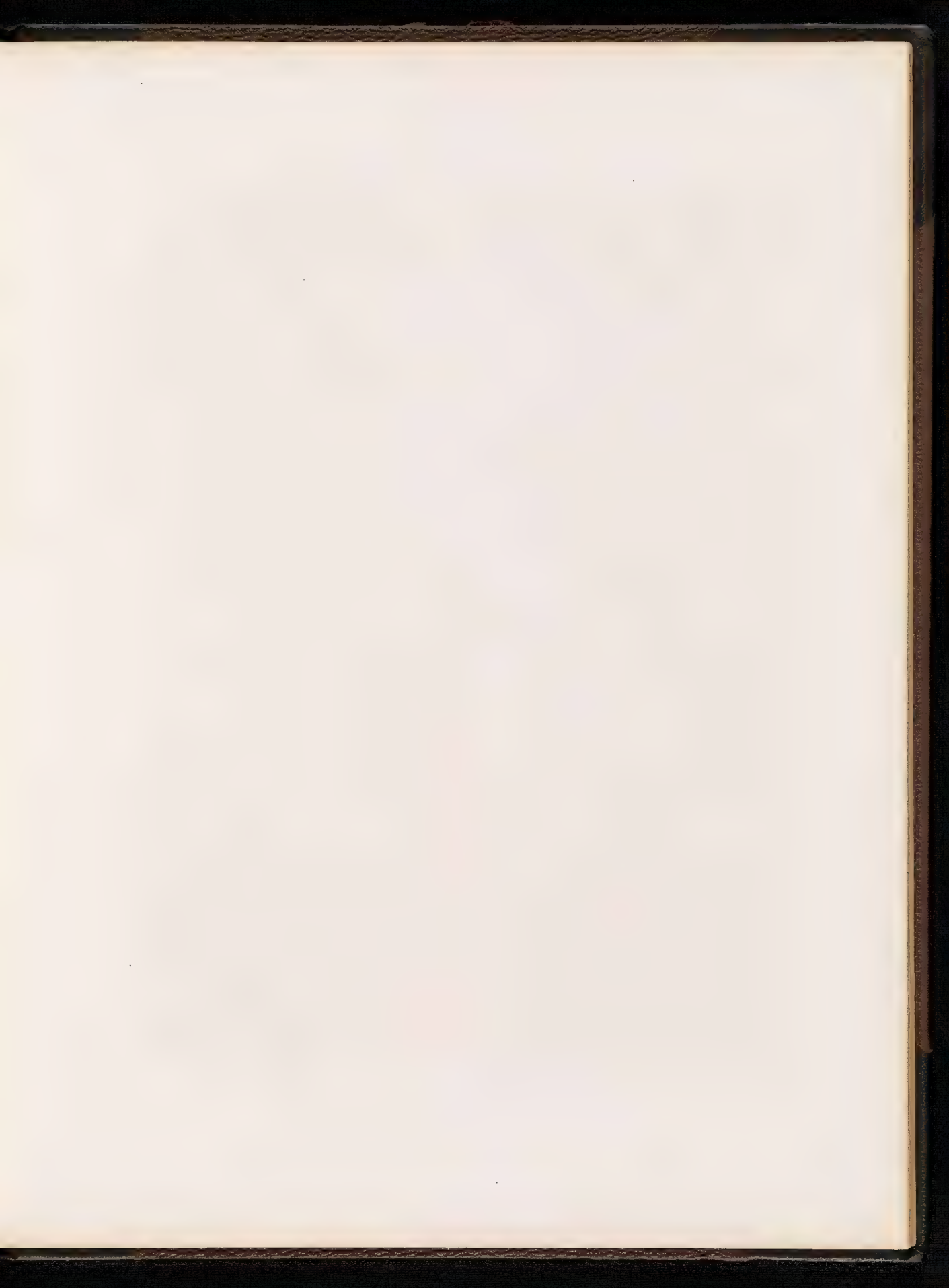
GOUPIL & Co., *Gravure.*



A LOVER'S quarrel! As "the course of true love never did run smooth," so, changing the figure, it may be said with equal truth that the sky of true love never was without clouds. The fair young couple in our picture are now realizing this fact, possibly for the first time. Their sweet romance, hitherto illumined by unbroken sunlight, has suddenly been darkened by a cloud that has cast a chilling shadow upon their bliss. It may seem to them that their dream is past, that the light of their lives has gone out. But a moment ago, they could scarce remove their love-laden glances from each other; but now their eyes are willingly averted; and the cherished forms that seemed to be inseparable, are now divided by a barrier no less real because invisible. All this unhappiness can a cloud occasion. But happily, clouds are not permanent; they go as well as come; and were it not for the shadows they cast upon us, we might never duly appreciate the joys that gladden life. How beautiful is the day-dawn, after the night's darkness! And so too, the sky, temporarily darkened by clouds is more beautiful and dear to us than if it were always clear. We should have no superb sunsets, were there no clouds to reflect the light and refract it into hues of matchless beauty. So the clouds that settle upon our spirits give variety and depth and earnestness to our lives.

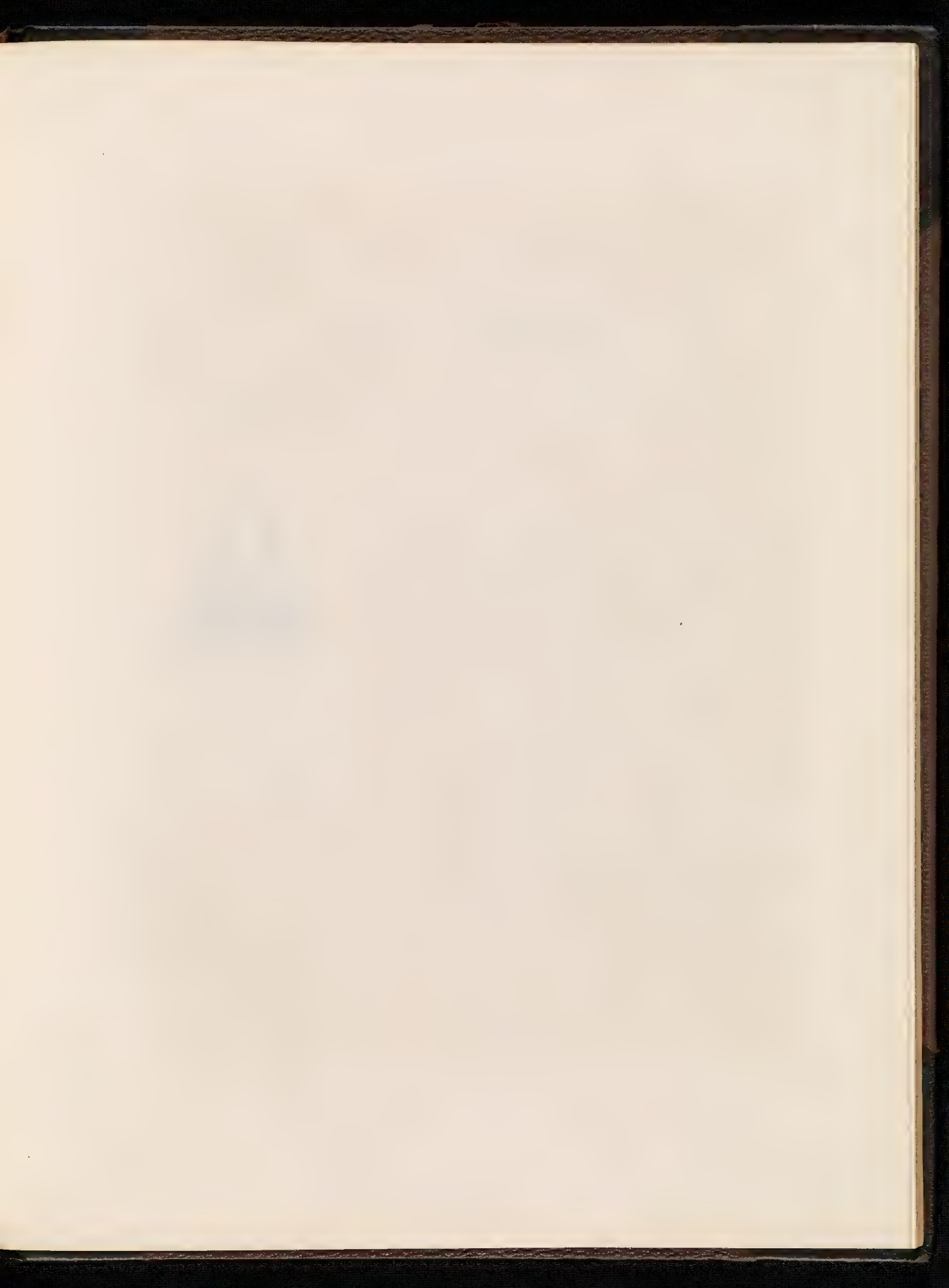
When the cloud passes and the warm sunlight again enfolds these lovers like a halo, they will forget their sorrow in the ecstasy of reconciliation. Each will think the other more fair and more precious than ever. Meanwhile the flowers have got to suffer:—the desperate swain, in his fierce melancholy, is mowing them down with savage recklessness, and even the gentle lady is plucking them to bits in the abstraction of her pain.

Mlle. Rongier is a pupil of MM. Harpignies and Luminais. This well composed and expressive picture was her contribution to the Salon of 1879.





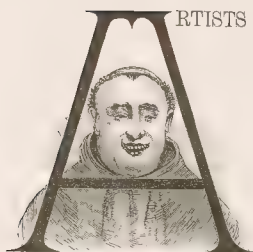
THE FRIAR AND THE WOMAN



THE FINE PUMPKIN.

MARCELLIN LAPORTE, *Pinx.*

GOUPIL & Co., *Gravure.*



ARTISTS of an earlier age, when moved to portray scenes in monastic life, were led, with rare exceptions, to present the serious and venerable aspects of a calling that was deemed peculiarly beneficent and holy. The artistic tendency now-a-days is to seize upon the more secular and undignified aspects of monkish life, such as the menial offices of the kitchen or the vegetable garden; indulgence at table; or the recreative sports which sometimes by way of reaction, succeed ascetic rigors. While for the most part the pictures of the latter class are conceived in a very genial spirit, it cannot be denied that they are characteristic of the utilitarian spirit of the age, which takes nothing for granted and has little veneration for old institutions or old ideas, either religious or political.

In M. Laporte's amusing picture, we have a signal instance of a seed that has fallen into good ground. It seems as if the germ of this pumpkin was predestinated to fall upon a spot of earth richly laden with all the elements conducive to the perfection of this useful member of the vegetable kingdom. It is a triumph, a prodigy. No wonder the gardener is proud, or that his comrade who has come to inspect the wonder, betrays so rapturous a surprise. The hands of the latter are raised as in benediction, but whether to bless himself or the pumpkin we cannot tell. He is in robust health, his appetite is prime, and he is grateful for the good things of life. He makes us think of the pious man and hearty feeder, who being called on to "say grace" at a well-laden board, first made suitable allusion to the rich and abundant fare, and then added: "We thank thee for all these blessings, and" (laying his hands on his ample waistcoat) "for the capacity which thou hast given us for their enjoyment." Our friend in the picture, likewise, is not lacking in capacity.

M. Laporte studied under Cabanel, and *The Fine Pumpkin* was his *envoi* to the Salon of 1879.



THE PRISONERS. AFRICAN CAMPAIGN, 1881. (Salon of 1882.)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY GASTON CLARIS.

battle of Wagram. When the same enemy against which he there fought came to attack the fortress of Vincennes, of which he was in command, and sent a messenger to demand its surrender, General Daumesnil replied sturdily, "I will render up the place when you shall have restored to me my leg!" M. Mélingue was a pupil of L. Mélingue and of Cogniet.

Turning now to works of an allegorical or mythic character, we may notice first of all, Eugène Thirion's *The Poet and the Fountain* (see sketch on p. 61). In the midst of a superb landscape the symbolic fountain pours forth refreshing streams from a gracefully inclined urn. This is the Castalian fount, on the slopes of Parnassus, whose magical waters fill the minds of those who drink it with poetic inspiration. The poet in the scene before us receives from the infant,—a typical streamlet,—a cup of the supernal waters, which he will quaff as a prelude to an enchanting song.

A consummate example of idealization is *The Twilight*, of William Adolphe Bouguereau. (See sketch on p. 62). This beautiful being, whose gauzy drapery floats in the breeze, is not an inhabitant of the earth. She belongs to the world of spirits. She skims the surface of the water with a tread as light as air, and her grace of motion is as free and undulous as that of the waves. Her abstract and dreamy look foretells the approach of "Night, sable goddess," who "from her ebony throne" will soon "stretch forth her sceptre o'er a slumbering world."

Camille Bellanger's *Coucou!* ("Cuckoo") is a playful and graceful illustration of the proverbial blindness of love. (See sketch on p.



THE SILENT DIALOGUE. (Salon of 1882.)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY JOSEF ISRAELS.



FROUFROU. (Salon of 1882.)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING
BY GEORGES CLAIRIN.

The Man who Runs after Fortune, and the Man who awaits her in his Bed, by Paul Nanteuil, illustrates in a piquant manner the arbitrary and whimsical fashion in which this much-worshipped divinity bestows her favors. (See sketch on p. 63.) We can appreciate the astonishment and chagrin,—not to say disgust,—of the unhappy man, who, after a long chase of the fickle goddess, suddenly beholds her smilingly ensconced upon the threshold of a man who rests lazily in his bed without having given himself the least trouble to seek her. Is not this a true characterization of Fortune?

The nude, of course, was well represented, in point of numbers at least; and certainly by some examples of high merit. Besides those already mentioned, the following should be named: *Truth*, by Paul-Jacques Baudry; *A Naiad*, by Charles Landelle; *The Grand Iza*, by Blaise Bukovac; *The Siren's Kiss*, by Gustave Wertheimer; *Night*, by Alcide Roubaudi; *Eve*, by Armand Berton; *The Odalisque*, by Louis Courtat. Emmanuel Benner and Paul Trouillebert each contributed an inter-

64). This young girl is being duly qualified for the proper exercise of the "grand passion," by a mischievous Puck of a cupid, who bandages her eyes. If the charge of blindness be brought as a reproach against Love, he finds a defender in the person of a lady in whose mouth Coleridge puts these words:

I have heard of reasons manifold
Why Love must needs be blind,
But this the best of all I hold,—
His eyes are in his mind.

What outward form and features are
He guesses but in part;
But what within is good and fair
He seeth with the heart.

In the *Huntresses* of Edouard-Henry Avril (see sketch on p. 63), we recognize Diana and her nymphs. The foremost figure is as superior to the others in beauty and dignity as we should expect the goddess to excel her attendants. It is, indeed, a form of charming proportions and contours, tall, lithe and agile. The nude figures find an effective relief against the dark foliage, and the landscape that stretches away on the right is very beautiful.



A STAR. (Salon of 1882.)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING
BY LÉON COMEBRE.

esting group of *Bathers*. Jean - Jacques Henner, abandoning for the moment his favorite nymphs, exhibits *Barra*, a drummer boy of the Republic, who lies upon his back, nude and dead. The work is marked by the unique qualities of light and color that characterize this master.

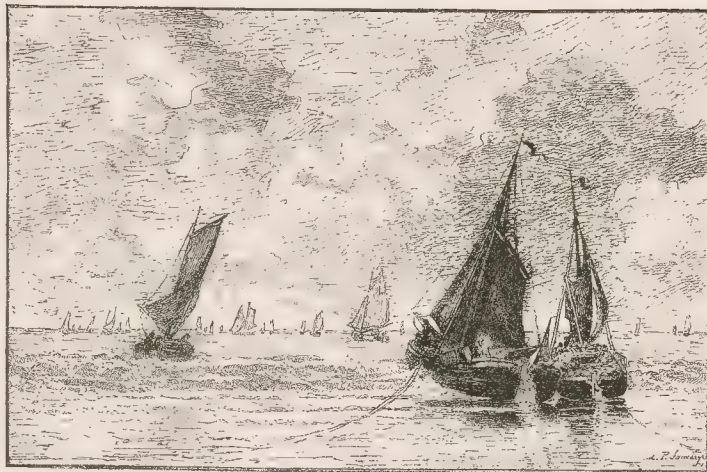
"Portraiture," says Édouard Drumont, "is the element that saves the least successful Salons. This fact is easily

explained. Our epoch has lost the sense of the ideal, and has become less and less skilled in the expression and comprehension of abstract sentiments and of heroic and elevated thoughts; it seeks satisfaction in the study of real life with a passion each day more lively and intense. Rarely has the human personality been interpreted,—above all, in its physical aspects,—with more independence, frankness and truth."

The *Rabbis* of Édouard Moyse (see sketch on p. 57), while not portraits, yet belong to this category. They remind us of the fondness of the old Dutch corporations for having themselves painted in groups. Excepting the central one, the features of these rabbins are not as distinctly Jewish as they might be expected to be, but they are not lacking in individualization. The picture is painted in a broad style and with a just propriety of color.

Among the notable portraits (which we can only name *en passant*) are those of *M. Puvis de Chavannes*, by Léon Bonnat; of *M. Barbey d'Aurevilly*, by Émile Levy; of *M. Lhéritier*, in the rôle of Cordenbois in the *Cagnotte*; *Dr. Stee*, by Adolphe Yvon; and the four panels of Mlle. Louise Abbema, which, under the titles of *Spring*, *Summer*, *Autumn* and *Winter*, are portraits, respectively, of four favorite actresses, viz., Mlle. Blanche Barretta, Mme. Samary, Mme. Damala (Sarah Bernhardt), and Mlle. Reichemberg,—each of these ladies appearing in out-door costume, amidst an appropriate landscape.

Concerning M. Jules-Émile Saintin's *On the Seashore* (see sketch on p. 62), M. Drumont observes: "Is not this a portrait also,—this ravishing child, with a smile, at once dreamy and spiritual, who walks on the beach



A DEPARTURE AT SCHEVENINGEN. (Salon of 1882.)
FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY LOUIS-PAUL SAUVAIGE.



THE FISHERIES AT DIEPPE. (Salon of 1882.)
FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY PIERRE MARIE BEYLE.

with a great umbrella? She has furnished Saintin with an occasion for invoking, in a harmonious summer decoration, a sort of Parisian Mignon." M. Saintin was a pupil of MM. Drolling, Picot, and Leboucher.

Military painting was creditably represented, notwithstanding the absence of both M. Détaille and M. de Neuville. The most notable canvases were: *Manœuvre of Embarkation*, by Étienne Berne-Bellecour (the largest and probably the finest work yet exhibited by this artist); *Waterloo*; *Episode of the Farm of Hougemont*, by Eugène Chaperon; *The Forge*, by Louis-Eugène Charpentier; *Military Funeral in Holland*, by Isaac Israels; *Episode of the Battle of Epinay*, by Lucien-Pierre Sergent; *Taking of the Dutch Fleet by the Hussars of the Republic*, by Charles-Édouard Delort; and *The French before Bourget*, by Auguste Lançon.

The Prisoner, by Gaston Claris (see sketch on p. 65), is a scene in the African campaign of 1881. The prisoner, an admirable study, is likely to prove a difficult subject for examination. Accustomed to set not a very high price on human life, he betrays little concern as to his own possible fate. His imperturbability must be rather exasperating to his captors. The scene is placed before us with realistic fidelity.



THE SABLES: ISLE OF GROIX. (Salon of 1882)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY MME. ÉLODIE LA VILLETTE.

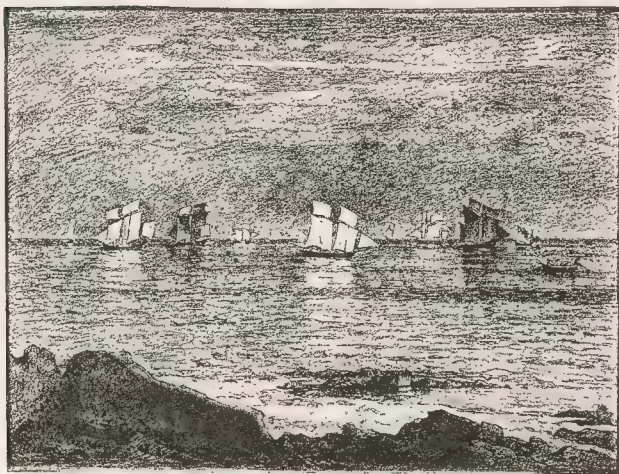


TOWING. (Salon of 1882)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY THÉODORE WEBER.

Landscape occupies an increasingly important place. Not only is this manifest in the number of works devoted primarily to interesting and beautiful passages of natural scenery; but it appears also in the care that is lavished upon such scenery, employed as an accessory in pictures generally.

Few painters have excelled M. Eugène Grandsire as an interpreter of nature in her quiet moods. A good example of his profound sympathy with such subjects is afforded in his *Bagnérot Valley: November* (see sketch on p. 69). There is no feature of this scene that can be called "salient." It is not in



GRANVILLE FISHING SMACKS. (Salon of 1882.)
FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY JULES MASURE.

glowing heavens. The approach of night causes the return alike of flocks and laborers to the friendly shelter of the humble thatch-roofed cottage and stables. The trees, nearly denuded of their foliage by the chill autumn winds, loom weirdly, like skeletons, against the light. The picture is a serious, yet tender pastoral poem. It procured for the author a medal of the third class. M. Beauvais is a pupil of Desjobert and of Gérôme.

We have yet another autumn scene—one of more universal interest, perhaps, than either of the above, viz., *Autumn Evening*, by Émile-Louis Adan. (See sketch on p. 70). The elements of the picture are simple but engaging: A beautiful walk, bordered on one side by a high hedge, and on the other by a low wall, and shaded by a row of noble trees,—the whole presented in a charming perspective. Beyond the wall is a quiet landscape. The gnarled branches of the old trees are relieved against the sunset sky. A woman, pausing in her evening walk, leans upon the wall and gazes pensively on the peaceful panorama spread out before her. This human soul, moved by feelings kindred to our own, serves to subject us with augmented power to the picture's gentle spell.

any respect remarkable; and yet there is in it something that cannot fail to stir serious and noble emotions in susceptible hearts. The subtle sentiment of the scene has been transferred to the canvas with rare power.

Another November scene of exceptional interest is *The Hour of Return*, by Armand Beauvais. (See sketch on p. 73.) It is a landscape in Berry. Day is waning; the sun, sunken below the horizon, lights up the western sky with its dying glory. The field and houses in the foreground and middle distance are in dark relief against the



BAGNÉROT VALLEY: NOVEMBER. (Salon of 1882.)
FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY EUGÈNE GRANDJEU.

The work was justly recompensed with a medal of the second class. M. Adan studied with Picot and Cabanel.

The Fisherman's House, by Charles Busson (see sketch on p. 70), is a scene at Prazay, near Montoire, in Loir-et-Cher, in the neighborhood of the artist's birth-place. A quiet and refreshing bit of nature, comprehending forest and stream, sky, sunlight and shadow, with enough of man's art, in its simplest forms, to accord with the scene and lend it human sympathy.



AUTUMN EVENING. (Salon of 1882)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY ÉMILE-LOUIS ADAN.

The Orchard, in July (see sketch on p. 73), of Mme. Marie Collart, is a charming summer idyl, full of light and warmth, and pleasant suggestions of the hum of insects, the soft rustling of leaves, and the chirp and carol of birds.

The critic, Victor Champier, observes: "The triumph that is accorded to originality in landscape, has this year been reserved for some young and enterprising foreign artists." Among the foreign artists thus referred to, are: Birge Harrison, of Philadelphia, represented by *November*; William Stott, of England, by *The Ferryman* and *The Bathers*; Walter Ullmann, of London, by *An Autumn Day* (this promising artist died during the exhibition); and Frederick Bridgman, of New York, by *Planting Rape, in Normandy*, a work of exceptional power.

We cannot take leave of this section of the exhibit without at least naming the *Evening in a Hamlet of Finisterre*, by Jules Breton, and the *Port of Saint-Bernard, Paris*, by Pierre-Louis Vauthier, which were among the choicest works of their class.

Marine painting was worthily represented by a number of artists who exhibited the ocean in its many aspects, together with the picturesque features and occupations of the dwellers upon its shores. Among the few works that we single out for remark, is



FISHERMAN'S HOUSE AT PRAZAY, NEAR MONTOIRE. (Salon of 1882)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY CHARLES BUSSON.

Towing, by Théodore Weber. (See sketch on p. 68). The magnificent sky, the stately motion of the ships drawn over the silvered waves by the little tug, the amplitude of space, the sense of atmosphere, the briny water, unite to form a picture whose delightful effect can be better felt than described. M. Weber is of Saxon birth.

The *Granville Fishing Smacks*, of Jules Masure (see sketch on p. 69), is scarcely less remarkable for its beautiful effect of light. Here a luminous sky, flecked with fleecy clouds, is duplicated by reflection in the clear waters, and midway between the two expanses, floats the little navy of fishing smacks, stretched out picturesquely along the line of the horizon. The otherwise monotonous sea and sky are agreeably contrasted with the rocks in the foreground. M. Masure was a pupil of Corot. He received medals in 1866 and 1881.

M. Louis-Paul Sauvaige sustains his high reputation as a mariner, by his *Departure at Scheveningen, Holland*. (See sketch on p. 67). The action of the nearest barks, riding out into the roomy sea, is rendered with great fidelity, and the perfect perspective gives illimitable depth to the view. M. Sauvaige studied with Corot and Daubigny.



YOUNG GIRLS GOING TO THE FOUNTAIN: CAPRI. (Salon of 1882.)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY JEAN BENNER.



IRRECONCILABLES. (Salon of 1882.)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE PAINTING BY FERNAND PELÉZ.

The Sables (see sketch on p. 68), by Mme. Élodie La Villette, is a scene at the Isle of Groix, consisting of a rocky inlet, whose natural obstructions are at once interesting and dangerous to the navigator. Mme. La Villette is a native of Strasbourg.

M. Pierre-Marie Beyle's *Fisheries at Dieppe: Low Tide* (see sketch on p. 67), is marked for its rare perspective and vivid effect of reality. We see, in the foreground, a group of women and children loading their baskets with the results of the last draught of the nets, and in the distance get glimpses of other parts of the industry of the place.

Frou-Frou, by M. Georges Clairin (see sketch on p. 66), is well described as "a daring and delightful study

in white—a dainty female figure, life size. Frou-Frou wears a 'fussy' white dress, an indescribable confusion of satin, lace, and pearls—low enough to show her exquisite bare bust and arms, and not too long to hide her well-turned ankles. Her head, coquettishly posed, is bewitchingly mischievous." M. Clairin was awarded a medal of the third class. Another success was *The Star*, or *Danseuse*, of M. Léon Comerre. The background is of white satin. The danseuse is dressed wholly in white, her gauze skirts being rayed with silver. The picture is a triumph of drawing and technic. (See sketch on p. 66).

In *The Silent Dialogue* (see sketch on p. 65), Josef Israels displays the brilliant union of art and sincere emotion that characterize his works; and to attain this result he has only required a poor interior, in which a good old man is seated face to face with his only joy, his dog. The faithful animal, with his eyes fixed on his master, exchanges with him a silent dialogue. M. Israels is one of the foremost painters of Holland.

Sunday Afternoon: Alsace, by Martin Feuerstein (see p. 64), is a scene in a humble, but refined home, in which a mother, perhaps a widow, reads to her daughter from the sacred volume which tells

of an eternal home, where separations are unknown. The artist, an Alsatian, was a pupil of Diez. Adolphe Artz, a pupil of J. Israels, demonstrates his mastery of light in the calm interior in which a *fiancée* prepares her *Marriage Trousseau* (see p. 72). Of



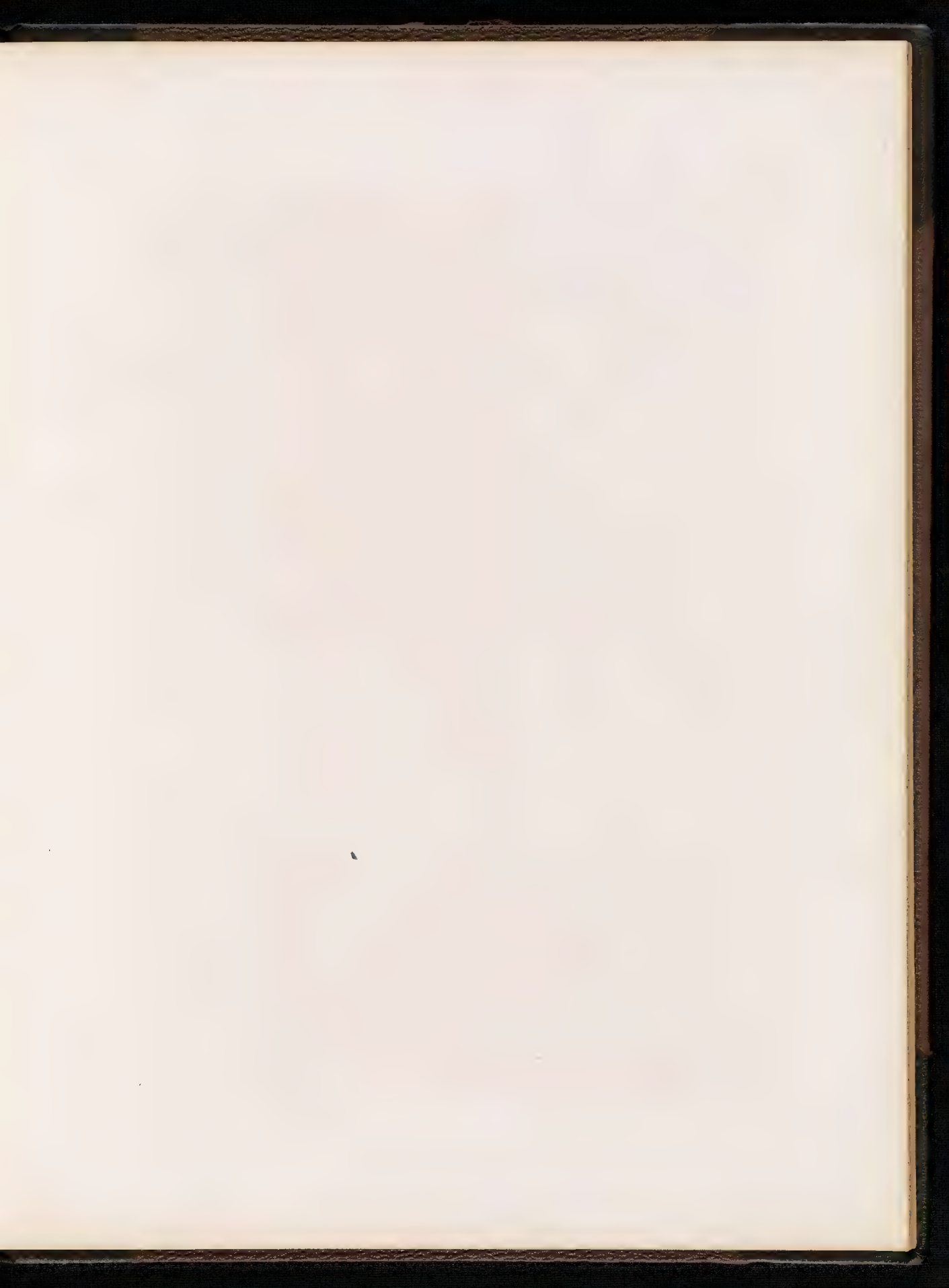
HER MARRIAGE TROUSSEAU (Salon of 1882.)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY ADOLPHE ARTZ.



MILD COUNTRY. (Salon of 1882.)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY PIERRE PUVIS DE CHAVANNE.





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HOMELESS.

FERNAND PELEZ, *Pinx.*

GOUPIL & Co., *Gravure.*



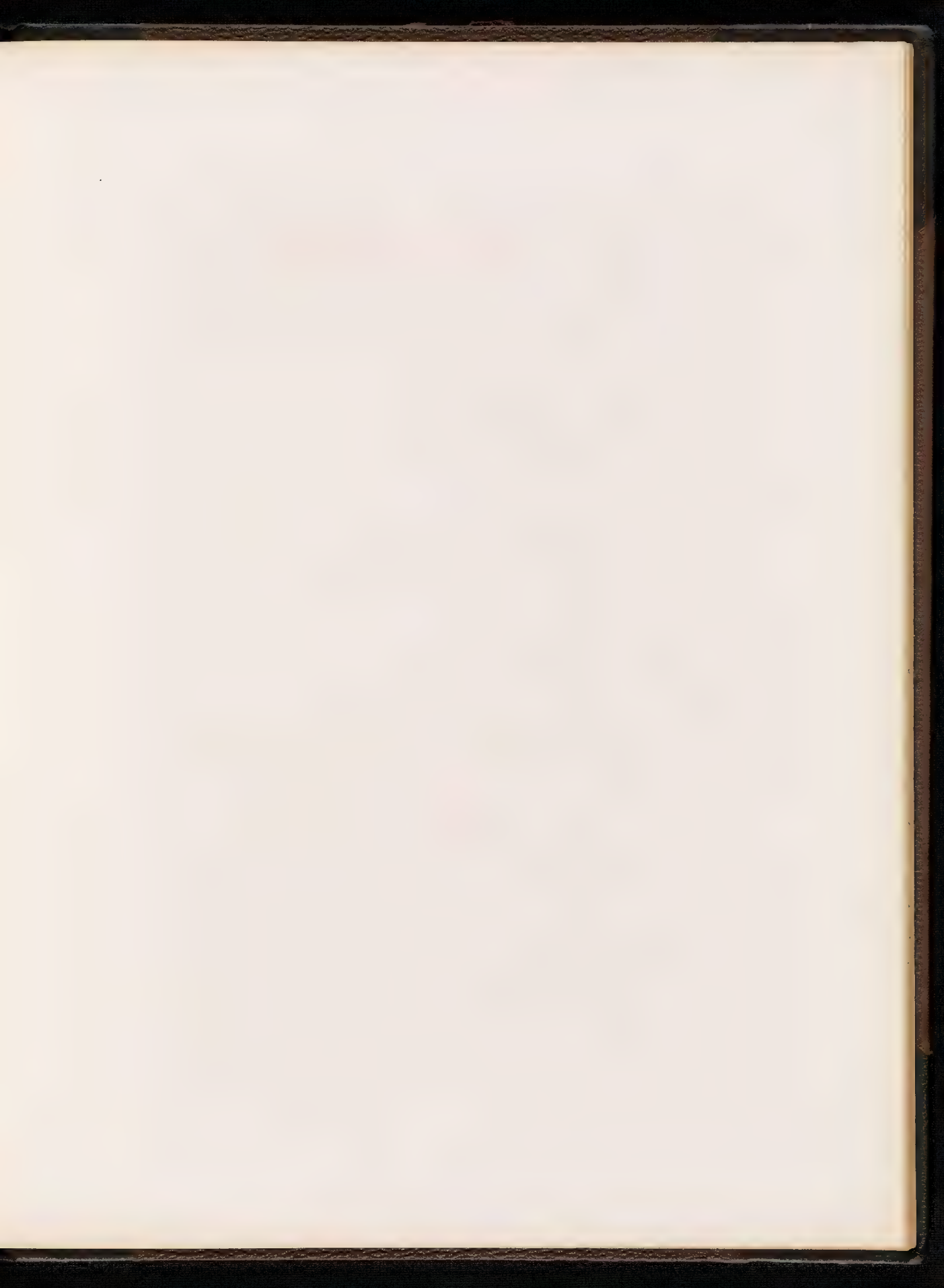
THIS is one of the most remarkable examples of realistic painting extant. So true to nature is the group before us, that it might be a photograph of an unfortunate family surprised in the extremity of their destitution: yet the scene bears evidence of careful study in its composition. Again, the drawing and the expressions are so absolute in their fidelity to truth that the spectator readily forgets that this is a painted picture, but rather deems himself in the presence of a real scene of woe. Unfeeling indeed must be the heart that is not touched by such a scene: and yet how multiplied is this form of misery in all our cities!

Three of the children, sleeping in their rags, enjoy a short forgetfulness of their cold and hunger. The little fellow who sits on the left has a look of melancholy peculiarly touching in one of such tender years. It seems as though a life-time of suffering had been compressed into his brief experience. The infant peacefully drawing nourishment from nature's almost exhausted fountain, deepens the pathos of the scene, by throwing into stronger relief the surrounding misery. The poor mother's face wears the look of one who has exhausted her last resource, and who, for the moment, at least, abandons herself to a pitiless fate. As we contemplate her hopeless expression we involuntarily pray that this dark hour may speedily usher in the dawn of a better day.

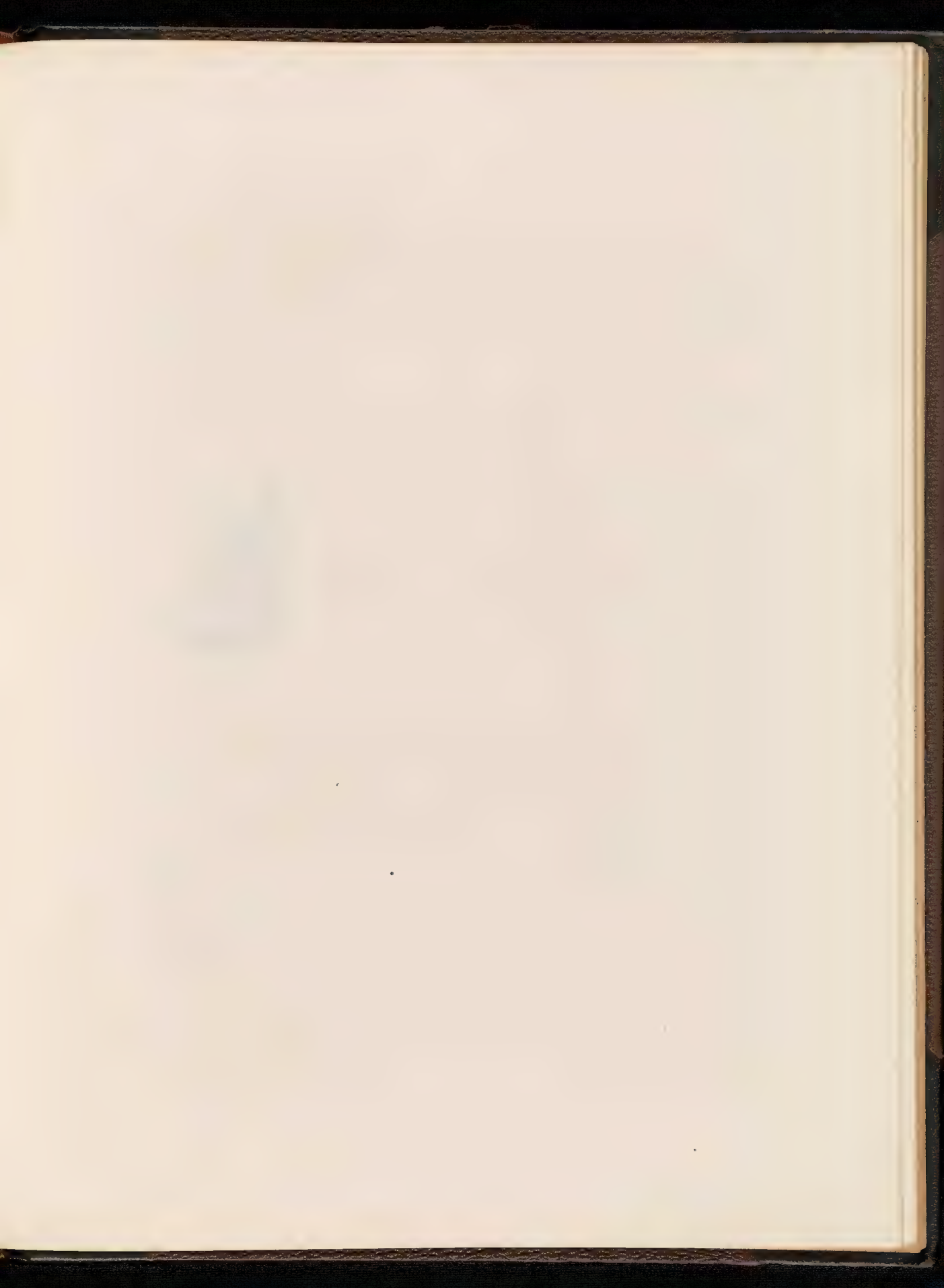
Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
O! it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

How strongly this picture suggests the painful inequalities of human lots; and how eloquently it pleads for those who amidst plenty are starving, and who, surrounded by dwellings, mansions and palaces, are uncovered to every storm. It was one of the marked works at the Salon of 1883, and was by some of the critics judged worthy of the Prize of the Salon.

M. Pelez was a pupil of MM. Cabanel and Barrias. He received a medal of the third class in 1876, one of the second class in 1879, and one of the first class in 1880.







EXERCISE ON THE ESPLANADE OF THE INVALIDES.

PIERRE-GEORGES JEANNIOT, *Pinx.*

GOUPIL & Co., *Gravure.*

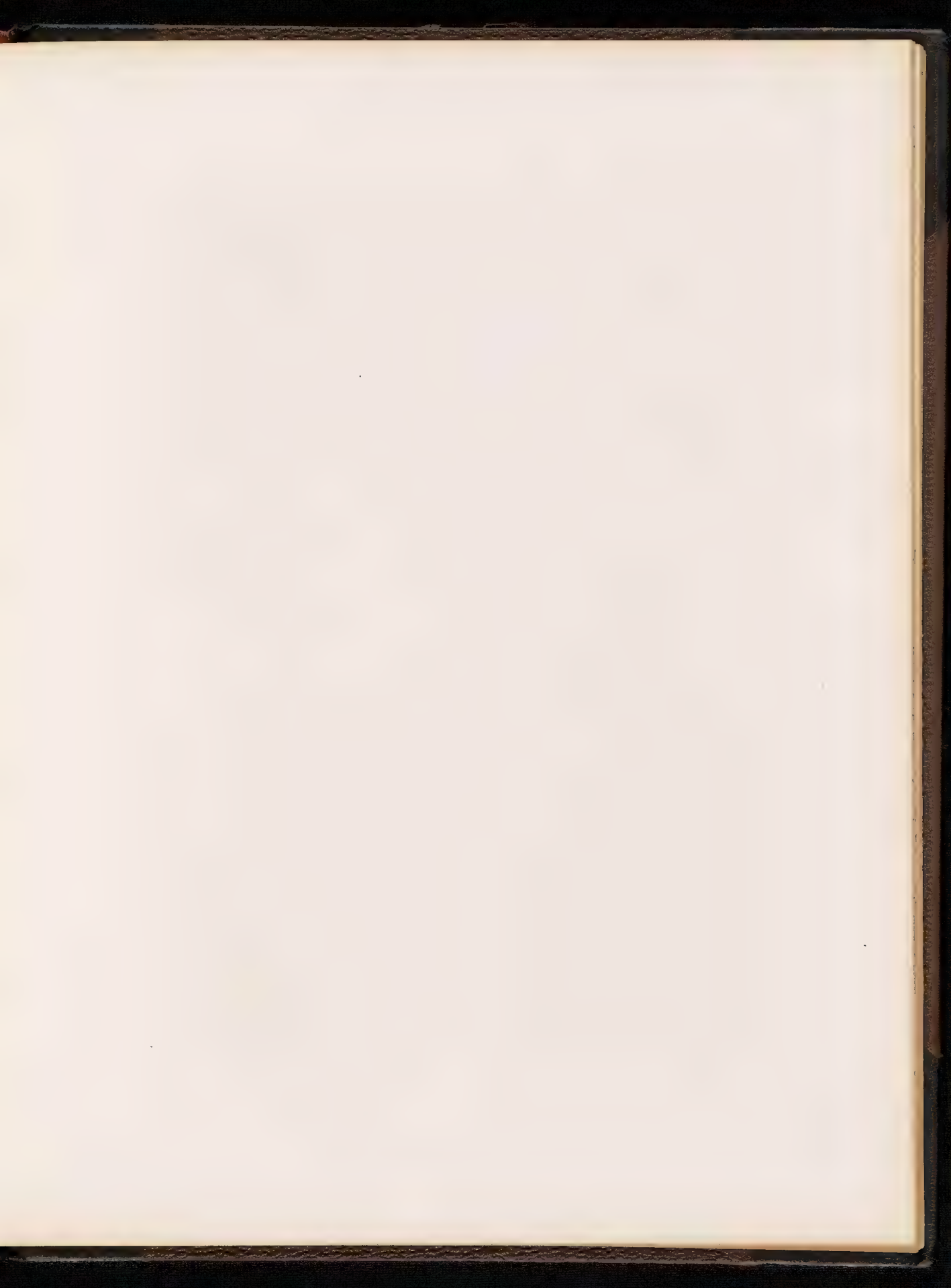


IN all countries where standing armies are maintained, the military are a conspicuous feature of street life. It need not be said that France is no exception to this rule. Under the Republic scarcely less than under the Empire, the defenders of the national safety and the conservators of the national glory (so-called) are seen on every hand, in the great cities. Barracks are numerous; military guards stand sentinel over the public buildings; parades are frequent; detachments of troops march hither and thither on divers missions; military bands discourse sweet music in the public gardens; mounted orderlies dash through the streets; and no throng of people is without a liberal sprinkling of gay uniforms.

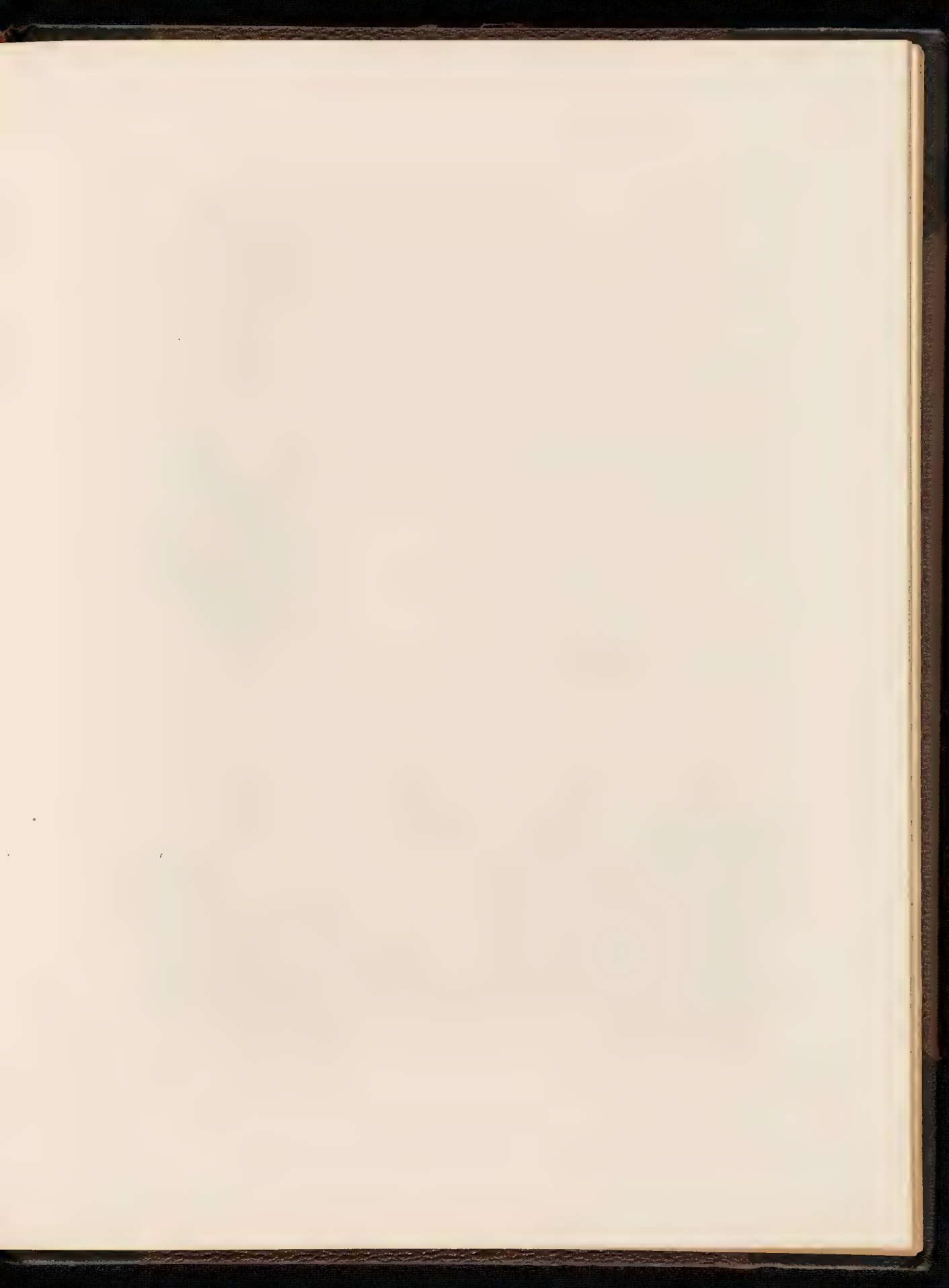
Our picture represents a drill on the spacious grounds in front of the Hotel des Invalides, Paris. It is a drill of corporals,—the lowest official grade,—designed to fit them for the charge of the small squads of private soldiers that properly fall to their command. The corporal in the foreground is evidently somewhat raw in respect to his official duties, as we judge from his awkward position; but no doubt time and practice will do for him what they have done for others.

The composition reproduces exactly such a scene as may be witnessed almost any day on the Esplanade. While the soldiers are drilling, people of every class are passing, some of whom may pause to witness the evolutions, while the majority, accustomed to the sight, quietly pursue their respective ways. In the distance on the left, towers the gilded dome of the Invalides, one of the most conspicuous elevations of the city.

The picture was exhibited at the Salon of 1883. M. Jeannot was born in Geneva, was a pupil of M. A. Jeannot, and has received an Honorable Mention.







SPRING.

GABRIEL FERRIER, *Pinx.*

GOUPIL & Co., *Gravure.*



Contrasts are more interesting to the poet and the painter than those of youth and age, of Spring and Winter. M. Ferrier's inspiration for the beautiful decorative panel before us, was derived from the following lines of Pierre de Ronsard (XVIth century):

Gather, gather the joys of youth
While your years do bloom
In their earliest freshness.
Age will tarnish your beauty,
As it doth that of the flowers.

Had the painter been English instead of French, he would probably have taken for his text Herrick's familiar lines:

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying,
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying.

The picture represents a troop of young girls, fair and joyous as the most beautiful month of the year, their cheeks flushed, their eyes sparkling. In coming out of the woods they pass before an old man seated by the roadside, to whom, smilingly, they speak, and offer flowers. The old man, with flabby flesh and wrinkled skin, is nude, with the exception of a goatskin wrapped about his loins. The thick forest is prolonged on the left by some isolated trees bathed in the mist which rises from the neighboring lake; while scattered over the soil are wild flowers, plants and briars. The contrast between the grace and beauty of youth and the decrepitude of age—types of Spring's exuberance and Winter's decay—is very impressive, and the landscape setting is truthful and charming to a rare degree.

The original painting was the subject of favorable comment at the Salon of 1881, where it was first exhibited. M. Ferrier, who was a pupil of MM. Pils and Hébert, won the Prize of Rome in 1872, and received a medal of the second class in 1876, and one of the first class in 1878.



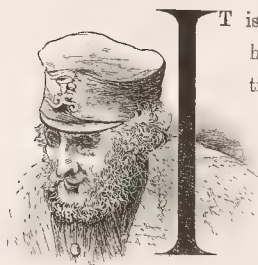


THE DOORWAY TO THE STREET

THE "QUARTER HOUR OF RABELAIS."

JEAN GEOFFROY, *Pinx.*

GOUPIL & Co., *Gravure.*



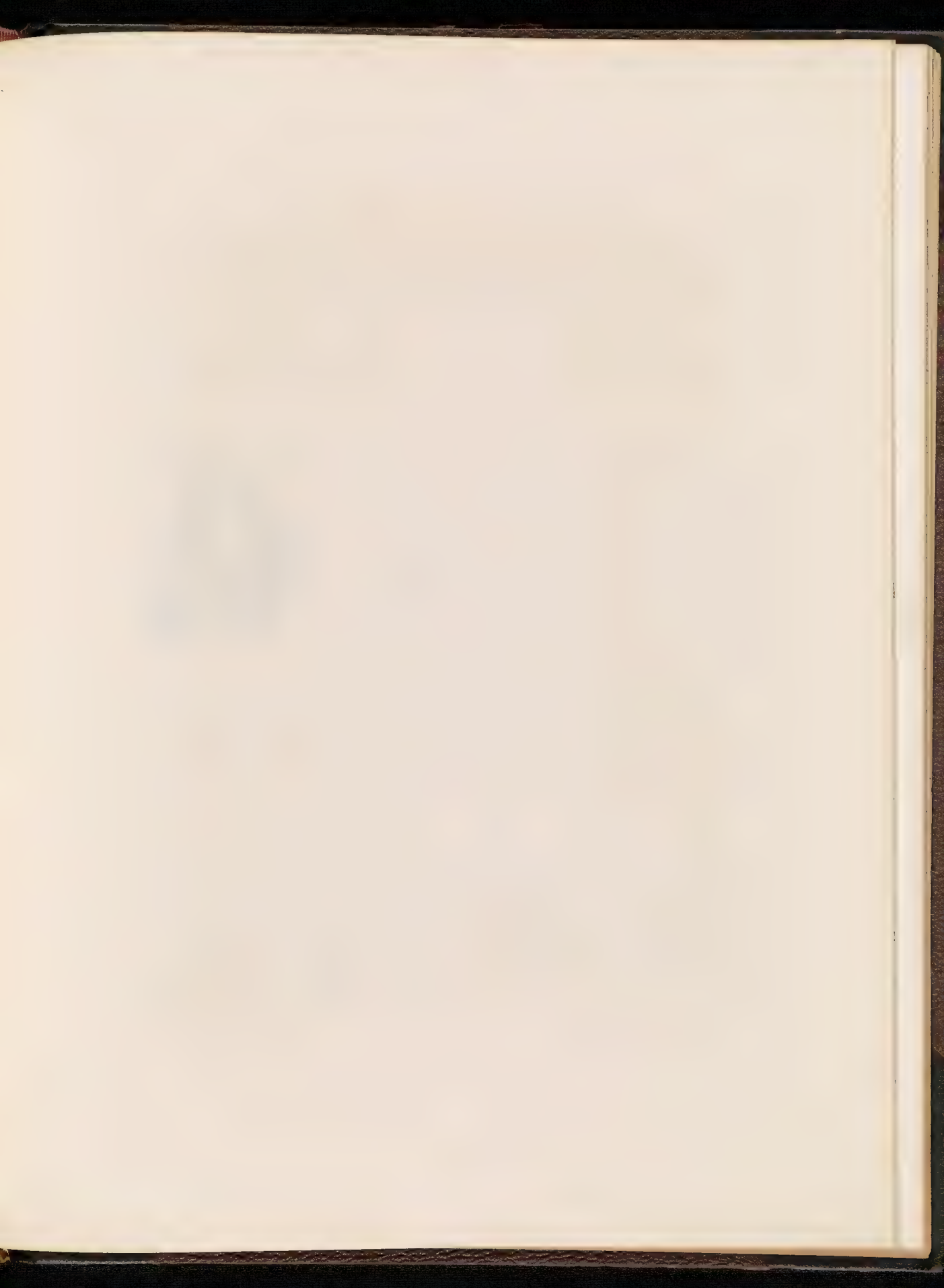
IT is related of Rabelais, that after indulging his social and convivial tastes at his inn, he was observed to grow thoughtful, to the verge of sadness, as the time of reckoning drew near. This representation of the great humorist may or may not be truthful; but in either case it has so far been credited as to give rise to a popular saying. It often happens that persons fond of good cheer will thoughtlessly indulge themselves. The food is toothsome, the drink is delicious. Thought of expense is banished; care is forgotten; all goes merrily, and the whole being is surrendered to the delights of the moment. But all things earthly have an end; and before long the feast is over, and the voluptuary is brought face to face with the reckoning. The demand is inexorable and his purse is short. Ah! this is quite a different matter. He grows very thoughtful—even sad: it is "the quarter hour of Rabelais!"

M. Geoffroy has wittily applied this saying to the piquant scene before us. Three school children approach a chestnut-stand, and as they regard the delicious nuts bursting with fatness, and sniff the relishing odor, their eyes gleam and their mouths water with delight. But one thing is thought of, and that is the pleasure of consuming some of those nuts. The eldest of the children impulsively orders a package of them, determined at once to gratify himself and confer an exquisite pleasure upon his young companions. The obliging but prudent vender, with that knowledge of human nature which long experience is sure to bring, retains the package in one hand, while with the other he pleasantly invites payment. Sure enough! The youth had scarcely thought of that. It is exceedingly doubtful whether he has the wherewithal. His bright expression of anticipated enjoyment gives place to one of anxious doubt: it is "the quarter hour of Rabelais!"

The picture tells its story with admirable directness and a charming truthfulness of expression. It was exhibited at the Salon of 1881. M. Geoffroy was a pupil of MM. Adan and Levasseur, and has received an Honorable Mention.







REPENTANT MAGDALEN.

BENEDICT MASSON, *Pinx.*

GOUPIL & Co., *Gravure.*



HOW few have troubled themselves to inquire into the origin of a name so universally known and so sadly significant as that of Magdalen! In ancient times Palestine was studded with towers, built as outlooks, and for defence. These towers were called Migdois; and as they were important points, they not infrequently gave their name to the village or town that grew up around them, some addition being made to the common name, in order to distinguish one such place from another,—as Migdol-el, or Migdol-gad. This name was, in process of time, modified into Magdala. The New Testament Mary who has been so celebrated in religious art,—she out of whom “seven devils” were cast,—was from one of the towns so named; and to distinguish her from the other holy Marys, she was called Mary of Magdala, or Mary the Magdalen, which was finally shortened into Mary Magdalen, or simply the Magdalen.

There is no evidence that this Mary was ever a woman of impure life. She was probably a victim merely of demoniac possession. Yet tradition has given her the character of a fallen woman, penitent and reclaimed to a life of holy zeal. And so she stands eternally the type of a class who sin much and suffer much; and, let it be added, a precious example also of the possible reformation of the most despised and hopeless of sinners.

The penitent portrayed in our picture is evidently not a woman of the lower class. Every lineament speaks of gentle breeding and refined grace;—and by so much is the contrast between her former position and that to which she has sunken by sin, sharper and more painful. A prey to remorse, she forsakes the haunts of sin, and in a lonely cave abandons herself to humiliation and despair. She appears not yet to have reached that state of penitence in which the sin-sick soul turns from a world beset with sinful allurements, and directs its gaze heavenward with longing aspirations for pardon, purity and religious peace. The figure is superb in design and modelling, and in point of technic leaves nothing to be desired. The picture was exhibited at the Salon of 1881. M. Masson was a pupil of MM. Delaroche and Chenavard.



ORCHARD IN JULY. (Salon of 1882)
FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY
MME. MARIE COLLART

The Spanish Dancers, by J. S. Sargent; *The Dying Child*, by Hans Heyerdahl; *The Intermediary*, by Jean Béraud; *The Blacksmiths' Strike*, by Paul Soyer, and *The Pay of the Harvesters*, by Leon Lhermitte,—the latter being, in the judgment of Paul Leroi, the most notable painting in the exhibition.

Jean Benner's *Young Girls going to the Fountain: Capri* (see p. 71), Daniel Bernard says: "They are the daughters of Alcinous that Ulysses met at the fountain. They have the purity and the majesty of the Homeric type." M. J. Benner was a student of Pils.

The Irreconcilables of Fernand Pelez (see p. 71), is a pointed satire on the existing social and political order—the irrepressible conflict between riches and poverty. M. Pelez, who studied under Cabanel and Barrias, has been honored with a third, a second and a first class medal. In *The Duett* by Henri-Jacques Burgers (see p. 60) antiquity and to-day are pleasingly contrasted. A modern and modish little girl, encountering an antique sculptured faun, drops her basket of flowers, and with childish *naïveté*, endeavors to accompany the imaginary music of the ancient flutist. M. Burgers is a native of Holland and represents the Dutch school. Among other pictures of distinction were



THE HOUR OF RETURN. NOVEMBER IN BERRY. (Salon of 1882.)
FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY ARMAND BEAUVAIS



THE PILOT. (Salon of 1883.)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY ÉMILE RENOUF.

THE SALON OF 1883.

IT was feared that the Salon of 1883 would suffer in view of the Triennial Exposition announced to be held by the government, in the autumn of the same year. But even if it be conceded that the number of works of exalted merit was disappointingly small, it will scarcely be denied, that in general interest this Salon compares favorably with its recent predecessors. The exhibits, moreover, betray many signs of independence and vigor which must eventually issue in achievements of highest value. The marked tendency of the new men who are challenging attention, is realistic; yet it may reasonably be hoped that the faithful and rigorous study of nature which such a tendency implies, will yield good fruit, and will, in many instances, serve as a solid foundation for work that will receive an insensible idealization from authors who are inflamed with a sincere passion for art. Reports have been current of an intention on the part of the artist-directors to adopt a less liberal policy towards foreign exhibitors; but no evidence of such a change is yet apparent: the foreigners, and notably the Americans, are well represented, no less in quality than in quantity. The total number of exhibits was about 5,000, of which 2480 were paintings and 1048 sculptures.

Perhaps the most striking, and the best discussed picture in the Salon was the *Andromache* of Georges Rochgrose. (See sketch on p. 75). It represents a scene after the taking of Troy. The background is almost entirely filled by a section of the city wall, against which is built a long flight of steps leading to the top. Below these steps lie a number of nude corpses amidst smoking embers and a pool of blood. Beside them, a pile of human heads welter in their gore. On the steps, Andromache, Hector's wife, struggles frantically with several Greek soldiers, one of whom has torn from her her little son Astyanax, who, by command of Ulysses, is to be hurled from the ramparts. The feet of a number of Trojans, gibbeted on the wall, appear at the top of the picture on the left. It

is a terrible,—even revolting,—scene, and yet with evident defects, such is its originality and tremendous, though brutal, force, that the jury were unable to deny it the Prize of the Salon. M. Rochgrosse was born in August, 1859, and was a pupil of J. Lefebvre and of Boulanger.

M. Jules Lefebvre, the former master of Rochgrosse, also contributes a remarkable painting,—a work mature and finished,—a veritable masterpiece. It is a picture of *Psyche*, who sits upon a rock on the brink of the river Styx, looking out upon the black waters and watching the passage of souls to the gloomy shades. No medal of Honor was awarded in the section of painting; but this picture was thought by some of the critics to be worthy of that distinction.

Another work of lofty merit is *Alma Parens*, by William-Adolphe Bouguereau (see sketch on p. 76). A beautiful, queenly woman symbolizing the earth, our common mother, is seated on a simple dais, and surrounded by a number of nude children, types of the various races of the human family, who equally look up to her for protection and support. The face of the great mother is remarkable for its serene dignity and depth of expression, and is an example of idealization scarcely excelled by the artist himself. The infantile forms are of surpassing loveliness. M. Bouguereau also exhibited *Night*, a companion to his *Twilight* of the preceding year.

Jean-André Rixens' *Glory* (see sketch on p. 78) deserves remark. A musician, who has been toiling all his lifetime for fame, approaches the end of his career, and yet the ruling passion still is strong. Propped up in his chair by pillows, his brain is still busy with inspired harmonies, and his weak but obedient fingers wander over the keyboard, and record his last composition. At length all strength is gone; one hand drops helplessly at his side; the fainting head falls back upon the pillow, and the wasted features are white with the pallor of death. And now, in the supreme moment, comes the long-wooded genius of Glory. Claspings his head with one arm, she imprints a kiss on his pale forehead, and with the other hand holds aloft a leafy chaplet. His hopes at last are crowned; but life, alas, is gone. M. Rixens, who



ANDROMACHE (Salon of 1883.)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY GEORGES ROCHGROSSE.



ALMA PARENS. (Salon of 1883.)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY W.-A. BOUGUEREAU.

but her luxuries are the price of dishonor. While driving thus in state, she encounters by chance, a working-woman, accompanied by her husband and children. It is her sister, who, thinking only of the shame of the erring one, and of the family disgrace, gives vent to her honest indignation in bitter reproaches in the open street. The scene is rendered with perfect naturalness, the drawing is excellent, and the grouping of equipages and pedestrians is tasteful and effective. The picture has, however, been criticised for its unnecessarily huge dimensions, the figures being of life-size. It obtained for the artist, who is a pupil of Cabanel, a medal of the second class.

The *Christ Crucified* of M. Aimé-Nicolas Morot is one of the ablest nudes, and in all particulars one of the finest paintings in the exhibition. M. Léon Comerre's *Silenus* was also prominent, as well for its size (15 feet

was a pupil of Gérôme, received a third medal in 1876.

Julien Le Blant contributed an impressive view of the *Execution of General Charette de la Contrie, at Nantes, 1796* (see sketch on p. 81). General Charette was leader of the insurgent peasants in 1793. He gained several victories over the Republicans, and maintained the contest after the other Vendean chiefs had fallen. He was regarded by the royalists as the only man capable of restoring their cause. It is said that General Hoche, commander of the forces sent against him, offered him a million francs to leave the country in peace; but he disdained the offer. Finally, after having signed and violated a treaty, he was taken prisoner and shot. The last scene is placed before us with quiet power by M. Le Blant. The last word is being said; the officer is ready to give the fatal command. In composition, design, color and handling, the work is alike admirable.

The Two Sisters, by Charles Giron, presents an exciting scene on the Boulevard in front of the Madeleine, Paris. The two sisters have followed widely different paths. One of them, richly dressed, is riding in an elegant landau, at the fashionable hour of promenade;



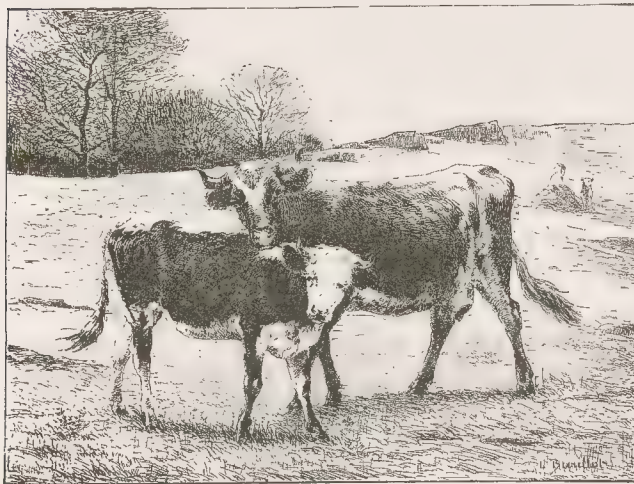
THE GOLDEN WEDDING. (Salon of 1883.)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE SOULTURNS BY MME. J. V. YELDO

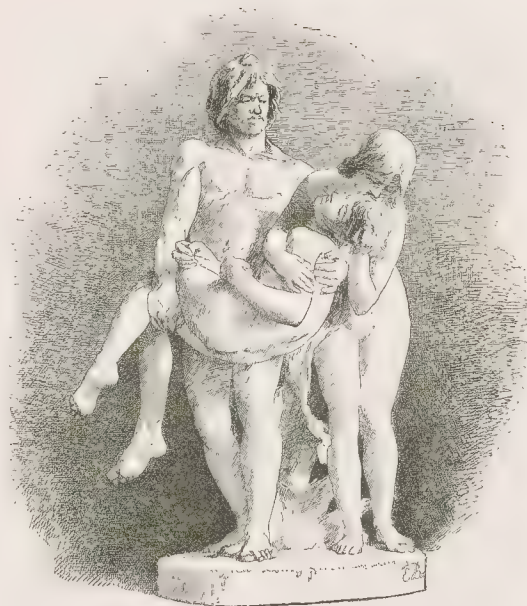
by 11) as for its fine drawing and color. The sculptor, M. Antonin Mercié, attracted favorable attention by his painting of a *Venus*, justly characterized as of a "superb tone and consummate modelling."

Conspicuous among the historic canvases, was M. E.-V. Luminais's *Childeric III., The Last of the Merovingians*. The young Childeric, bound hand and foot to a chair, is in the hands of two monks, who are cutting off his long locks prior to making him a monk. The *Francesca and Paolo* of M. Henri Martin, obtained for him a first class medal. *Homeless*, by Fernand Pelez, representing a distressed and shelterless family, possesses merits so pronounced that it was marked by some of the critics as a hopeful competitor for the Prize of the Salon.

The Pilot, by E. Renouf, is another notable picture (see sketch on p. 74). The artist was engaged upon it for nearly eighteen months, and it is so large that the government (for whom it was completed) had to give the artist a special apartment in the Palais d'Industrie wherein to paint. The pilot stands at the stern of the boat, which he at once steers and helps to propel. Four brawny men are at the oars. It is a chance if the boat can live in this gale and amid these angry waves. Yet the brave sailors toil sturdily on,



NOIRAUD AND HER MOTHER. (Salon of 1883).
FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY LÉON BARILLOT.



THE FIRST FUNERAL. (Salon of 1883.)
FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL SCULPTURE BY E. L. BARRIAS.

thinking less of their own danger than of that of the ship that is being driven to sure destruction. Every part of this strong picture has been deeply studied: the expressions and attitudes of the men; the driving wind, wet with spray; the plunging boat and straining oars; the seething billows, the ominous sky—all are truthful to nature, and combine to produce a vivid impression of actuality. M. Renouf was a pupil of Boulanger, J. Lefebvre and Carolus-Duran. He received a second class medal in 1880.

In contrast with M. Renouf's stirring picture, is the peaceful,



GLORY. (Salon of 1883.)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY J.-A. RIXENS.

day-dream. Her knitting has been laid aside; a book lies unread upon her lap; and the fingers of one hand are pressed lightly against her chin in an attitude of reverie. Her beautiful brown eyes are wide open, and wear a fixed expression, but they are not looking upon any object present to the view. May her blissful dream suffer no rude dispelling.

The Torn Trousers, by José-Julio de Souza Pinto (see sketch on p. 79) recalls the similar subject, "His only Pair," by the Scotch painter Thos. Faed. The two are quite differently composed, however, and the present picture certainly does not suffer in comparison with its rival. What a remarkable effect upon the spirits of this little fellow the temporary deprivation of his trousers has had! Why, but a few moments ago he was brimming over with courage and self-assurance; but now the most chicken-hearted little girl in the village is a lion to him. He hides his face, which is miserably puckered, and the

sunny *View of the Custom House at Venice*, by Robert Mols (see sketch on p. 79). The clear water is dotted with picturesque sails and gondolas. The peculiar structure with lantern and columns, which projects upon the left of the picture is, of course, the Custom House. On the further side of it flows the Grand Canal. In the distance, loom the lofty tower of the Campanile and the domes of St. Marks, while to the right of these, abutting on the lagune, is the wonderful ducal palace. The scene is presented in its appropriate charms of light and color. M. Mols is a Belgian painter, who has twice borne away Salon medals—one of the third class in 1874, and one of the second class in 1876.

Kindred to the work just named is *A Village Romance*, by François-Alfred Delobbe (see sketch on p. 78). Here we have but a single figure, that of a fair young girl, in neat peasant garb, and bare-footed, sitting on a low stone wall in a retired nook, indulging a sweet



A VILLAGE ROMANCE (Salon of 1883.)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY F.-A. DELOBBE.

VIEW OF THE CUSTOM HOUSE, VENICE. (*Salon of 1883.*)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY ROBERT MOÏS

tears are flowing. Can he ever get over this humiliation? Perhaps just at this moment he thinks not. The grandmother, however, doesn't consider it a very serious matter—at least, not if she can get

her needle threaded. If little bare-legs will only stay by the fire he will probably not take cold, which, after all, is the thing most to be feared. M. Souza-Pinto is a Portuguese. After studying in his own country, he became a pupil of M. Cabanel.

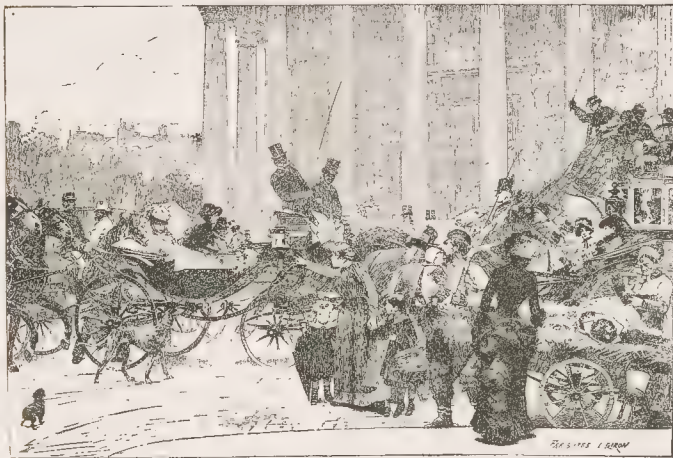
A Physician, by Edmond Van Hove (see sketch on p. 80), is marked by that fidelity to detail which characterizes the Dutch school. The face and expression are very thoroughly studied, and the dress and accessories give us, no doubt, a correct view of the office of a Dutch physician of several centuries ago. The doctor, whom we behold in the act of compounding a prescription, has a look of great wisdom, and is unquestionably master of the medical lore of his age; but the bat stretched upon the wall, over the doctor's head, is suggestive of the fanciful conceits and downright superstitions that entered so largely into the healing practice of past ages. Van Hove is a native of Bruges, Belgium, and was a pupil of M. Cabanel.

THE TORN TROUSERS. (*Salon of 1883.*)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY J. DE SOUZA PINTO.

The eminent cattle painter F. de Vuillefroy, contributed two pictures, viz., *Coming from the Pasture*, and *In the Meadow*. The first is perhaps the finest work of its class in this Salon. A younger painter, M. Léon Barillot, whose progress is remarked, contributed an admirable piece, entitled, *Noiraud and her Mother* (see sketch on p. 77). It is a pleasing incident in bovine family life. The mother cow, both proud and loving, stands over her beautiful daughter, Noiraud, as though to protect as well as caress her. The pretty heifer, belle of the herd, receives the endearments as nothing new, and wears an expression, which, though gentle, is not without a trace of coquetry, as though already conscious of her superior attractions. The forms are accurate, and the animal expression is most faithfully rendered. M. Barillot is a native of Lorraine, and a pupil of MM. Cathelineau and Bonnat.

The medal of honor for sculpture was awarded to Jules Dalou for two alto-reliefs in plaster, designed for the decoration of the Corps Legislatif. They are entitled, respectively, *The Republic* and *The States-General: Séance of June 23, 1879*. The former is a perpendicular panel. In the lower part two men embrace and exchange the fraternal kiss; while a third, kneeling, is in the act of breaking a sword across his knee. Back of him, on the



THE TWO SISTERS. (Salon of 1883.)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY CHARLES GIRON.



A PHYSICIAN. (Salon of 1883.)

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY E. VAN HOVE

right, are men holding a cluster of standards. In the upper part of the relief sits the emblematic Republic, attended by two other symbolic figures, and several loves bearing garlands. A crowd of rejoicing people men, women and children, massed on the right of the lower plane, complete the composition. The principal figures are nude, or nearly so, and all palpitate with the impassioned sentiment of the theme.

The other relief, which



THE WOMAN OF THE HOUSE



POMPEIIAN INTERIOR.

JOSEPH COOMANS, *Pinx.*

GOUPIL & Co., *Gravure.*

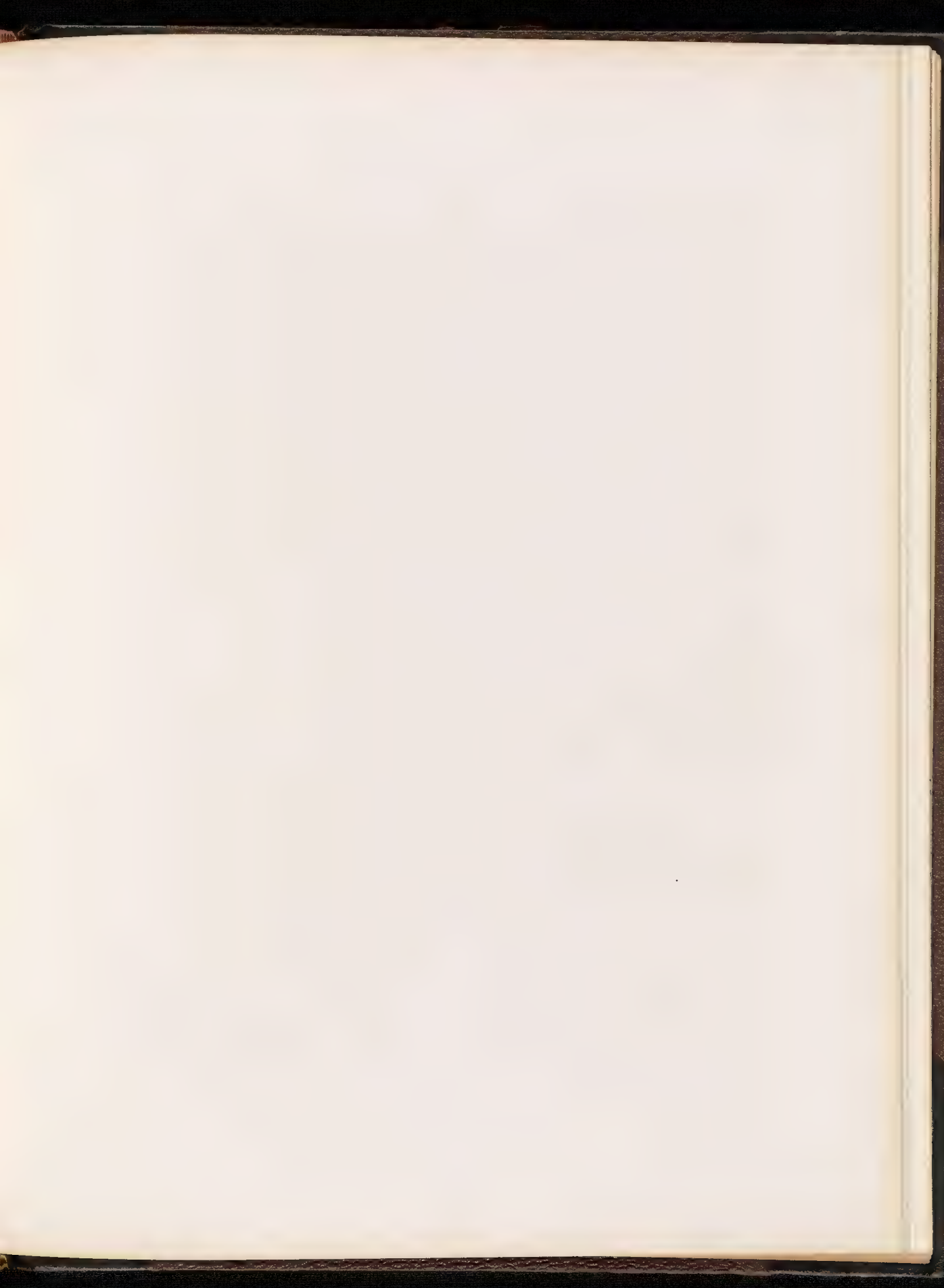


POMPEIIAN scenes not unnaturally possess peculiar fascination for all who have ever felt the spell of classic story. Much knowledge of the arts of Imperial Rome had been gathered from historic records, from isolated ruins, and from utensils unearthed from time to time; but when Pompeii was redeemed from oblivion, and a city of eighteen hundred years ago was uncovered to our view, so that we could tread its streets, enter its houses, inspect its wall paintings, see the utensils of the toilet and the kitchen almost in the act of use, our ideas of the old-time life attained a clearness and vividness that could have been gained in no other way.

Prominent among the artists who have sought to repeople the solitude of the deserted city and to reproduce the scenes of its domestic life, is Joseph Coomans, the painter of the Interior now before us. The apartment presented to view is probably a portion of the Atrium, the principal apartment in most Roman houses—the room which contained the nuptial couch, the implements for spinning and weaving, and, above all, the focus, or fire-place, which, in addition to its practical uses, was also the household altar upon which fire was ever kept burning. While the focus was commonly made of brick and stone, and thus was stationary, it was also not seldom made of bronze, in the form of a tripod surmounted by a brazier in which the coals were placed. In this form (called *foculus*) it was movable; but wherever it was placed it symbolized the religious faith of the household, and was an emblem of hospitality and protection.

The ancient shapes of furniture and jewelry have been so much imitated that the chair on which the fair matron is seated is almost as familiar to us as is the pattern of the bracelet on her arm. The wall decorations also, with their divisions of frieze, dado and panels, are well known to recent fashion. The basket, too, beside the chair, has served as a model for our modern scrap-baskets. The books of that age were composed of leaves of parchment or paper, glued together so as to form a long strip, to the lower extremity of which a cylindrical piece of wood was attached, upon which the strip was rolled. From such a book is the mother in our picture instructing her child.

M. Coomans, who is a Belgian, was born in 1816, and studied under Van Hasselaere, De Keyser and Wappers. Most of his works are kindred in subject to *The Pompeian Interior*, which was exhibited at the Salon of 1866.





AN ALARM.

LÉON-LUCIEN COUTURIER, *Pinx.*

GOUPIL & Co., *Gravure.*



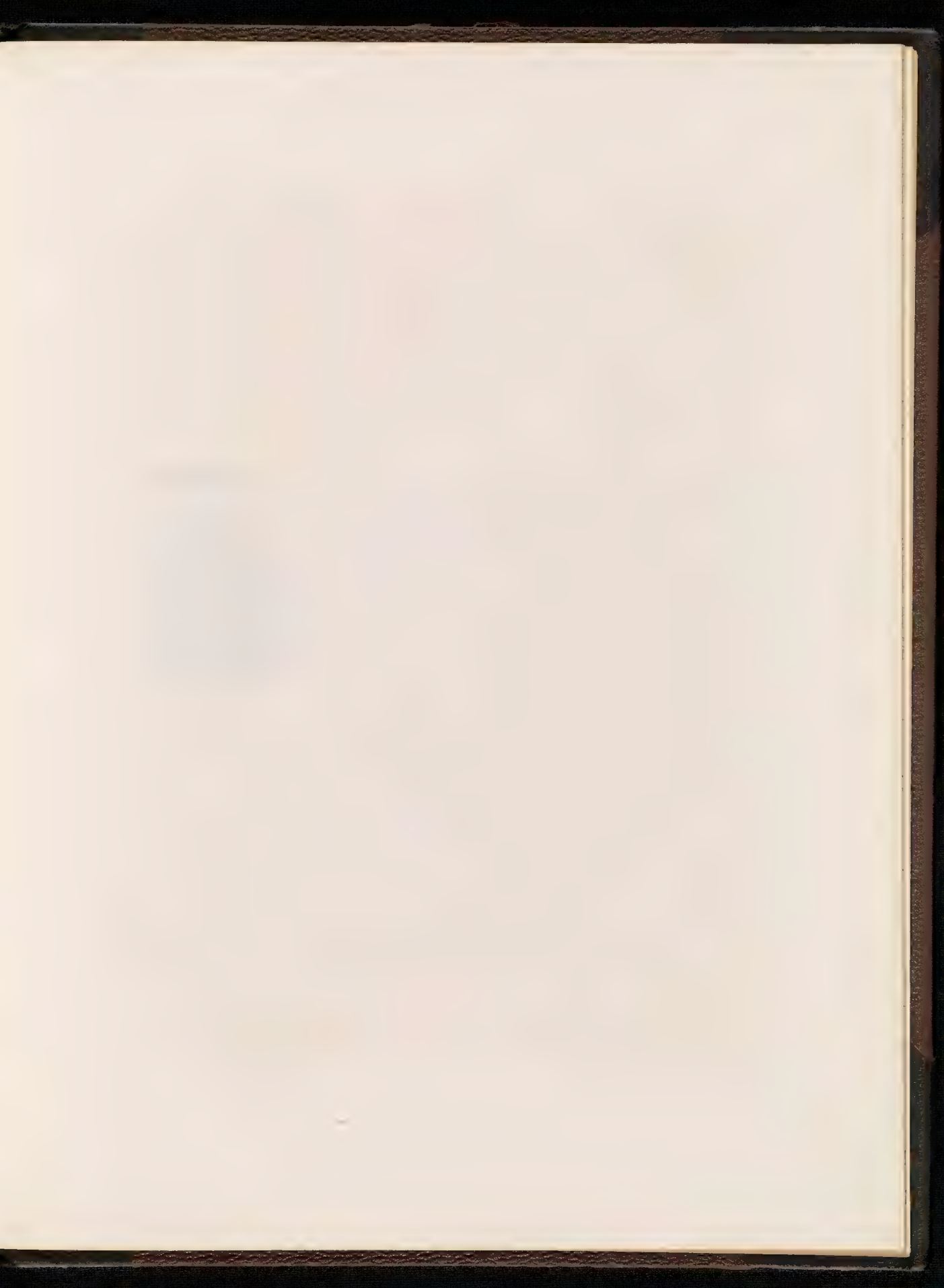
HOW wide the difference between the old and the new school of battle pictures! Formerly we were almost invariably presented with a view of large numbers engaged in conflict. It was either the storming of a fort, or of a city, or the struggle for the possession of a bridge; or, it was a view of whole divisions or corps performing their mighty evolutions on some extended plain, where thousands of corpses strewed the field, and the fate of nations trembled in the balance. Such pictures are no doubt impressive, but in a general way; just as the page of history that chronicles the events of war, is impressive. The new school of military painters have given an intense *personal* interest to their pictures by representing some incident or episode of a battle in which we are confronted with individual soldiers, and made to feel their alarms and sufferings, their heroism and death.

M. Couturier's picture is one of the numerous illustrations of the Franco-Prussian war. It represents a picket-post at the extreme front of the encamped army, and probably very near the enemy's lines; a position of responsibility and peril. One man has been standing guard while his comrades, awaiting their turn, were resting, under arms, in the dilapidated house in the foreground. The firing of a shot in such circumstances has a thrilling effect. It means imminent danger,—perhaps death or capture. The picket in our picture seems to have been surprised by the enemy's skirmishers, and shot down before he could signal his comrades. But they have heard the fatal reports, and seizing their muskets are rushing out to face the danger, whatever it may be. It is idle to say more, in the presence of the picture itself. Look at these men; scrutinize their faces; mark that prostrate form, and see the smoke of the deadly rifles yet floating in the cool air, and you will get an impression of this thrilling scene more vivid than pages of writing could impart.

The experience essential to the painting of a picture like this, was acquired by M. Couturier in the war of 1870, in which he served as a soldier. After studying in the Lyons School of Fine Arts, he became a pupil of M. Cabanel. He received a medal of the third class in 1881. *An Alarm* was exhibited at the Salon of 1880.



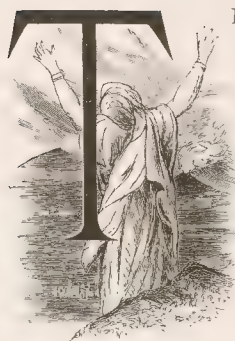




HERCULANEUM.

HECTOR LE ROUX, *Pinx.*

GOUPIL & Co., *Gravure.*



HIS canvas vividly impresses us with the terrors of that awful eruption of Mt. Vesuvius, which, on the 9th of August, in the year A. D. 79, overwhelmed three flourishing towns. Great volumes of smoke and ashes were shot up to an immense height, and, spreading out, hung over the earth like a heavy pall, being the more terrible from the tongues of fire that mingled with the ascending smoke, and cast a lurid glare upon the scene of woe. Meanwhile the land and sea were alike convulsed with violent earthquake shocks. The imagination can but meagrely picture the panic, confusion, and distress attending the sudden flight of the inhabitants of the doomed cities. The ashes blown over Pompeii, buried that city so deeply as to hide its very site; while Herculaneum was engulfed by the molten lava.

The artist has represented the flight, from the latter city, of a company of vestal virgins. They have brought away with pious care, the sacred vessels and symbols committed to their custody; and having at length made their toilsome way to a place of comparative security, they pause to rest, and to take a last despairing view of their perishing city. The lines of light that appear on the dark mountain side, mark the stream of liquid fire that is coursing down to the plain below, where it may be seen, rolling like ocean billows towards the fair city that it will soon blot from existence. The picture is imbued with a profound appreciation of the great tragedy, which it brings before us with the simple power of truth, free from all extravagance or exaggeration. It was exhibited at the Salon of 1881.

M. Hector Le Roux received Salon medals of the third class in 1863 and 1864; one of the second class in 1874; and a medal of the third class at the Universal Exposition of 1878. He was made Chevalier of the Legion of Honor in 1877.







A CORNER OF A STUDIO.

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING IN THE MUSEUM OF THE LUXEMBOURG.

JOSEPH-EDOUARD DANTAN, *Pinx.*

GOUPIL & Co., *Gravure.*



ARANDSON, son, and nephew of sculptors, M. Dantan comes legitimately by his artistic gift, although he has diverged from the particular path trodden by his fathers, and has pursued the graphic in preference to the plastic art. The picture before us was undoubtedly a labor of love. The studio, of which the artist shows us a corner, is associated with his childhood and youth, for it is that of his father. Here he spent many happy and profitable hours, and every feature of this apartment, where we may learn of the patience and labor with which the products of the chisel are brought to perfection, is fraught with interesting memories. With what fondness and fidelity the form of the father has been delineated in the familiar attitude of work. The subject of the relief on which he is engaged will be recognized as that of the drunken Silenus. Below the sculptor sits a girl, who is "model" for the nymphs introduced in the Bacchic procession. During an intermission of posing she watches the skilful operation of the artist, whereby the shapeless marble gradually takes on the semblance of life. The small figure above her head, and the skull on the right of the picture suggest the anatomical studies of the sculptor; the various plaques and masks hung upon the walls are many of them fragments of antique art; the figure of the child on the artist's left, and the various busts that are here and there seen, represent his work in portraiture. On the little table in the right hand corner, are the tokens of a recent lunch. The picture is crowded with details, yet all are essential to the faithful presentation of the scene, and all are duly subordinated to the central idea, viz., the sculptor at work. The painting is a graceful tribute of filial regard. Its technical excellence, united to pronounced merits of composition and design, secured the recompense of a second class medal at the Salon of 1880, and the honor of a place in the Museum of the Luxembourg. M. Dantan studied under MM. Pils and Lehmann.





ANTECHAMBER OF A MINISTER.

LUIS JIMENEZ. *Pinx.*

GOUPIL & Co., *Gravure.*



LOOKING upon this picture, we are at first glance impressed with the rich architecture of the palatial room: the superb canopy over the outer portal; the polished shafts and the caryatides of the inner door; the lofty dado, with panels embellished with arms and quarterings; the ancestral paintings; the sumptuous ceiling; the marble floor—all these objects of beauty agreeably detain the eye. But, after all, they are only accessories which sink into comparative insignificance when once we have regarded the animated throng of people who await the convenience of the potentate whose favor they desire. It would not be easy to overpraise the patient study and the skill which have combined to produce such a masterly *tableau vivant*. There are some thirty figures in this canvas, yet not one is lacking in individuality. Nor has the great variety in action and expression been attained by any strained or theatrical artifice. On the contrary, there is manifest a just moderation suggestive of the inexhaustible resources of nature. As our attention wanders from one face to another, we see something different in each, and forgetting that they are not real, we find ourselves curiously speculating on the probable errand of this one and that one: For example, the young woman on the left,—whom we take to be a widow,—who has such a thoughtful look; does she seek some favor for her hopeful boy? The dignified old man, approaching on the right, appears to be an officer, whose fighting days are o'er; blind, and worn out with service, his wavering steps are guided by the shoulder of a maiden, who may be his grand-daughter. After spending himself for country, has he been neglected in the helplessness of age? Seated by the door, at the far end of the room, are a mother and daughter, brought here, it may be, by domestic trouble. The two men with their backs toward us, are engaged in a warm discussion as they pace the floor. Seated beside him who stoops to pick up a paper, is a man that whiles away the time by napping. Well satisfied with himself, and apparently free from care, is the elegant young courtier, who pleasantly chats with the lawyer and the officer of dragoons. But, whatever the circumstances and whatever the errands of these waiting people, they have at least one interest in common: all of them are more or less dependent on one man's favor. Of how many destinies is a single individual sometimes the arbiter! And he, too, perhaps, is dependent on some greater magnate, and may, himself, some day, have cause to exclaim with the great Wolsey:

"O how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!"

M. Jimenez was a pupil of the School of Fine Arts, Seville. The *Antechamber of a Minister* was exhibited at the Salon of 1880.

is horizontal, illustrates the response of Mirabeau to the Marquis de Dreux-Brézé: "We are here by the will of the people, and we shall not go out save at the point of the bayonet." "We feel in the Mirabeau, the power of the popular wave which is rising, and in the Marquis the old *régime* of divine right which allows no discussions and cannot credit the audacity of an open disobedience." "These panels," continues M. Dargenty, "are the most beautiful page of sculpture that we have been permitted to see since the bas-relief of the Arc de Triomphe was born under the magistral chisel of Rude."

Not so new, but scarcely less notable, is *The First Funeral*, by E.-L. Barrias, the plaster model of which was awarded the Medal of Honor in the Salon of 1878. (See sketch on p. 77). Exhibited now in marble, it excites even greater admiration; for, contrary to the rule, the group, by its rendition into the harder substance, has gained appreciably in delicacy and in breadth. Our first parents, doubly stricken, bear their dead son, death's first human victim, to earth's earliest grave. There has been no tragedy so unique as this, save that of Calvary. The subject is treated with dignity, blended with profound pathos.

M. Tony Noel exhibited a large group, entitled, *Episode of War, in the Time of the Greeks*, which received and merits serious praise. Among other works worthy of mention, are: *The Hurricane*, by E. Desca; *Marguerite*, by E. Aizelin; *David, Conqueror*, by M. Béguine, and, to name no more, *The Golden Wedding*, by Mme. J. V. Yeldo. The latter (see sketch on p. 76), is a very spirited twin-bust, representing the old couple in the act of singing the song that is expected of the celebrants of a half century of wedded life. This couple have good, honest faces, and enter into the festivity with a spirit that assures us that the glad memories of the past are not marred by present discontent.



EXECUTION OF GENERAL CHARETTE DE LA CONTRIE *Salon of 1883.*

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY JULIEN LE BLANT



AUTUMN.

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY HENRY FARRER.

GLANCES AT OTHER EXHIBITIONS.

ALTHOUGH the great body of this work has been devoted to reviews of the French Salons, we have not, meanwhile, forgotten the scope of our subject, *Contemporary Art*. The Salon is, in fact, an Art Parliament, in which the painters and sculptors of all nations meet in emulous competition, and its glory is sensibly enhanced by the foreign contributors, some of whom yearly bear away medals decreed to excellence. In the foregoing reviews are many allusions to artists not French, accompanied by illustrations of their works. Some of our choicest plates, likewise, exhibit masterpieces of German, Belgian, Spanish, English and American art. In this brief supplemental chapter we shall limit ourselves to concise notices of some of the principal galleries of various countries in which periodical exhibitions of new works are held, accompanying our notes with a few illustrations of recent contributions thereto.

The Royal Academy of Arts, London, was founded in 1768, and is under royal patronage and direction. The active members are divided into Academicians, Associates, and Associate Engravers. The number of members at present is, Academicians, 41; Associates, 27. Annual exhibitions are held from May to August. All artists whose works are up to the required standard, may contribute, and from the exhibitors Associates are chosen by the Academicians when vacancies occur. The Academy sustains several excellent schools, and possesses a valuable library.

The Society of British Artists, London, was incorporated in 1824 for the annual exhibition and sale of the works of living artists of Great Britain. The schools it formerly maintained, have been discontinued. The number of members is not restricted. Its exhibitions



THE VILLAGE PEDDLER

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY N. KOSCHELEFF.

are held during the months of April, May, June and July.

The Dudley Gallery, London, was formed in 1864. It holds a spring exhibition of water color paintings; a black and white exhibition in June, and, during November and December, an exhibition of cabinet paintings in oil. There is no regular membership.

The Grosvenor Gallery, formed in 1877, is open during the London season. It has no membership, and is under the management, chiefly, of Sir Coutts Lindsay, its munificent patron. The latest phases and tendencies of art are represented upon its walls.

The Society of Painters in Water Colors was organized in 1804. It is to water color art in Great Britain what the Royal Academy is to the Fine Arts in general. It is composed of members and associate exhibitors. Its exhibitions are held in May, June and July.

The Institute of Painters in Water Colors, the result of a secession from the older society, was formed in 1831. Its membership is limited to 100. It has also lady members and honorary members.

The Royal Hibernian Academy of Painting, Sculpture and Architecture, Dublin, was founded in 1803. It is under royal and vice-royal patronage, has a membership composed of Academicians, Associates and Honorary members, sustains well-equipped schools, and holds annual exhibitions

The Royal Scottish Academy, Edinburgh, began to hold exhibitions in 1808, and was chartered in 1838. Its organization is similar to that of the Royal Academy, London.

The Bavarian Royal Academy, Munich, founded in 1808, sustains schools of high rank, and holds exhibitions every four years. The *Kunstverein*, an association of Munich artists, holds weekly exhibitions.

The Royal Academy of Fine Arts, Berlin, rivals Munich in the grade of its



ABANDONED.

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE PAINTING BY B. V. VERESCHAGUINE.



PRINCE ARTHUR AND HUBERT.

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY W. F. YEAMES.

schools. Biennial exhibitions are held. The large gold medal (restricted to native competitors), entitles the recipient to two years of travel and study. The other medals (one gold and two silver) are conferred irrespective of nationality.

The Imperial and Royal Academy of Sciences and Fine Arts, Brussels, was established in 1772. Its schools date from 1845. It has a system of prizes and medals, and its pupils, representing the "Brussels school," occupy an honorable place in contemporary art. In Antwerp a triennial Salon is held.

The Royal Academy of Painting and Sculpture, Madrid, was founded in 1753. The prizes are distributed every three years.

The Association of Viennese Artists have organized a series International Expositions, to be given every at Vienna four years. The first of these was held in 1882.

The Imperial Academy of Fine Arts, St. Petersburg, was founded in 1765. Until the last two or three decades its schools were completely under foreign influence. This fact occasioned frequent secessions on the part of independent students possessed of national feeling, and led in 1871 to the formation of a *Society of Exposition*, with the object of exhibiting their works, not only in the capital but in the



HERO AND LEANDER.

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY F. KELLER.

provinces. In 1876 the artists belonging to the Academy organized an annual exhibition.

The National Academy of Design, New York, traces its origin to the New York Academy of Design, established in 1802. The members are Academicians and Associate Academicians, the number being unrestricted. It has also Honorary Members, and a body of Fellows. It supports excellent schools and holds annual exhibitions.

The Society of American Artists, New York, was organized in 1877, chiefly by artists educated in Europe, and of more progressive art ideas than those cherished by the Academy. It gives annual and occasional exhibitions.



COSSACKS OF THE DON.

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE SCULPTURE BY E. LANCERAY.



AN AUTUMNAL RAMBLE BY THE SPEY.
FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING
BY G. H. BOUGHTON

by the artless pleading of the innocent boy. The fierce struggle between natural feeling and the dread consequences of disobeying the king, is powerfully exhibited in his face and attitude. Mr. Yeames was born in 1835, in Russia; was educated at Dresden, from 1843-1848; came to London in 1848; and received his art instruction chiefly at Florence. He is a member of the Royal Academy, and his *Prince Arthur* was exhibited at the Academy's exhibition in 1882.

The Pensive Girl, by George A. Storey, A. R. A. (see sketch on p. 86), was also exhibited at the Royal Academy, London, in 1882. It is a graceful study of a pretty maid, who perhaps is not quite "fancy free." Mr. Storey was born in London in 1834, and studied art at the Royal Academy, of which he is now an Associate member.

In Mr. George H. Boughton's *Autumnal Ramble by the Spey* (see sketch on p. 85) we see amidst a landscape full of the

The American Water-Color Society, New York, organized in 1866, holds its exhibitions in February.

The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia, formed in 1805, began its regular annual exhibitions in 1811. It possesses valuable collections of paintings, sculpture, casts, and engravings, sustains well-equipped schools, offers several prizes for competitive paintings, and makes regular additions to its permanent collection, by purchase at its exhibitions.

The Society of Philadelphia Artists also give interesting exhibitions in the spring and autumn. The exhibitions of Boston, Brooklyn, Baltimore, Chicago, Cincinnati, and St. Louis, would worthily claim more than a passing word, if space permitted. We conclude with brief notes upon our remaining illustrations.

Prince Arthur and Hubert, by W. F. Yeames, R. A. (see sketch on p. 83), presents with great fidelity to nature the moving scene pictured for us in Shakespeare's *King John*, Act IV., Sc. 1. Hubert has come to burn out the young prince's eyes; but he is unnerved



FOREST OF PALMS NEAR MEMPHIS.
FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY L. H. FISCHER.



LEDA.

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY E. FÉLIX

Keller (see sketch, p. 84). Hero was a priestess of Venus at Sestus. Her lover, Leander, nightly swam the Hellespont to meet her; but one stormy night the light which guided him to the shore was extinguished and he perished in the waves. In the morning his corpse was washed ashore, and Hero on seeing it cast herself into the sea. The drawing, modelling and expressions of the figures are masterly, and the angry waves, the lowering sky and rocky shore form an appropriate setting for the tragic romance. The picture was exhibited at the International Exposition, Vienna, 1882.

E. Félix has ventured successfully upon the almost hackneyed subject of *Leda* (see sketch on p. 86). The superb Leda is seated in a beautiful natural bower, bordering a crystal rivulet. The swan is finely studied, and in technic the picture is highly

sense of nature, a refined and interesting personage that recalls Prof. Colvin's comment on Mr. Boughton's delineations of women and children,—“his types being never without grace of figure and gesture, and having often for sentiment something of that reserved gentleness which belongs to lives that have to be passed less in pleasure than in patience.” Mr. Boughton was born in London in 1834, but was brought to this country by his parents in 1837. He began his art studies without a master, but subsequently studied in London and in Paris. He has resided in London since 1861. The picture before us was exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1882.

Carl Haag is of Bavarian birth, and was a pupil of Remdel, at Nuremberg, and of Cornelius, at Munich. After a tour in Egypt and Syria, he visited England, where he became so enamored of water-color painting that he has since devoted himself to it, residing in London. He especially excels in the treatment of oriental themes, of which the *Bedouin at his Devotions* (see sketch on p. 88) is an excellent example. It was his contribution to the exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water Colors, 1882.

The sad story of *Hero and Leander* receives effective treatment at the hands of F.



PENSIVE GIRL

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE PAINTING BY G. A. STOREY.

pleasing. It was exhibited at the Vienna International Exposition, 1882.

At the same Exposition appeared Hans Dahl's pleasing study, *Feminine Attraction* (see sketch on p. 87). These smiling, winsome Dutch lasses, in the act of drawing some object, appear to be types of the drawing power of their sex. It is a power quite superior to muscular strength. Even Hercules, who could slay giants and monsters, was as tractable as a lamb under the potent charms of Omphale. Hans Dahl is a representative of the Dutch school.

In *The Forest of Palms, near Memphis*, by L. H. Fisher, we have a scene interesting, at once for its intrinsic beauty, its faithfulness to fact, and its association with one of the most remarkable historic sites in the world. The great city, once so magnificent and powerful, has little left to represent it, save those most durable of monuments, the pyramids. This picture was the artist's *envoi* to the Vienna International Exposition, 1882.



UNCLE NED.

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE PAINTING BY T. W. WOOD.



FEMININE ATTRACTION.

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY HANS DAHL.

We notice next three works by Russian artists, exhibited at the National Exposition, Moscow, in 1882. *Cossacks of the Don*, by E. Lanceray (see sketch on p. 84), is a good example of those realistic groups in bronze, illustrating phases of the popular life, that have given to Russian sculptors an enviable fame. For truth of form and expression, they are unexcelled. *Abandoned*, by B. V. Vereschaquine (see sketch on p. 83), is a mournful page from the history of war's desolations. The decaying form of the soldier, the birds of prey, the bleak and lonely landscape, produce a deep and painful impression. The author is one of the leading artists of Russia. *The Village Peddler*, by N. Koscheleff (see sketch on p. 82) is an animated scene in a Russian tenement, in which the domestic animals appear to have the "privilege of the house." The absorbed interest of the peasants in the peddler's wares, and the equal absorption of the calf in another occupation, are rendered with genial humoristic spirit.

The two remaining pictures were exhibited at the exhibition of the Water Color Society, New York, in 1882. *Autumn*, by Henry Farrer represents a portion of a reedy lake, nearly surrounded by trees, through whose partly denuded branches the sky is shining. It is a scene full of the sad sentiment of that season of the year, whose beauties are the signs of decay and death. Mr. Farrer was born in London, in 1843, but has passed his professional life in New York.

Uncle Ned, by Thos. W. Wood, tells its own story,—a very winsome one,—with great directness. The tired little one, who has been gathering eggs in the barn, clings with the sweet trustfulness of infancy to the good old 'Uncle,' whose black skin contrasts effectively with her fair complexion and yellow hair. The expressions are perfect. Mr. Wood is a native of Vermont. He is a member of the National Academy, and one of the early members of the Water Color Society.



BEDOUIIN AT HIS DEVOTIONS.

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY CARL HAAG.



THE 1ST BATTALION, 1875

THE GUARD OF THE FLAG.

P.-ALEX. PROTAIS, *Pinx.*

GOUPIL & Co., *Gravure.*



COURAGE can be subjected to no severer test than that of enforced inactivity in the presence of extreme peril. When one is exposed to danger of death, even though he may not thereby escape the danger, it is easier to bear it, if he can only do something that will mitigate the awful strain upon the mind and the nerves. To stand silent and statue-like, amidst a death-rain of bullets and shells is an ordeal far more trying than to be loading and firing or charging the enemy. And such is the position of these custodians of the flag. An honored but solemn office is theirs. The loss of those colors means for them either death or infamy. There they stand.

The balls whistle about them, and they see their comrades fall on every side. What a relief, if they too could engage in the fray! But no: they must quietly face death, until that fluttering piece of silk that symbolizes the honor of the regiment and the country is assailed, and then they must, if need be, die in its defence. This is no position for a man of doubtful courage: the bravest of the brave—men of heroic mould, are demanded for this high duty. And that quality is unmistakably impressed upon the countenances, and expressed in the resolute, unflinching attitude of the guards in our picture.

"Protais," says Mr. Hamerton, "has discovered new material in warfare, leaving to others the purely military spirit, and studying soldiers, for the first time in the history of art, simply as human beings placed in circumstances of great interest." The resemblance of the men in the picture before us is very noticeable. The four men in the near distance whose profiles are seen,—and the officer in the left background, whose face is also in profile,—are enough alike to be brothers; and the two guards in the immediate foreground might even be twins. Does this denote poverty of invention on the part of the artist? Speaking of Protais's works, Edmond About says: "If you reproach him with having exhibited the same troopers in 1864 as in 1863 and 1862, he will reply to you, not without reason, that the troopers change little, that they resemble each other more or less; that the army, like the convent and the prison, and all institutions outside of nature, is a mould, a gauffer-iron, in which man models and forms himself anew on a uniform type."

In the prosecution of his studies M. Protais has spared no expense of time or comfort. He followed the army in the Crimea and in Italy, and mingled with troops in the Franco-Prussian war, the present picture being a souvenir of the army of Metz. It was first exhibited in the Salon of 1876. M. Protais received Salon medals in 1863, 1864 and 1865, and a medal of the third class at the Universal Exposition of 1878. He was made Chevalier of the Legion of Honor in 1865, and Officer in 1877.





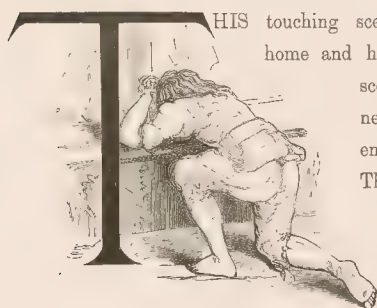


THE RETURN.

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING IN THE MUSEUM OF THE LUXEMBOURG.

HENRY MOSLER. *Pinx.*

GOUPIL & Co., *Gravure.*



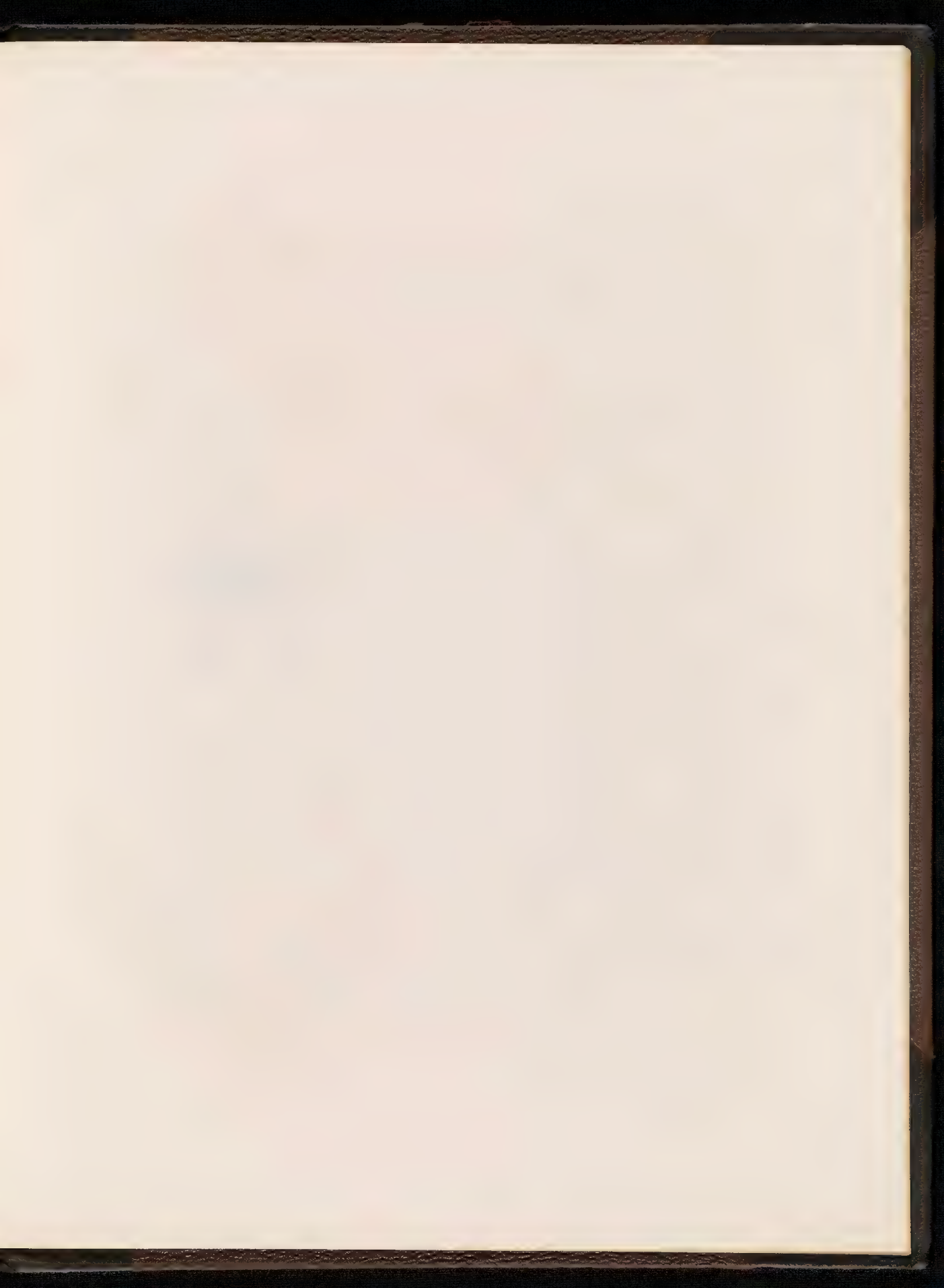
THIS touching scene needs no interpreter. The erring boy who deserted his home and his widowed mother, has sought again, friendless and ragged, the scene of his happy boyhood, and the tender mother-love that never failed him. But what anguish wrings his heart when, on entering the cottage home, he beholds that mother cold in death. The heart that so often ached for him, is at rest; the eyes that wept over his waywardness, and the hands that were lifted up in prayer for him, are peacefully composed. The mother's cares and sorrows are all past, and she lies now calm and peaceful in a sleep that shall be unbroken till the resurrection morn. It is now the prodigal's turn to weep. Stricken with grief he falls to the earth, while the priest who soothed the mother's last hours, deeply commiserates the penitent and remorseful son. The picture is strongly drawn and simply and most effectively composed, the interior being that of a cottage in Brittany.

The artist was born in New York, of Silesian parents, in 1841. His first employment was selling cigars, and after that, he engraved labels for cigar boxes. Removing to the West he learned wood engraving, and subsequently studied art with James H. Beard. During the late war he was employed as a war artist until 1863, when he repaired to Düsseldorf where he studied two and a half years under Mücke and Kindler. After studying six months in Paris under Hébert, he returned to America, spent eight years in Cincinnati and New York, and then studied in Munich for three years under Piloty. In 1877 he went to Paris, where he has since resided. *The Return*, which was exhibited at the Salon of 1879, enjoys the distinction of being the first work by an American artist ever purchased for the Museum of the Luxembourg.



THE S.S. "ALBANY" AT
ALBANY, N.Y.





VIEW OF VENICE.

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING IN THE MUSEUM OF THE LUXEMBOURG.

FÉLIX ZIEM *Peint.*

GOUPIL & Co., *Gravure.*



NO pictures of Venice are more universally or more deservedly admired than Ziem's. "He excels," says Edmond About, "in mirroring the most brilliant colors in a canal. 'The least wind which perchance ruffles the face of the water' furnishes a delicious matter for his brush. His marines give us that delectable little shivering with which we are seized when we step on a boat." Says another French critic (René Ménard): "He sees with indifference the rocks, the plains, or the forests, and is arrested by choice in the great maritime cities which mirror in the water their edifices gilded by the sun of the south. . . . Lost in the midst of the lagunes of the Adriatic, Venice, the city of enchantments, has such a fascination for Ziem, that in contemporaneous art it has become a sort of monopoly for his talent." He loves to regard the Queen City as it is illuminated by the rich lights of the sinking sun, or as the deepening twilight throws over its beauties the veil of mystery. Thus is it in the view before us. The glories of the setting sun fill the sky, while night is settling upon the water. In the distance, in the centre of the canvas, we discern the Ducal Palace, and beyond it the lofty Campanile, both melting in the golden haze. The superbly painted fishing barks in the foreground, from which the sailors are spreading their nets, are strongly relieved against the luminous sky; and a gentle breeze imparts to the water that ripple which our artist so loves to paint. The scene is full of charm, alike for its fidelity, its sentiment and its qualities of light and color and atmosphere. The original is in the Museum of the Luxembourg.

M. Ziem was born in Beaune, France, about the year 1822. He received Salon medals in 1851 and 1852, and a medal at the Universal Exposition of 1855. In 1857 he was made Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and in 1878 he was promoted to the grade of Officer.



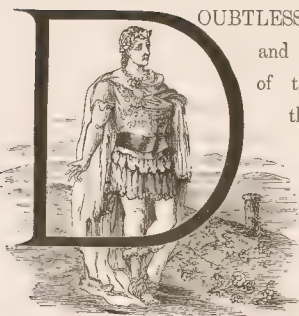




ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

GUSTAVE WERTHEIMER, *Pinx.*

GOUPIL & Co., *Gravure.*



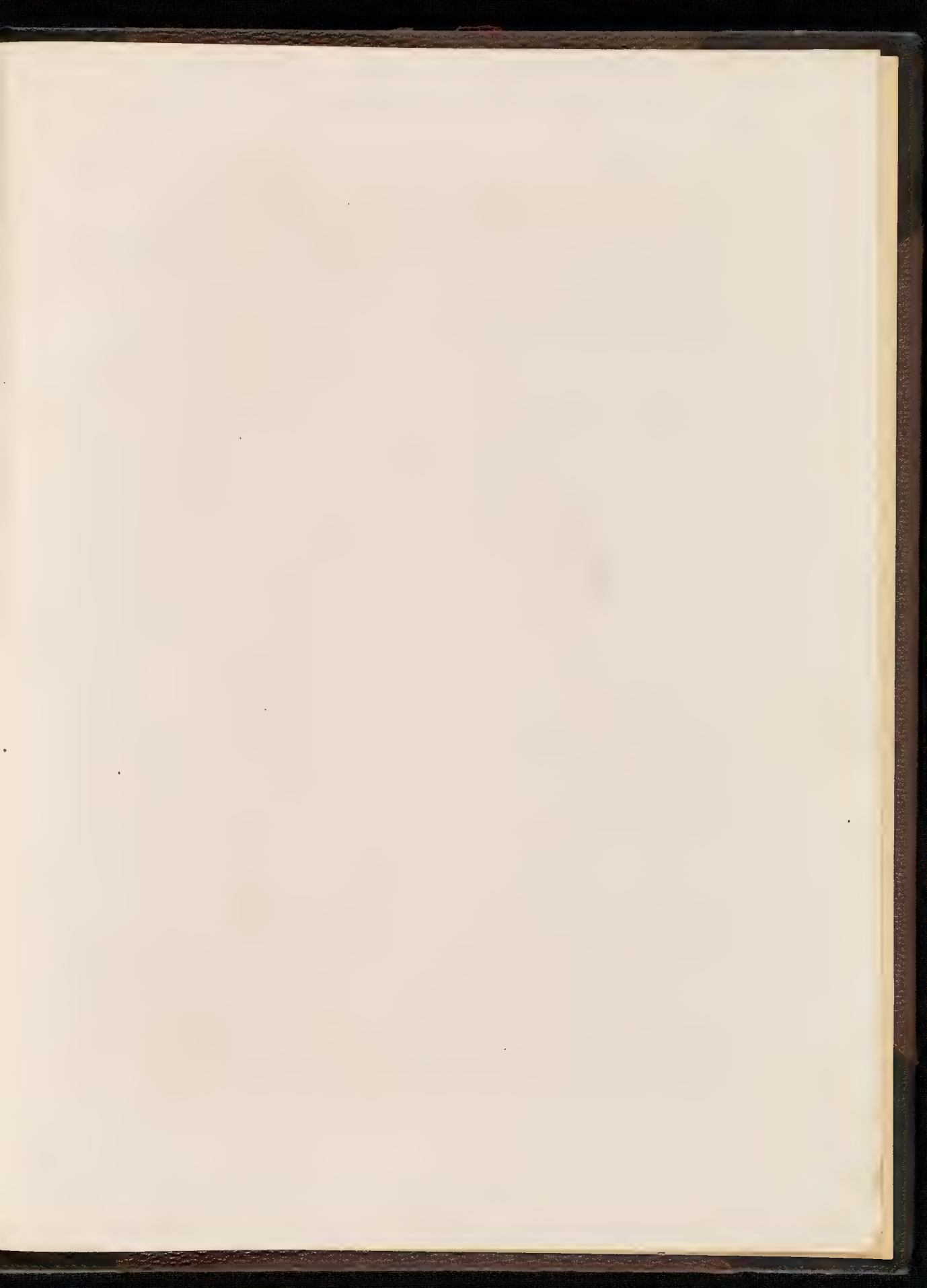
DOUBTLESS the most imposing romantic tragedy ever enacted is that of Antony and Cleopatra. Its stage was a mighty throne; its actors were a master of the Roman world and a queen of peerless beauty; its audience was the world; and the potency of its interest is as lasting as time itself. Little wonder that it should so often animate the poet's song and inspire the brush of the painter. Antony was cast in the mould of a hero. Commanding in stature, possessed of striking manly beauty, brave, puissant, generous, illustrious, and a lover of pleasure, he was a man to captivate, no less than to be captivated by, the "glorious sorceress of the Nile." The Egyptian queen was a second Venus, whose seductive mental graces equalled the voluptuous charms of her person. She had subdued Pompey and Cæsar, while yet remaining, partly, at least, mistress of her own affections; but in enslaving Antony, she was herself enslaved. From the time of their first meeting to the final scene, excepting one or two short intervals of separation, they abandoned themselves to an unbroken succession of pleasures that were diversified by fabulous extravagance and prodigality, and infused with the intoxication of love. This career, in which honor and ambition were alike forgotten, was at length disturbed by disaster and finally ended in ruin and blood.

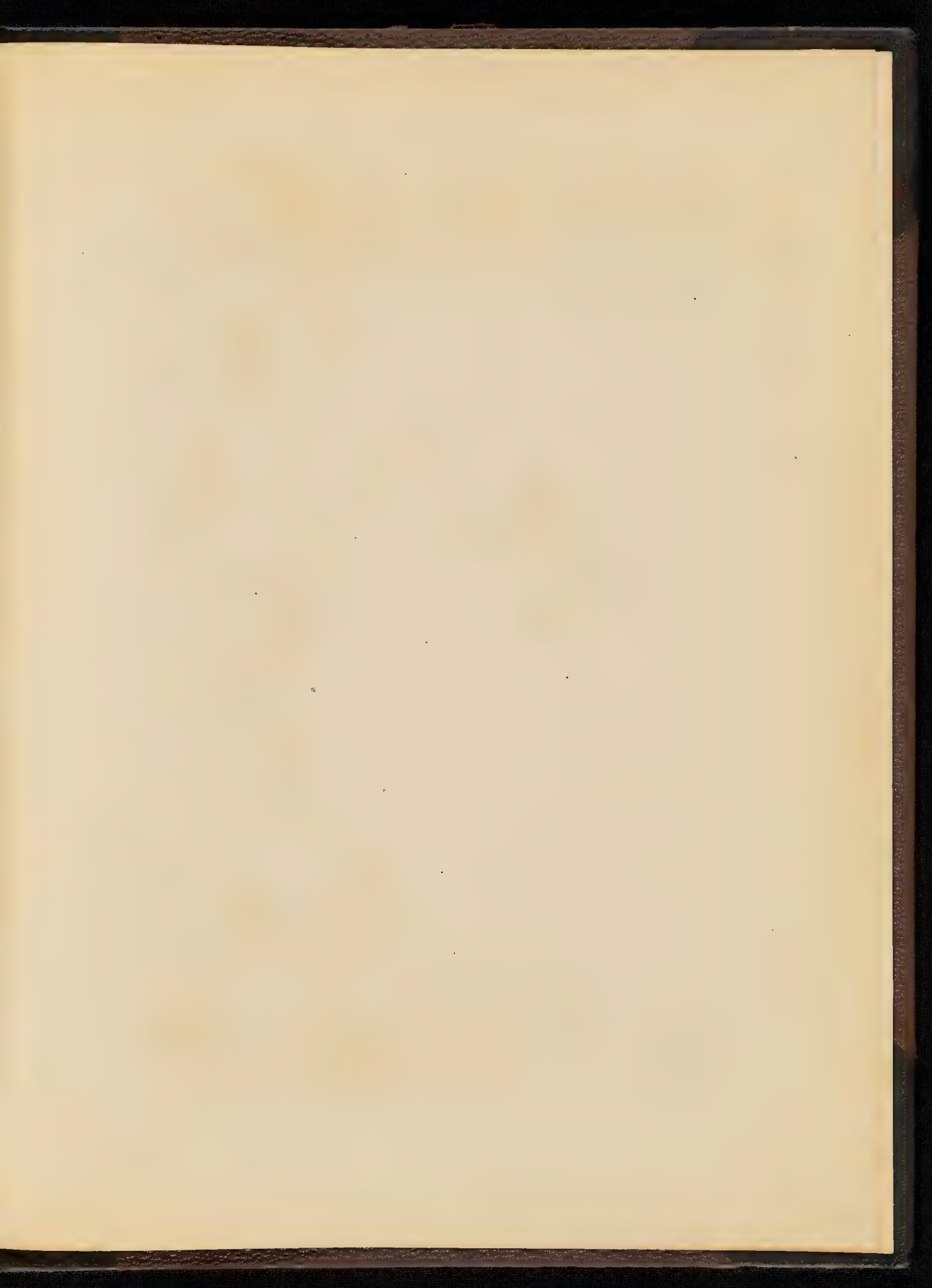
The scene chosen by our artist for illustration, is the first meeting of Antony and Cleopatra. Antony, returning with his army, from Asia, had summoned the queen to meet him at Tarsus, in Cilicia, to answer at his tribunal certain accusations. After some delay Cleopatra obeyed the summons. Her journey is thus described by Plutarch: "She sailed along the river Cydnus in a most magnificent galley. The stern was covered with gold, the sails were of purple, and the oars were silver. These, in their motion, kept time to the music of flutes, and pipes, and harps. The queen, in the dress and character of Venus, lay under a canopy embroidered with gold of the most exquisite workmanship; while boys, like painted cupids, stood fanning her on each side of the sofa. Her maids were of the most distinguished beauty, and, habited like the Nereids and the Graces, assisted in the steerage and conduct of the vessel." From this it is evident that, however fanciful the scene presented in the splendid picture before us may appear to be, the painter has not exaggerated the facts.

Gustave Wertheimer is a native of Vienna, and this picture was exhibited at the Salon of 1883.









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